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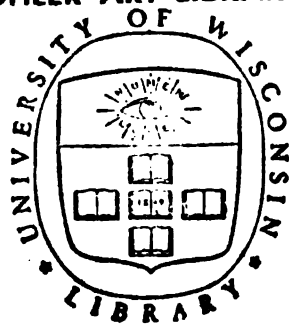
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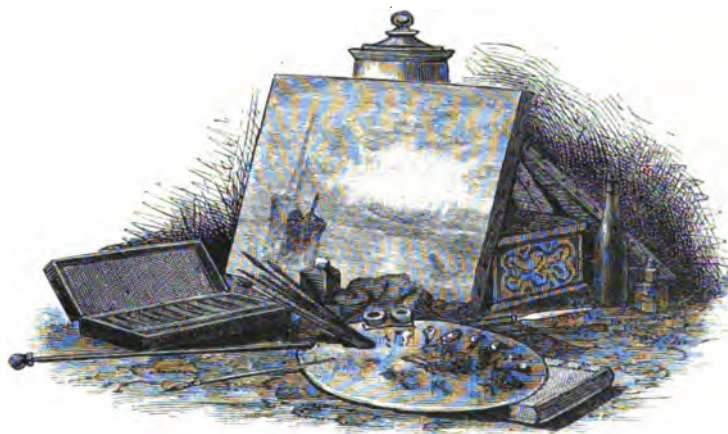
From a painting by Barbara Nicol. A. S. in the possession of J. B. Knapen. Engr. by J. B. Knapen.

SOME MODERN ARTISTS

AND THEIR WORK.

EDITED BY

WILFRID MEYNELL.



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SOME MODERN ARTISTS.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



FROM THE FRIEZE IN THE DIVAN.

“Y dear sir, you have no choice. Nature has done it for you. Your son may be as eminent as he pleases.” The words were spoken by Hiram Powers, and they were the final answer of artistic authority to a father anxious as to the future of a beloved and promising son. Happily, in the case of the young Frederick Leighton, the opinion given so decisively was as frankly accepted, although it can hardly be supposed that even Hiram Powers, judging from the sketches shown to him in Florence in 1845, foresaw in the boy the future author of the “Ariadne,” of the “Dante in Exile,” of the “Athlete,” and the artist found worthiest to occupy the chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds in no vulgar or trivial Royal Academy, but in that which includes a Watts and a Millais among its members.

The visit to the American sculptor was not a whim or an impulse; the young artist had already been at work for several years. A member of the family possesses to this day a wonderful dog drawn by the child at six; and when he was ten years old, recovery from a long and severe illness persuaded him that he had been saved to become a great painter. At the age of eleven he was studying in Rome under Francesco Meli; then came a spell at the Berlin Academy; and then that momentous visit to Florence, which decided the career of the young Leighton (whose father and grandfather—the latter a knight—both belonged to the medical profession), and which was immediately followed by study at the Academy of the city of Michael Angelo, of Dante, of Savonarola. Still keeping the love of Florence in his heart, the boy at sixteen went to Frankfort-on-the-Maine; and he chose at Brussels in 1848, for the subject of his first picture, Cimabue finding Giotto drawing while he kept

his sheep. After a winter at Brussels, he added a French course to his Italian, German, and Belgian studies, by working in the Louvre life-school, copying in



(From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

John Ruskin
1858

the galleries at the same time. Returning to Frankfort, he studied, until 1853, under Professor Steinle, who taught his pupil to avoid mannerism, and developed his natural horror of vulgarity, as well as his love of a fine distinction.



THE STUDIO OF SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

At last, at about the age of one-and-twenty, the patient student was found ripe for painting in Rome. There he worked for some three years, and there, at the age of twenty-four, he produced the picture which established him suddenly but surely in England as a famous man. The "Procession of Cimabue's Madonna" was Mr. Leighton's first Academy picture. The name of the young continental student was not known here, and his work was an almost unparalleled surprise. The exquisite serenity of the treatment at a time in which Art was tawdry when it was in any sense decorative; the chaste and cool colour at a period when somewhat garish hues prevailed; the lofty sense of beauty in a day of prettiness; in a word, the inspiration of mediæval Florence shining upon Trafalgar Square—the thing was altogether unexpected, as new in its style as in its merits. In spite of the admiration excited, and of the fact that the picture of the year was bought by the Queen, the young painter fled from the scene of his brilliant *début*, and, during a residence of some years in Paris, gained from study and practice an increase in technical skill, and from Ary Scheffer an addition of sentiment.

From 1858 onwards there has not been a single exhibition at the Royal Academy unenriched by the prolific brush of its Associate in 1864, its Member in 1869, its President since 1878. Glancing along the list of all these pictures, we naturally divide them into the emotional and the decorative; if there is always power in the latter and beauty in the former, the two classes are none the less distinct. Perhaps, in the mind of the casual stroller through the galleries, the name of Sir Frederick Leighton is chiefly associated with the loveliest work employed on the lightest and slightest of subjects, in which Learning wears her gayest and most graceful aspects. The famous "Odalisque"—the picture of a languid Eastern lady surrounded by white-and-gold and peacock-blue—by which the young artist may be considered to have begun his more exclusive culture of the beautiful, has been followed by a long succession of female studies, Eastern, Italian, and Oriental, in which extreme refinement of colour, elegance of form, and all the smoothness of a singularly complete method of execution have combined to produce a beauty more than human. The "Venus," the exquisite group of "Helen on the Ramparts of Troy," the "Pastoral," the "Music Lesson"—in which he shows subtle appreciation of the character of childhood—are only a few of a series which enchants, and which represents what might be, rather than what is; for, since the Greeks by their religious culture of beauty, by their "natural selection," their exercises, and their unguents, developed forms as perfect and skins as lucid as these, the modern world—distracted by cares and abstracted by religion—has produced no bodies so ideal in delicacy and grace. This mood of the painter—the one, as we have said, in which he is most easily recognised by the out-of-studio world—has found its fullest expression

in such works as the "Venus"—a serious and memorable study of the nude; the "Helen"—Homeric in its dignity; "Golden Hours"—a dream of perfect felicity; and the "Daphnephoria"—a work of gay yet heroic movement. Among the productions of this same mood, though executed in another medium, may be most



ALCOVE IN THE SMALLER STUDIO.

correctly classed the lovely cartoons at the South Kensington Museum, one of which, "The Arts of Peace," is the subject of an engraving.

But however much the loveliness and languor of the President's youths and maidens please us, we admire still more the strength and manliness he has discovered to us in another, and his noblest, mood. The grand picture of David looking over Jerusalem by evening, and exclaiming for the wings of one of those doves whose flight he watches against the darkening sky; the "St.



VIEW OF THE STAIRCASE FROM THE ARAB HALL.

Jerome," kneeling in the desert, with his intense face; the tremendous "Clytemnestra," watching from the walls of Argos the fires which announce the return

of the doomed Agamemnon; the "Dante in Exile;" and the "Elijah and the Angel"—which we engrave—these and many more of the President's more serious compositions will be recalled when we consider this phase of his faculty. Nor must we overlook another and a different mood of strength—of strength, yet still of elegance—the mood which produced the group of sculpture, "Athlete Strangling a Python," exhibited in the Academy of 1877, and purchased by the Chantrey Fund. Powerful in feeling



CAPITALS OF COLUMNS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE DIVAN.

and form, learned in anatomy, both where that anatomy is expressed and where it is implied, and original in design, this noble work seems to embody something of the Greek instinct, and can bear even this—to be brought into comparison with the masterpieces of antiquity.

The studio in which many of these beautiful works have been executed, and from which the world hopes that many more will come, is in Kensington. A small space by Holland Park comprises two roads, Holland Park Road and Melbury Road, and here, in the literary atmosphere of the home of the Foxes and overshadowed by the elms of their park, have sprung up the red houses of some dozen artists. Sir Frederick Leighton's home dates from a time before the revival of the prevailing taste—from a time when orchards and lanes extended over the country from the High Street to the Boltons, and when larks could be heard in full song over nondescript grassy intervals which are now populous.

Sir Frederick Leighton's house is a substantial modern building—a house of generous and easy yet unpretentious size, not intended to cause astonishment by its proportions and style. A long garden, one walk of which is overshadowed by an Italian *pergola*, lies behind; in front a low gate of carved wood opens upon the short flight of steps. The front door gives access to an entrance-hall of dark colour, hung, like almost every other room in the house, with pictures, and this in turn leads to the beautiful central apartment, open to the skylight above, and containing the picture-hung staircase, while the "divan"

and its ante-room—to which we shall shortly return—open from it in another direction. Library, dining-room, and drawing-room lead out by doors in different directions; the studios are above. So much indication of the general plan of the house is necessary before we try to make our readers feel in detail the chief beauties of this charming place, its lucidity and its colour, and indicate a few of the more important pictures and studies on its walls.

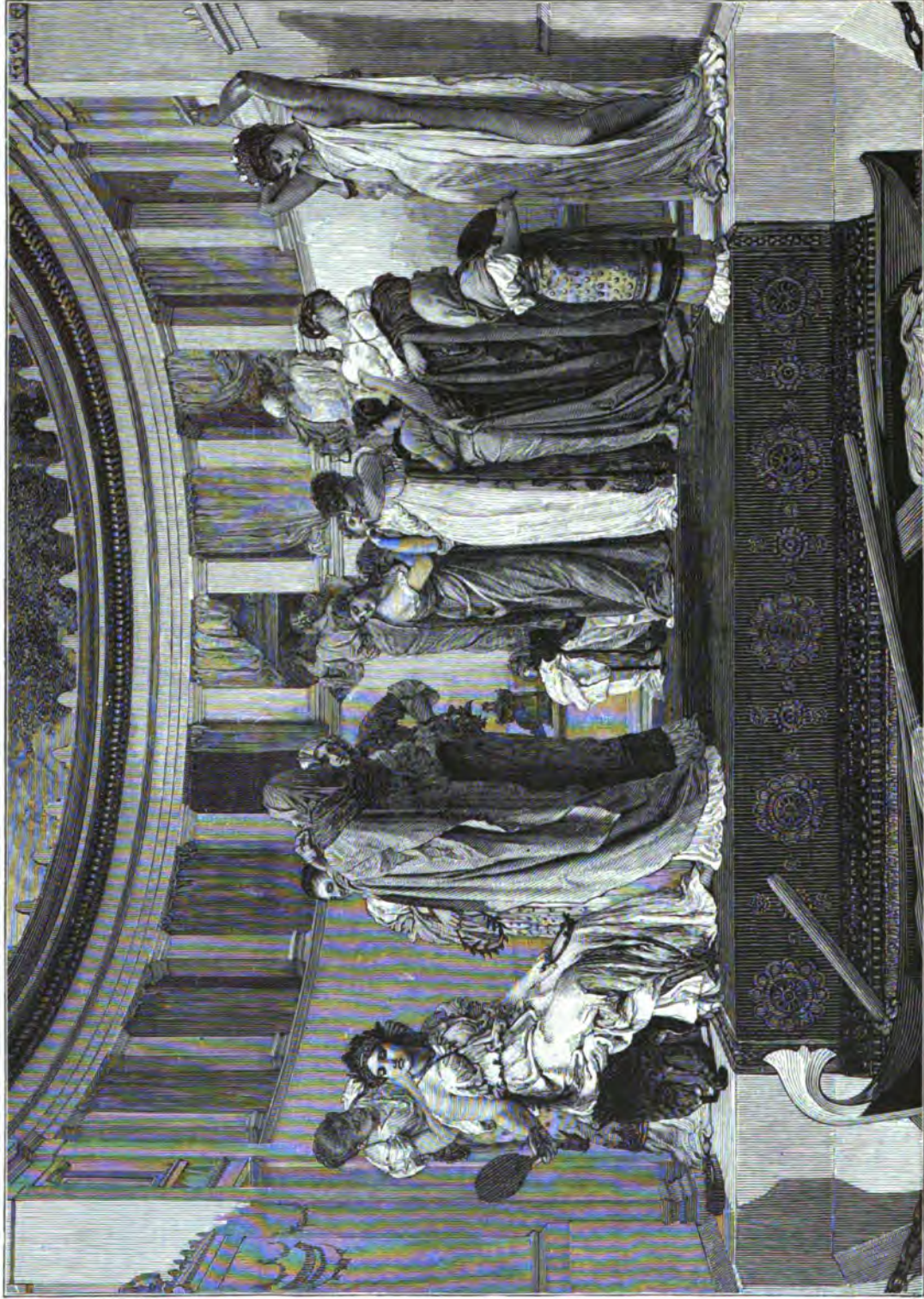
To stand, then, in the entrance-hall. It is appropriately simple, walls of a *café au lait* colour and a brown *parquet* giving it a quiet harmony of warm tones. Monochrome studies are here. A beautiful, careful drawing of the “Fontana delle Tartarughe” at Rome (the design of which is attributed to Raphael) has particular value in Sir Frederick Leighton’s eyes, insomuch as it is the work of his old master, Steinle. An engraving of Ingres’ “Harem”—one of that painter’s famous studies of the figure, some sketches for which are in Sir Frederick Leighton’s library—hangs near the door, and further on are several noble single figures from the designs of Jean Goujon, the ill-fated sculptor murdered in the Saint Bartholomew massacre. Nor does a grand old Doge-picture—undoubtedly Venetian, but anonymous, being what is called in Italy a *quadro di scuola*—do much to break the rule of black-and-white. Next to this ante-room is the central hall, an apartment, like all in the house except the studio, of moderate size. The floor is very dark and polished, with a centre of Italian mosaic, upon which stands a great brass pot, filled in summer with a shrub in flower. One wall is lustrous with the rich blue of old Cairene tiles which line it entirely; in the lowest angle of the staircase the front of an inlaid Persian cabinet forms a little balcony upon which stands a peacock, some of whose loveliest tints are matched by the Persian and Rhodian ware with which the house shines; inside the little balcony are cushions of olive-amber satin with embroideries. The open staircase is hung with pictures, one wall being covered with a copy of Michael Angelo’s cartoon of “Adam.” An unfinished picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds is one of his successor’s most interesting possessions. It is a portrait group of Rockingham and Burke, the latter sitting as secretary at his leader’s side, holding a pen, while Lord Rockingham is placed in that famous “sitter’s chair” which the present President bought and presented to the Royal Academy in memory of its father. Below this suggestive canvas are some smaller works: a study by Sir Joshua; a sketch of the Venetian school—blots of fine colour; a small “Resurrection,” also Venetian, the work of some minor painter, but full of a certain quality which modern art can scarcely compass; and a head from the pencil of Tintoretto.

Then follow a noble and graceful portrait of the President by Mr. Watts, in which the sitter is full-face, leaning on his hand, and Sir Frederick Leighton’s masterly portrait of the scarred and rugged profile of Captain Burton. A few steps further up, and we can see one of the beautiful early works of Mr. Edgar

Barclay ; a landscape by Signor Costa ; a scene of peasant piety by M. Legros—such as he used to paint so frequently in years gone by—women in white caps on their knees ; and a woman and child in the open air, by Mr. Armstrong. At the head of the stairs is an early design of the great plague of Florence, by Sir Frederick himself, done at the age of twenty or twenty-one. Two tiny sketches—rather pencil-notes than drawings—by Wilkie and John Leech, that



THE MUSIC LESSON



GROUP FROM "THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF PEACE."

of the latter the first idea for a *Punch* design, detain us for a moment as we pass into the smaller studio, which is a kind of ante-room to the great *atelier*, and is lighted from above and furnished with an ingenious arrangement of blinds, so that models may be studied there for certain effects. This apartment has tawny-brown walls; the further end contains an alcove raised by three steps, the end of which is formed by a screen of Oriental wooden trellis-work coloured black and fitted with four little windows looking into that lovely divan, or Arab Hall, which is the glory of Sir Frederick Leighton's home. Our illustration is a drawing of the little studio, looking towards the alcove. A rare Persian pot fills a niche in the screen, while Persian tiles (none of more recent and many of much older date than the seven-teenth century) line the roof and sides of the recess.

As we must needs have much to say about tiles (the house containing an unparalleled collection made by their present possessor in the course of many years),

we will try to bring before such of our readers as are not familiar with this kind of decoration the peculiar effects of colour which it produces. Blue is the reigning colour, but nothing could be more unlike the blue of "blue-and-white" china. The colour of the tiles inclines to purple at times and to green at others, and the white of the ground is very subtly tinted, but the magnificence of the tints is enhanced by the lustre of the material, some of the tiles producing an effect between marble and velvet—more lucid than the one and deeper than the other.



AN ATHLETE STRUGGLING WITH A PYTHON (BRONZE).

A door communicates with the great studio. A tall window running up into the roof, large easels at one end with their load of pictures, walls covered with studies, a screen or two with rare and lovely Oriental draperies thrown over them, and a quantity of splendid pottery at the unoccupied end of the room—these are the objects that first meet the eye. An incident of the studio, which our drawing reproduces, is interesting as giving that drawing a date:—near the window stands a group sketched in clay, a lovely composition of two female figures reposing, one lying pillowed across the breast of the other, both being clad in real draperies, of which the folds are the study of days. On the canvas near is the beginning of a noble idyllic picture from which Signor Amendola made this clay group, and from this in turn the picture will be finished. One of the most peaceful and joyous of all the painter's compositions, this is also one of his grandest. It is invested with a serene and heroic simplicity and with the natural grandeur of the golden age; a shepherd sits piping; the two nymphs are half asleep; a great landscape stretches in front. The walls of the studio are thickly hung with studies—landscape scraps and bits of architectural accessories which are the fruits of many a summer and autumn ramble. Studies of light in the East, studies of colour in Sicily, studies of rocks in the desert, of seas in the south and of skies in the north, one little panel flickering with the blue of an Italian summer, another green with the summer of England, and each of them, however slight, touched with the completeness of truth and with a great charm of workmanship.

If the studio is interesting as containing the *genius loci*, the divan is, as we have said, a treasury of research and taste. A small Oriental hall, red brick externally, and forming a little wing to the house, it rises up under a mosque-like dome. The internal plan of this hall is like that of La Ziza at Palermo—a square with deep recesses on the three sides, and a wide entrance from the corridor, with lintels supported by four massive columns. Two large windows occupy the right and left recesses, and an Oriental cabinet the third. Each recess is vaulted, and in the angle of the wall are slender columns supporting the archivolt. Over these runs a frieze, while niches and icicle-work bring the square into an octagon, from which rises the dome, with its eight arched windows, these windows being filled with the pierced plaster sashes of Cairo and coloured Oriental glass. The floor is a marble mosaic of black and white. There is a deep skirting of black marble, the walls above it being entirely covered with Persian tiles as far up as the gold frieze which runs round the hall. Above are horizontal bands of black and white, into which the black marble archivolt of the recesses rise to the soffit of the cornice. An Arab frieze of scroll-work on a dark-blue ground forms the cornice to the dome, while the dome itself is of gold. Two large windows of clear glass fill the right and left recesses,



ELIJAH AND THE ANGEL.

covered with gilded wooden trellises from Cairo. The slender marble columns supporting the arches of the recess are of an exquisite warm white, resembling the tint of antique statues. A panel of the divan illustrates very amusingly the ingenuity which religionists of all ages have exhibited in evading the more hampering requirements of their creeds. It is well known that Mohammedanism, as professed by the larger part of its adherents, prohibits the representation in art of any living creature, brute or human. Some long dead and gone Moslem, who owned a stately pleasure-dome like this of Sir Frederick Leighton's, who had cultivated tastes and was a patron of the arts, hit upon the ingenious

device of having a line drawn through the necks of every beast and bird in a beautiful decorative composition which covers a large panel of tiles; the design is thus preserved, but the throats of the creatures are cut, and the conscience of the Moslem is inviolate. Among these exquisite tiles, by the way, the connoisseur recognises distinctive qualities—in the Rhodian, spots of a strong deep red; in the Persian the colour of a purple grape. As may easily be understood, the task of adapting separate pieces to the walls without breaking the design, after the chances and hazards of collection and transportation, was not easy to Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., to whose designs the whole house, with the divan, is due, and to whose talent it forms a brilliant memorial. Often a tile necessary to the continuity of the pattern was wanted, and there was then nothing for it but to call in modern Occidental skill. This has been supplied by Mr. William de Morgan (son of the late famous mathematician), whose labours and successes in the arts of pottery and porcelain are well known, and who has produced imitations of the Cairene tiles which for lustre and colour are scarcely to be distinguished from the originals. A marble fountain basin with its central jet occupies the centre of the mosaic floor.

The hundred details of the decoration of this radiant hall it is, of course, impossible to enumerate; but a word must be devoted to its ante-room, which opens, as we have said, out of the central hall. This apartment has, like the divan, a mosaic floor and tiled walls, the latter being in this case uniform in their colour, which is a dark transparent blue-green. The flat ceiling is to be gilded, and in the middle stands, on a pedestal, an excellent cast in green bronze of the beautiful "Narcissus" in the museum at Naples. Our illustration is taken from the south window, looking obliquely through the divan and the ante-room into the central hall.

The greatest treasure of the drawing-room is, perhaps, a small and very beautiful Constable to which no ordinary interest attaches. Every one knows that Constable was the founder of the great modern French school of landscape—which has its source, not in Gaspar Poussin and the decadence, but in Gainsborough and the English revival; and here is the very picture which, exhibited in Paris under Charles X., and rewarded with a gold medal, so wrought upon the taste and temper of the schools of France that it proved to be the little grain of mustard-seed which has developed into so magnificent a growth of art. Sir Frederick Leighton has hung below this historic and precious little picture one that may be considered its noblest outcome—a fine work by Daubigny; while close by is a small Corot—one of the loveliest in England—which is another result of the evolution of Constable's influence. Also from the hand of Corot are four large upright studies, brushed rapidly by the master in Decamps' studio. They have not, therefore, the same kind of value

as his out-door work, but are full of beauty and truth. A David Cox in the same room is rivalled in interest by one of Mason's pastorals, the first English picture he ever painted—the first, that is, of those lovely works which have given laws to a little school.

The President's home is all the more delightful for forming so complete a contrast to the majority of the artists' homes which we shall be able to visit. It is notorious that the reaction from the violent colour from which the world had long suffered has resulted in a general renunciation of strong colour. Nothing could be too quiet and too reserved to please eyes which shrank from the cold crudities and the sickly brightness of the "emerald" greens and Prussian blues, the pinks and greys, both adulterated with violet, the chocolates and slates and magentas, of so many years. Subdued and beautiful tertiary tints, rather dark than light, became the taste and then the fashion, so that the value and charm of radiant and powerful colour seemed in danger of being forgotten, and background tints bade fair to take too prominent a place. Many artists' houses, therefore, with which we are familiar, are, except for touches of brilliance from the East in their accidental ornaments, almost limited to a negative beauty of tint, whereas the house in Holland Park Road is all alight with colour and gold. And the contrast is not one of colour only, but of material. English habits and English tastes have always inclined to the use of homely rather than stately materials. The most beautiful houses in the country are built with brick rather than with stone, and the most beautiful rooms are mounted with wood, not marble, paved with oak, not mosaic, lined with paper, carpeted and draped with stuffs which are soft, pliable, and sheltering. Nor is this national tendency altogether the result of climate, for it is cold enough in Italy every winter for the enjoyment of small rooms, and warm enough in England every summer for the luxury of marble and fountains. The divan is, then, a complete change from wood to gold, from the effects of dusk to those of day. By this change is gained the important element of *reflections*. Beautiful English house-decoration is almost always opaque in surface and dull, whereas Sir Frederick Leighton has by means of his translucent surfaces reproduced something of that secret charm of Italy and the East—reflected light. Nothing so strikingly proves the peculiar *quality* of Oriental colouring as the curious shallowness and insipidity of the Occidental world as it meets the eye which is fresh from this house in Holland Park Road. After it, the prettiest things in the shops and the houses (and both in these improved days contain things which are really pretty) lack light and depth. But the greatest charm of Sir Frederick Leighton's house lies in this—that it is the abode, not merely of taste, and the taste of the time, but of a kindness and courtesy which will never be out of fashion.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS.



(From a Photograph by Done and Co., Baker Street, retouched by Sir John Gilbert.)

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



NO frequenter of picture exhibitions is unfamiliar with the Gallery of the Royal Water-Colour Society, in Pall Mall. Its exhibitions do for lovers of the aquarellist's art what the Academy's do more especially for the admirers of paintings in oil—they bring together one of the best collections of the year. A long-established institution—as the “old,” which common consent prefixes to the original title, denotes—the Water-Colour Society is, however, happily exempt from that decrepitude which has fallen on several exhibiting associations of a similar kind. It need not refer to the past to prove its right to exist, nor go back to its early archives in search of names eminent in art; in claiming our highest consideration, it has nothing to do but point to the works which

every season brings together on its walls, or to the list of those whom it now claims as its members and associates. First of all, in honorary membership,



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

is John Ruskin, the greatest living artist in words; then, among those regularly of the craft are Alma-Tadema, whose water-colours are often more charming, if

less learned, than his oils; William Dobson, the Academician; Birket Foster, Carl Haag, Alfred and Holman Hunt, Arthur Hopkins, R. W. Macbeth, and Stacy Marks. Nor is there here in Pall Mall, as at Burlington House, a sort of masculine monopoly, for the Water-Colour Society has Miss Clara Montalba and Mrs. Helen Allingham, among other ladies, on its list. And over all this brilliant company Sir John Gilbert fittingly and worthily presides.

Born at Blackheath, in 1817, he was destined for a mercantile career. But he found neither resting-place, nor scope for his ambition, in a city counting-house, where he was constantly caught sketching on the "business-paper," quite in the manner of a greater than he who, long ago on Italian hills, neglected his sheep; or, like Wilkie, who deserted his lessons to decorate his slate. Forsaking, therefore, the pursuits for which no amount of training could give the qualifications which nature had denied, Gilbert began a sedulous study of art. Failing to obtain admission into the Academy schools, he became his own teacher; and with the exception of a few lessons from George Lance—famous in his day as a fruit painter—he may be said to have learned his art by quite unaided labour. Book and newspaper illustrations opened in those days a splendid field for the exercise of talent and industry such as the youth possessed. He soon obtained so much facility in that branch of his art, that he was able to draw direct on the wood, without any previous study. Besides being a regular contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, he drew for another pictorial paper, and illustrated, as all the world knows, hundreds of our English classics, from "Pickwick" up to "Hamlet" and "King Lear." He has told, pictorially, a large proportion of the stories that our greatest bards have made familiar by their song; and, as if inspired by his text, he has, with happy fittingness, put his very best work between those pages that, of secular writings, are perhaps the most immortal of all. We doubt whether even the artist himself could tell the number of the illustrations to which, all the world over, his initials are attached.

Of oil-paintings he has not been nearly so prolific in proportion. In 1836 he had his first canvas in the Academy—then quartered at Somerset House; and he began to exhibit regularly at the British Institution, to which he continued to contribute until its close. But, altogether, his oil-paintings, both at the British Institution and at the Academy, where they still make yearly appearance, must, in number, fall short of a hundred. Those among them which have deserved most attention are a "Convocation of the Clergy," a group of mitred and coped prelates, very rich and deep in colour—exhibited in 1871, and now the artist's representative work in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; "The First Prince of Wales," which shows the king presenting his child to the Welsh princes—exhibited in 1873, and reproduced in one of our engravings; "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," a gorgeous historical piece, exhibited in 1874; and "Wolsey

at Leicester Abbey," a large and crowded composition, where, amid contending moonlight and torchlight, the life-weary cardinal says, "Father Abbot, I have come to lay my bones among ye"—exhibited in 1877. Sir John Gilbert was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1872, and a Member in 1876. Of his water-colours we are happy to be able to engrave a fine example—"The Return of the Victors."

Sir John had abandoned wood-drawing for painting in oil, because he found the former a profession altogether too exacting; and now, at what may be called the third stage of his artistic life, whether with any special motive we do not know, he turned his attention very particularly to water-colour drawing. In 1852 he was elected an Associate, and in the following year a Member, of the Water-Colour Society, to whose exhibitions he has ever since annually contributed. A mere perusal of the titles of Sir John's works, whether in oil or in water-colour, gives a clue to the artist's characteristics and manner. His fancifulness, his festive imagination, his fertile grace, free handling, and charm of colour, are too familiar to be dwelt on here. "John Gilbert," wrote an eminent art-critic, some years ago, "is not an imitator—scarcely a revivalist; and yet there can be little doubt whence he borrowed many of his ideas; sometimes he is indebted to Rubens, often to Rembrandt, occasionally to Velasquez. In some sense his method is eclectic; and he is identified with styles the most diverse, mainly because he understands the principles that underlie *all* styles."

Sir John was represented at the last Paris International Exhibition by an oil-painting of "A Doge and Senators of Venice in Council," and by a water-colour drawing of "Othello and Desdemona before the Doge;" nor will the medal there awarded to his work be deemed an insignificant recognition, even by one whose art has already made him a Royal Academician, the head of the old Water-Colour Society, and a knight. No man ever worked harder for his honours, and few men have so many qualifications to enjoy them.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



"MY UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM."



A DUTCH SEA-SIDE RESORT: DISCUSSING THE NEW ARRIVALS.

G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



AMERICAN artists seem to be divided even more sharply than the English into the two camps of old and new. Their differences are extreme—the bygone work being perhaps even more inartificial and inelegant, and that which is educated being more expert and complete, than the corresponding achievements of Englishmen. It is a truism to say that this excellence of the younger American school is due to French influences; and the prevalence of these influences in America is doubtless to be explained by the absence from the New World of that mediævalism which has divided the young forces of English talent. Half our capable men are studying, directly or indirectly, in continental schools, and half are devoted to the study of antique forms. Among the Transatlantic students there is no such separation; all the



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

promise of the country is directed by Paris and Munich, with the consequence that the Anglo-Saxon characteristics are much more thoroughly rooted out of



*Yours faithfully
G. H. Boughton*

artistic America than they are out of artistic England. On the other hand, the fact that old-fashioned America is somewhat more hopeless than old-fashioned England is due, of course, to what has been, until comparatively late years, the great separateness of the New World.

We hardly know how to place Mr. Boughton in the matter of nationality, as he is claimed by America on the ground of education and early residence alone. By the accident of birth, indeed, he is English; but the young nation of which



EVANGELINE.

he is generally considered a citizen adopts the illustrious strangers who harbour in her ports, and, as a rule, is chosen by them for their mother as decisively as they are by her adopted for her sons. However this may be with Mr. Boughton, he is in his art distinctively an American under foreign influences. Something of England has, indeed, found its way into his subjects; for his pencil has dealt with the old pilgrims of Chaucer, with the gallants and damsels of our last century, and with the spring copses, the green pastures, and the grey weather of England in all times. But in execution he is distinguished by a certain charm and elegance which we are constrained to consider rare amongst ourselves. For however exquisite an Englishman's conception, however excellent his drawing or fine his colour, he seldom has that charm of touch which is in itself—and quite apart from the gracefulness or ungracefulness of the object treated—distinctly graceful. Whatever be Mr. Boughton's exact nationality, therefore, we may consider him,

in respect of art, as foremost in the progressive school of America.

Mr. Boughton's career, nevertheless, is English; for though it began in America, his mature work has been for years past an attraction in our Royal Academy. He was born in 1834, and became an American at three years old,

when he was taken to live at Albany, in the State of New York. His first studies were masterless, but it was not long before his progress received the stimulus and impetus which a first sale gives, and which nothing else can give so well. The artist is generally all the truer to his art because it is his profession also; and to a profession the test of success which is supplied by the decisions of a market is all-important. At nineteen Mr. Boughton sold one of his first works to the American Art Union, and spent the money on a visit to London—a visit of which the aim was altogether artistic. Returning to America, he worked for two years in New York, and exhibited at the National Academy, his first picture there being "Winter Twilight," painted in 1857. A course of diligent work in the studios of Paris followed, and in 1861 the young artist came again to London, where he finally settled, and where he has ever since had his home.

His first marked success was won by his "Passing into the Shade," exhibited in 1863 at the British Institution, a gallery which was in those days the "nursery of young reputations." The artist's youth is expressed in the rather facile sentimentality of the title—a sentimentality which was doubtless much prized by the public of the time. "Passing into the Shade" refers to the action of a



ROSE STANDISH.

figure—a woman whose life is declining and who is walking out of sunshine into a space of shadow. Here was something to please the good public, who have always hailed any form of easy allegory with a satisfaction amounting to delight. It must be supposed that the mild ingenuity of the average mind is flattered at its own success in discovering that the “Twilight Closing In” and the “Ebbing Tide,” which still figure pretty frequently in our catalogues, are words that bear a double meaning and refer to the approaching end of some inevitable old man or old woman. In like manner Goethe’s “More Light,” uttered when his dying eyes were dim, has always filled the general breast with a peculiar pleasure. Mr. Boughton’s later work has been altogether free from this sort of thing; the human interest of the figures which he combines with his finely-studied landscapes does not often depend on such cheap allusiveness, but is candid and direct. Besides its popular success, “Passing into the Shade” won more important praise upon technical grounds; and at the Royal Academy, in the same year, “Through the Fields” and “Hop-Pickers Returning” attracted considerable attention. Most of the artist’s subjects, then and since, have belonged to peasant life, and have dealt with that “pathos of labour” of which it is possible to hear too much, and which needs as much reserve as sincerity in the treatment. The best things—and assuredly the pathos of labour is one of the best things in the world—are liable to be spoilt, not by repetition, but by the insincerity, the ready-made feeling, which much repetition generally implies. Mr. Boughton has painted his peasants with a reserve which is the best preservative against this cheapening of good subjects and good thoughts; as a rule he avoids emotions, painting even a painful subject, such as his “Bearers of the Burden,” with as little indulgence in explicit sentiment as is shown by a French writer of the realistic school. It may be added that he carries this reserve of feeling into other matters. For instance, although he has now and then shown with how great charm he can paint the light and colour of a lucid blue sky and the gold of low sunshine, he generally refrains from colour and bright weather, choosing rather to work subtly within the narrow limits of grey effects. He apparently considers that the placing together of pleasant tints is not to be the chief aim of the colourist, but that there are things to be achieved more delicate and difficult, if less obvious.

From the time of his beginning, in 1863, there has been no year in which the Royal Academy has not had pictures from his hand; and the National Academy of New York, the Grosvenor Gallery here, and the various Internationals which have taken place in twenty years have all had him for a contributor. In fact, the record of his canvases shown in any one institution alone is altogether inadequate to commemorate the sum of his work. English readers, however, will have associations principally with the following titles, all of pictures



THE PEACEMAKER.

exhibited at the Academy. In 1864 appeared "The Interminable Story," and "Industry;" in 1867, "Early Puritans of New England;" in 1868, a "Breton Pastoral;" in 1870, "The Age of Gallantry"—a bit of last-century life treated with elegant humour and set in a pleasing effect of silvery haze; and in 1871, "Colder than Snow," and "A Chapter from Pamela." In 1873, "The Heir Presumptive" was exhibited, and in 1874, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a delightful picture of Chaucer and Spring—and Mr. Aubrey de Vere tells us that Chaucer is Spring; in 1875, "Grey Days," and "Bearers of the Burden;" in 1877, "Homeward," and "Snow in Spring;" in 1879, "Priscilla," and "A Resting-Place;" and, in the following year, "Evangeline."

It was in 1881 that the Academy contained the first of the series of Dutch pictures with which Mr. Boughton has thrown freshness into his own subjects and into contemporary English art—"The Dutch Sea-side Resort" being one of the number. Among Mr. Boughton's Grosvenor pictures may be mentioned "The Widows' Acre," a sea-side field in which two grave and hard-faced women (probably widowed by the sea) are digging; and "Rivals," two navvies hewing at a stone-quarry, in presence of a pretty woman, whom each is anxious to impress with a superiority of his strength—a quiet study of the elementary passions. To the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition Mr. Boughton's contributions were neither few nor unimportant; and at the Paris International of 1878 he was represented by "Snow in Spring"—a group of girls, surprised by a light fall of snow-flakes, among the primroses in a budding wood, covering their heads and tucking their dresses away from the unexpected shower; "Bearers of the Burden," a gang of English tramps upon the highway, the patient women being heavily laden, while the men fare on before; and the "Surrey Pastoral." His picture in the Academy of 1883, "The Peacemaker," tells its own story.

Mr. Boughton has always mingled figure-painting and landscape with such unusual impartiality that he takes an equal place among the painters of nature and of men. Of the human interest of his works we have already spoken; his attention, we may add, has been divided among several aspects of life and manners, to all of which there is common a certain touch of quaintness. Whether he is painting that young gentleman of "The Age of Gallantry," who is wading up to his breeched knees into a pond to capture a water-lily for "the fair" who have incautiously admired it, or the Puritan maiden on her way to chapel, or the square Dutch wives upon the Scheveningen beach, he seeks always this quaint character. He paints women far oftener than men. So far as we remember, by the way, the taste for the oddities of the First Empire, for short-waisted costumes and poke bonnets, is altogether due to him. But if his subjects are so often feminine, his manner is never effeminate; and although he seldom treats the male figure, he can draw it vigorously and well.



A RESTING-PLACE.
(By permission of Mr. Thomas H. Ismay.)

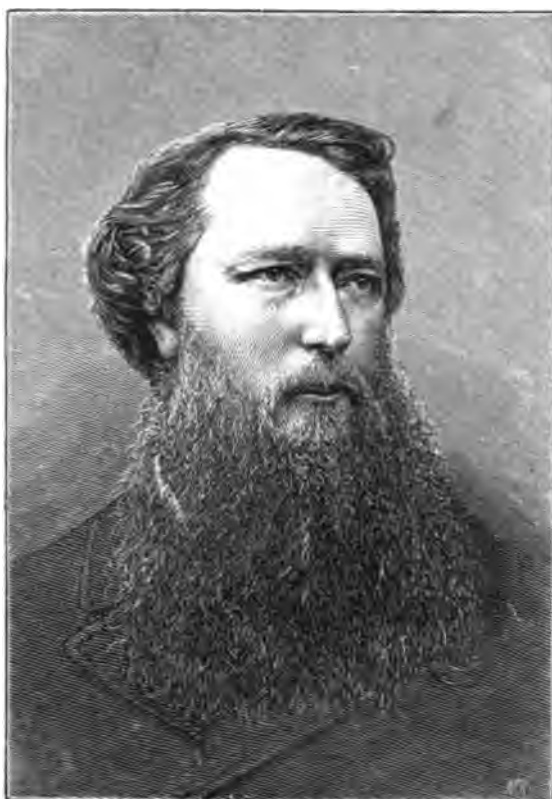
As to Mr. Boughton's place as a landscape-painter, it is distinct enough. Landscape artists may be roughly divided into three classes—painters of the forest, painters of the field, and painters of the garden. The first take Nature as she is apart from the uses and pleasures of man; the second study her in her subjection to his labour and to his necessities, and in the lovely vicissitudes of the cycles of the harvest; and the third deal with her (whether they actually paint gardens or not) as altogether subject to man's artifices and subservient to his luxuries. Mr. Boughton's landscapes are never of the forest and mountain order; they are sometimes landscapes of the field, and sometimes of the garden. In the first case his work, though it deals with the realities of the fields, and does so, as I have said, with seriousness, does not attempt the homespun tragedy of *Israel's*; in the latter case his comedy is always refined and intelligent. "The Waning of the Honeymoon," for instance—a picture of the garden class—has a delicate humour of the most unmistakable but least impertinent kind. The happy pair are grievously bored, but there is a grace in their weariness, and in our mildly cynical moments we are pleased to watch them, although the fervour and sweetness of such a picture as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded" will be more welcome in our more serious moods.

Mr. Boughton's studies of Puritan New England have, naturally enough, been much appreciated in America, where most of his pictures treating of this subject have found their permanent homes. Engravings of them will be all the more welcome to English readers on this account; and I may allow myself a few further remarks concerning those which in this volume are reproduced. The original of one of these is an ideal portrait of Longfellow's Rose Standish, the predecessor of that Priscilla whom Miles Standish loved—of Priscilla, the most charming of Old World New England heroines, a kind of *Mayflower* Dolly Varden. It is a very graceful presentment of what is pretty and quaint and idyllic in the romance of American Puritanism, which is mainly a romance of spiritual agony, and the remorse that comes of sin, and the horror of the powers of Air, and in which the main elements are grim intensity, and passion, and dread. In the lovely "Evangeline" of Mr. Boughton, the realism of costume and character will be somewhat new to those readers of Longfellow who have been accustomed to look at the heroic and ideal aspect of his peasant heroine's character. Mr. Boughton's type, however, if homely, is noble also. The broad throat and small head, and beautiful firm features, suggest old and pure rustic blood; and there is in the girl's expression something which implies, potentially at least, her future sorrow and constancy. Not the figure only, but the landscape background of a sea-side cornfield, the breezy sea, and the cliffs and sky are full of the charming and sympathetic work which belongs to this artist's pencil. In "Omnia Vincit Amor"—a composition in which quaintness may be said to be carried to an archaic point—a youth

of too tender years is playing and singing in a wood to a little girl of very low degree indeed, who receives the homage with, it must be owned, a rather savage expression. In the "Heir Presumptive" the interest is more commonplace, and the sentiment more popular. It is a picture of autumn and the autumn feeling—"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall," and so forth. There are analogies between the poor, feeble, sickly little heir and the dead and dying leaves of his own forests; and they are obvious enough to be almost obtrusive. In "A Resting-Place" we have an excellently composed company of tramps resting under a tree by the wayside. To give an interest to the modern English life of the roads and streets is not altogether an easy matter. We are all familiar with the peasant of fictitious art; indeed, truth compels us to own that we are somewhat tired of him. On the other hand, many of the phases of contemporary agricultural life might hardly be supposed to bear reproduction in any emphatic or insistent manner. Nevertheless it is rather by sincerity than even by judicious selection or desirable omission that art must treat such phases, and render them both sympathetic and interesting. In "A Resting-Place," Mr. Boughton has softened little or nothing, and yet his group of tired tramps is excessively poetical, with a far more intimate and real poetry than any facile idealisation of the facts could possibly have produced. The figure of the young "rough" to the left contains in type, character, and costume the most hazardous realism of the picture, but the elegance of hand with which Mr. Boughton draws even inelegant forms, without falsifying them, redeems the passage from so much as a hint of vulgarism. The women are far nobler in type, and are nobly treated. The perfectly unconscious and unaffected expression of melancholy and weariness is given with fine appreciation. In addition to this gravity of sentiment must be noted the graceful, firm, and scientific drawing of the forms, the charm of touch with which the vegetation is treated, and the tender beauty of the landscape passage, with its reticent suggestions of life and colour. As for the "Dutch Sea-side Resort," the original of our first engraving, it is a record of Scheveningen life, in which Mr. Boughton's graceful hand has dealt with rough character without marring its roughness, and with the English traveller without caricature. His group of natives, by the way, are discussing the new arrivals with an interest which is mild compared with that which the Dutch are good enough to take in their visitors. The foreigner remembers them as the most curious of European people; they watch him literally open-mouthed.

ALICE MEYNELL.





*Yours ever sincerely
Vicat Cole*

(From a Photograph by Done and Co., Baker Street.)

VICAT COLE, R.A.



MR. VICAT COLE, R.A., was born at Portsmouth in 1833. Mr. Cole inherited the pursuit of art. His father was known as a very successful portrait-painter; but turned later to animal and landscape painting. In these branches he achieved considerable reputation, and rose to the position of Vice-President of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Cole, brought up in a studio, received his early instruction in painting from his father, who, while the son was yet young, moved from Portsmouth to London. At the period in which Mr. Cole's youth fell, there were no schools of art in the provinces; and

Mr. Cole's early efforts at self-culture were mainly devoted to copying, in black and white, Turner prints, and works by Constable and Cox. These three artists had the greatest hold upon the admiration of young Cole, and largely influenced his early studies. When about sixteen he exhibited his first work, a landscape in oils, in the old, now extinct, British Institution in Pall Mall. It was, to the young artist's great delight, hung upon the line; but his later works were, for five consecutive years, either "skied," or otherwise badly hung, at the Institu-



ARUNDEL.

tion. Mr. Cole still speaks with delight of a fine painting, by Linnell, which was exhibited, in 1852, in the British Institution, and of a noble Cox which appeared in the same year in the Old Water. Mr. Cole had, happily, his youthful time of up-hill, arduous, wholesome struggle. He had not many friends to help him onwards in his career. He himself has won his own honours. Mr. Cole states that he was for the first time well hung in the Academy when Mr. Millais generously interfered to serve a young painter of whom he knew personally nothing. Price and value are, especially in connection with painting, by no means synonyms; and Mr. Cole tells me that in the years 1852 to 1856 he painted a vast number of pictures which sold at prices which never exceeded forty shillings. These early works would command now a much greater price. In 1853 or 1854 the young artist sent, with the usual fear and trembling, his

first contribution to the Academy. His reputation and success were steadily on the increase, and, as a merited reward for a probation of seventeen years, and for a long series of able and honest works, Mr. Vicat Cole was, in 1870, elected an Associate.

Descending to classification, Vicat Cole must be called a naturalist. He is as little encumbered by theories when painting as a bird is when it sings; but he is by no means a bald and barren literalist: art instinct gives him true art power. A painter who, working simply and honestly without theories, but with loving vision, succeeds in rendering nature faithfully and skilfully, gets, unconsciously, latent secrets of nature expressed through work which may be realistic in its conscious aims and aspirations. Such a painter may even be surprised when criticism detects in his work subtle secrets which the painter himself had only dimly suspected. Art, when of really high executive power, includes within itself the faculty of embodying the majesty and the mystery of nature. As Polixenes says:

"Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

It is a canon of art that it shall sublimate fact to truth; that the mere local, temporary, accidental fact shall be idealised to imaginative truth, which is art beauty; nor is this law superimposed by criticism from outside, since every born artist must instinctively idealise. From very opposite standpoints artists may aim at the same end; as men at the antipodes alike look upward when they pray. In dealing with nature there are different attitudes, as well as differing powers of mind; the question being, whether nature or art be the predominating love in the painter's mind. The positive and negative poles of these divergences being (1) reverence for nature, or (2) enthusiasm for art. The one tendency may degenerate into timidity, and the other quality may revel in wantonness. There is an abstract beauty in landscape, independent of any importation of human meanings. Millais stands before nature in the simple grandeur of awed reverence and profound love. To this mental attitude he adds his intense mastery of painting. He feels, but he never theorises. In his landscapes the human element always recedes or disappears; nor has the conventional, pastorally picturesque, any place in his scheme of landscape art. He paints nature in sincerity as in humility. Mr. Cole belongs to the same school; which is properly no school, but merely the conscientious and unconscious art of competent artists, who are not doctrinaires.

Were I to give a list of Mr. Cole's works, that list would be a long one. It may be sufficient for our present purpose to refer to one or two of his more recent paintings. In 1870 his picture of "Evening Rest" was exhibited at



SUMMER RAIN.

the Academy. In the last Paris International Exhibition were three of his well-known works, "Summer Rain," "Autumn Gold," "The Day's Decline," which were in the Academy in 1873, 1871, 1876. In 1877 he exhibited "Arundel" and "Summer Showers;" in 1875, "Richmond" and "Loch Scavaig;" in 1874, "The Heart of Surrey" and the very remarkable "Misty Morning," in which the frost of an autumn night, melting and sparkling in the grass under the sun of morning, was most admirably depicted. The pictures of yet later years hardly need enumeration.

Mr. Cole is emphatically an English landscape-painter, and he has rendered for our delight many a lovely and characteristically English scene. He dwells with exceeding love on the effects of atmosphere and of light; and he joys in painting a summer day in fair Surrey, what time the lark is quivering in the air and all the blue is resonant with song. In wet and cloudy Skye, gloom descends in grandeur upon his canvas. He does not seek to suggest to the spectator hidden or mystic meanings latent in nature, but is content to present storm or calm, form and colour, with the picturesque charm which lies upon the surface. He has a special skill in painting vacant, smooth water; trees, with sun-smitten leaves; and clouds, with

"Sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof."

Owing, perhaps, to his care for atmosphere, the blues in his distances are sometimes a little crude, and hue outweighs colour. I have been with him on his own loved Arun, the river that he has painted for ten years, and have noted his warm, keen sympathy with every phase of nature's loveliness. Man, like a kettle, must become warm before he begins to sing; poems and pictures must be written and painted with a certain excitement of emotion, and Mr. Cole always begins his work with real enthusiasm.

The work of Mr. Cole which is (as I think) his best and noblest is the "Arundel," which was exhibited in 1877, and is here engraved. The golden blood of sunset flames and burns upon the glowing clouds. "And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire." The glory of the colour is splendid and is sad; is mournful and is menacing. These scarlet and crimson skyey war-flags threaten wrath, woe, destruction; fiery harm to man; and yet through their stern terror shines most awful beauty. We know, as a matter of literal fact, that the gloomiest grey of the dullest sky is as much the work of the Creator as is the tenderest loveliness, or the most sumptuous splendour, of the colour-glorified and ensanguined heavens; but we also feel, as an imaginative truth, that out of every flame-tuft of the "golden blood" of clouds touched to such hue of glory, God speaks to man in colour, as erst He spoke in words from out the Burning Bush.

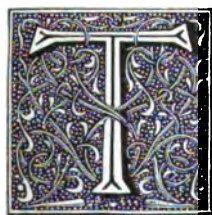
H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.



Yours very truly
J. E. Boehm

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.



THE art of England owes much to other countries. Not only has international emulation stimulated us ever since we began, in 1851, to make comparisons; not only have the most English of our artists, such as Sir Frederick Leighton—English in birth, blood, and character—corrected, enriched, and disciplined their work by a training in foreign schools, so that little of our foremost art can now be considered altogether English; but our school has been lately enriched by the welcome accession from abroad, not merely of principles, but of the artists themselves. Belonging to all the world by their talents, they have chosen



ST. GEORGE_ AND THE DRAGON.

to belong in a special manner to England; and if she cannot claim them in their origin, nor in the character of their genius, as the country of their choice, she has a still better title to them; they are her citizens by naturalisation, and in the pacific contests of international exhibitions they are valuable recruits to her standard. Foremost among such painters who are strangers within our gates is Mr. Alma-Tadema, and foremost among such sculptors is Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm. He, indeed, unlike the eminent artist whose name we have mentioned with his, and whose subjects are chosen from the life of no living nation, is distinctively English in the motives of his work. He is one of the chief illustrators of our national contemporary history; the Royal Family of his adopted country has taken the keenest interest in his labours; and in his private capacity he is a popular member of English society. So that we are almost inclined to forget that he is a Hungarian by parentage; and an Austrian by birth, education, and early residence; and that he was not naturalised as an English subject until 1865.

Born at Vienna, in 1834, Mr. Boehm in his first years came under the influence that was to shape his after-career, for his father was the possessor of a magnificent collection illustrating the history of the fine arts in every branch from the earliest days of ancient Egypt to our own. This was in itself a school for a receptive and intelligent child; there his young admiration was excited, not by the prettinesses of modern art, but by the grandeurs of the past, and there his own ambition was kindled. His father, who was the director of the Imperial Mint, desired that his son should follow in his own safe and successful steps; and therefore, though he fostered the boy's love of the arts, did not encourage him to adopt the practice of them for a profession. The youth's general education, begun in Vienna, was continued by a course of three years in England, during which he mingled with his other labours an enthusiastic study of the drawings of the Old Masters at the British Museum, and of the Elgin marbles, which he copied with delight, and, be it whispered, not without an ambition to produce equestrian statues some day with horses of less peculiar breeds than are to be found on those grand friezes. His education completed, he entered the Austrian mint; but not even the prospect of occupying in the future his father's important post, nor the surely somewhat congenial duties connected with the engraving of coin, sufficed to efface from his heart the desire which was so deeply impressed upon it; and he left the mint and set out for Paris to enter zealously on his professional career as a sculptor.

If his departure for Paris was the subject of some misgivings in the domestic circle, and the paternal blessing was half withheld, the paternal purse, at any rate, was never closed to him. That this prosperity did not paralyse his efforts we know; he had still the impulse to justify himself with his family for the step he had taken, and those higher incentives to effort which spring from the

innate consciousness of power to perform great things. Nor was public recognition slow to meet so much talent and such eager labour; for in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Boehm received the Imperial prize at Vienna, and with it freedom from liability to conscription—the rare exemption granted under that military rule to men of such great promise that their country foregoes their sword to claim their genius. This was the first of the honourable distinctions which in later years have fallen to his lot—amongst which we may mention, once for all, the membership of the Florence Academy, which he received in 1875, and that of our own Academy, to which he was elected, as an Associate, in January, 1878, and the silver medal, which was awarded to his work at the last International Exhibition at Paris.

Since Mr. Boehm settled in England in 1862, his public life has been public indeed. He cannot say of his works what Coleridge said of his early poems, that he had confided them to the public as a secret, which that public had faithfully kept. On the contrary, Mr. Boehm has appealed to large audiences, and, albeit he is the votary of an art which modern England has set itself to ignore, his name is on the lips and his work before the eyes of all. For his is no mere striking and successful talent, but a genius of a vital order. His power is not only vivid but living; no one in our time has so suddenly and so completely animated the dry bones of a craft which had become chiefly a graceful, learned, and *dilettante* memory of the past. If possible, more even than architecture had sculpture shrunk to a science of imitations, living by tradition only. In their work of renewal such artists as Mr. Boehm have had no easy task, insomuch as they are dealing with an art which is, above all others, that of repose, and to which the effete inaction of its lifeless and retrospective condition might seem, to the careless glance, in a manner congenial. Not against tradition only, therefore, nor against the deadness of mediocrity had he to contend, but also against the confusion and misinterpretation of true and legitimate principles. Sculpture comes so dangerously near to life that it is obliged to make for itself arbitrary rules of reticence, in order to preserve the conventionality necessary to all art, and to avoid the fatal extreme of too great literalness and realism.

To combine this obligation with a human vitality has been Mr. Boehm's special triumph; nor has he been less brilliantly successful in combining that reverence for the past which sculpture no less than architecture is bound to preserve, with a reverence for the present. He is distinctively a man of his own time. And not only can he illustrate his position and exemplify his theories by the art he achieves, but he knows how to define it in words which will prove as instructive as his works. He is neither an imitator of the antique, he says, nor an ultra-realist. Indeed, the present realistic school, which has so many members among the clever sculptors of Italy, is merely the extreme imitation of his own *reality*; their *naturalism*

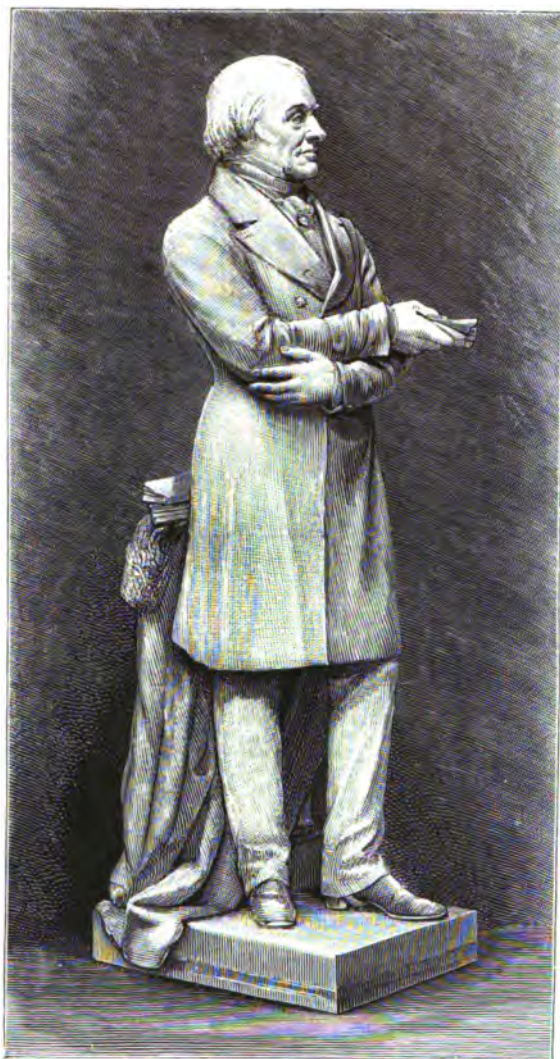
is the exaggeration by men of talent of the *nature* to be found in the works of the man of genius. Precisely the same unwholesome development is taking place



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

in contemporary continental literature, where the truth of Balzac is "produced" into the realism of Emile Zola. Mr. Boehm, seeing exactly the point at which its art has become vicious, and seeing also how good a principle it has abused, has less sympathy than more conventional artists might have with the school to

which we allude, the school which shows us, as he himself says, "wash-tubs and soap-suds in marble; and wasted energy, skill, and clay in groups of fighting street-sweepers, or boys with crumpled newspapers; or a hero wrapped in woollen blankets on the verge of death from dropsy, the symptoms of the disease having,



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

we are assured, been studied at the hospital." To what an illusion of life, to what extreme naturalism of expression, to what an undignified stimulation of inanimate things the modern Italians have carried their system, no one who has seen any recent collection of their work, and notably that in the International Exhibition at Paris, is ever likely to forget. Their brilliant triumphs in execution force us to admiration, and still more are we constrained to wonder at the dramatic intensity which they give to human and personal character, even when its individuality reaches a comic point; such drama in marble has never been considered the legitimate province of sculpture, though the work of these men is so intelligent that we can hardly class it with the vulgar art which appeals merely to popular astonishment. Mr. Boehm will not be accused of favouring this movement, for he will frankly describe it as "deplorable," going on to explain it as a "revolutionary protest" against the insipidities of the school of Canova, which, though professing altogether

Greek traditions and working on Greek subjects, had neither Greek sublimity nor truth to nature, but resembled nothing so much as the Roman art of the decadence.

According to Mr. Boehm, we cannot be Greeks, for we have no mythology. Our art must be Christian and modern. "It is in vain to complain of the paucity of inspiring subjects in our age, of our ugly costume and the dearth of suitable figures for sculpture. You may regard objects and compose like Homer, but you

may not inane copy the antique. Do not return from Rome with some more bad nymphs, another Venus or another Cupid. Try to use the much-abused dress. Treat a coat-sleeve, a woman's gown, *con amore*, ennoble it by art, and it will be a pleasing object in the sight of those whose praise is worth having." And, in fact, it must be admitted that all art which is not what Mr. Boehm says it should be—*of its time*—is failing in the all-essential element of common sense; for even supposing that nineteenth-century imitations of antique models are in some degree interesting to the nineteenth century, what will they be to the twentieth century, and the twenty-fifth? Our guesses at the past will surely be of very little value then, whereas the art which is not only *in* but *of* our day can never fail to have its own sincere worth—supposing that it is also noble in feeling. And doubtless the danger is that such natural art should miss nobility. All, therefore, who are in any peril of vulgarism protect their work by placing it in the regions of conventionality far from the hazardous familiarities of the truth. No such fear need beset an artist every touch of whose hand is signed by *distinction*—that indefinable quality, that inimitable seal.

Portraiture is so important a branch of this truly contemporary art, and Mr. Boehm is so masterly a portraitist, that his principles must be peculiarly valuable to the world and instructive to the student. The latter, if he aspire to distinction as a sculptor of portraits in marble, will be told by Mr. Boehm that he must not choose such an aspect of his sitter as is the most unfavourable, not merely the outside and possibly assumed appearance, nor must he emphasise the sitter's weak points, and in depicting them diverge into caricature; he must strive to obtain by an elevated rendering of the most intellectual and agreeable qualities such a biography of his subject as a keen and critical observer might make. To succeed in this he must possess what Mr. Boehm calls the first and most necessary talent of good portraiture—"an instinctive perception of character," choosing the natural pose and inclination of the head of the individual, which is so important in a bust, as corresponding with the general expression desired to be produced. "The good sculptor," continues Mr. Boehm, "will not be led into the error, for instance, that



THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL STATUE.
(From a Photograph of the Model.)

because the sitter is a soldier, an heroic attitude must be given him, when in nature he stoops; nor bestow upon a gentleman, whose manner of tying his cravat or twisting his collar is part and parcel of the character and temper of the man, the honour of a Roman toga, and so contribute one more to the rows of inane-looking heads which we dread to approach. If you have a sitter for an hour or two before you there is sure to be a time when he will lose that air of posing which suggests the photographer's cold brass circle at the back of the head. To seize that time, and afterwards to develop the nature then revealed, is your task, and on your ability to do this depends much of your success in obtaining a good portrait." Bearing in mind the value of this when it is obtained, the intimate interest of separate personality and human nature, and the great work which is achieved when a man with his history, his capacities, and his destinies (implied, if the art is entirely faithful, even though they may not be expressed) is caught, interpreted, and immortalised, we are tempted to question Mr. Boehm's description of historical and poetical art as wider-gifted and more ambitious; we are disposed to think no art can be more so than the art of portraiture. Nor assuredly can the immortal portraits of the world, whether in marble or colour, be considered as second to any work of the imagination.

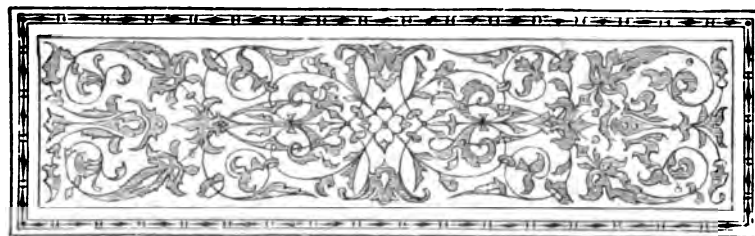
The subject of material in sculpture is one of very particular importance to the lovers of the legitimate realism; nothing was more thoroughly understood by the fine and fastidious judgment of the Greeks; nothing is more misapprehended by the extremists of the modern Italian school. The fitness of the material to the subject, to the treatment, and to the character of the accessories was always considered by the masters of antiquity. In their works you will not find, says Mr. Boehm, "a figure standing on one leg or in a perilous position, executed in marble—tenacious bronze will have been employed for that. There was no wish then to arouse astonishment or excite bewilderment as to how that arm was carved, or how the cutter trembled when he worked at that dangerous flying sheet—when he chiselled the standard of the young newspaper Mercury. The grandest aspect with the simplest means was the endeavour of the great artists of old, and even a statue like that of the Apollo Belvedere would, in the finest epoch of Greek art, have been thought in a position too perilous for the demands which were made on marble." Mr. Boehm is, with most modern critics, of opinion that this celebrated figure is a copy in marble of a small bronze statuette dating from the noblest times of Greek art, and long since lost. On the subject of the chisel, also, Mr. Boehm's advice to students is stringent. That the great masters of Italy, who were so often painters and architects as well as sculptors, should have found time to carve and chase their own work, while the moderns, who are sculptors only, consider the task too

much for their industry, is significant of that declension of large and comprehensive power which is, we fear, to be observed in all the arts.

With what faithfulness, with what vigour and fearlessness, with what reserve and discretion Mr. Boehm practises all the precepts which he has so well thought out, he has shown the world a hundred times. No sculptor's intellect ever seized a more intense personality than that which vivifies the statue of Carlyle, or that of Lord John Russell; the truth of a young mother's death-bed, with all the familiar accessories unfalsified yet touched with the hand of tenderness and distinction, was never more sweetly expressed than in the monument to the late Lady Waterford; the subtle tricks of a man's individuality were never more intelligently understood than in the little statuette of Thackeray and the many vivid busts in terra-cotta which are more truly natural than "naturalism" itself, more real than "realism;" while in the many colossal statues with which he has done much to redeem us from a national reproach—the "St. George and the Dragon" prominent among the number—he has the large and monumental impressiveness of his subjects. No one who is devoted to the cause of modern art can undervalue Mr. Boehm's labours or his genius. At once to lead and to restrain an important—nay vital—revolution requires the courage and self-command of the master.

WILFRID MEYNELL.





JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.



FTEN an originator, whether in large matters or in small, receives this paradoxical injustice at the hands of fate—that his productions bear in the eyes of the world any characteristic except novelty, any merit except freshness. His imitators, if they can rob him of nothing else, will rob him of these; and such—inasmuch as he is the originator in quite modern times of what may be called the microscopic *genre*—has been the fortune of M. Meissonier. A small school of followers—less conspicuous in the last ten years than they had been for some time previously—has carried out what he has begun in the way of minute perfection, never surpassing him in his own inimitable quality of bold neatness of execution, but (in the person of M. Domingo) outdoing him in the matter of colour. We have spoken of him as originating microscopic *genre* in our own times; of course those completest of artists, the Dutchmen Gerard Douw, Metz, and Terburg, have painted—in altogether a different spirit—with all the detailed finish of Meissonier, but hardly ever perhaps on so small a scale, and never with that altogether free and dexterous touch which so peculiarly distinguishes his work. The Dutch manner was more purely and simply imitative of nature, the quality of the execution in the finest Dutch examples being so perfect that neither the paint nor the artist's handling of the paint makes itself sensible or apparent, whereas in M. Meissonier's work, although the dexterity is by no means obtrusive, there is no such effacement. His minuteness then is, or was, all his own. A lover of the “infinitely little,” he is one of the most masculine of painters—a painter indeed too masculine for sweetness of form or tenderness of manner; he is never weak, but then also

he is never lofty, never trite, never pretty, never commonplace, never thoughtful, never pathetic. None of the modern seekers after poetry in art can have anything in common with him, for the mystical, the intense, and the subtle do not exist in his work; nor has he anything in common with the lover of sentiment. The general intelligent admiration of his painting is not likely to be ever lessened by anything difficult in the character or expression which he represents; in his characters he is full of energetic and powerful distinctness, and in his expressions he is insistent and broad. His subjects also are such as command the general interest; martial *tenue* and equipments, courtly little scenes of the last century, passages of recent military history—these bits of commonplace combined with character and costume are such as succeed in pleasing at once the many and the few. The latter, who have no delight in lenses and no special passion for the minute in painting, find



a more educated pleasure in the breadth, the space, and the ease which he introduces into the tiniest frame. M. Edmond About said that he “stowed fifty French guards, full of life and movement, into a space where two cockchafers would not have room to stir.” This quality of *largeness* the artist is said to preserve by invariably designing and composing in life-size, and by free, vigorous, and rapid sketching in chalk of the first conception of a figure. It is in his faces especially that this admirable largeness is most noticeable; into the minute features of some veteran of the First Empire he contrives to introduce not only free, angular,

Meissonier



THE SIGN-PAINTER.

(By Permission of MM. E. Lecadre et Cie.)

and broad drawing, but a character, a past, a history—and all as it were at leisure, at ease, and with room to spare. As a colourist he undoubtedly, in the eyes of those who love beautiful colour, leaves something to be desired, but he is a master of tone.

M. Meissonier's artistic biography is a record of altogether unvaried good fortune, honour, and success. It is now a somewhat long record, the artist having been born at Lyons in or about the year 1813. He began his studies at a very early age, of course in Paris, and equally of course under the master of his choice—M. Léon Cogniet. His success, as soon as he emerged from his state of pupilage, was immediate; and he was in his mature years established as one of the representative, expressive, and typical talents of the Second Empire. Whatever may be M. Meissonier's present attachment to the Republic, it was under a military empire that his gifts found their fittest development, and in the Emperor himself he had



THE VEDETTE.

(By Permission of MM. E. Lecadre et Cie.)

an admirer and an enthusiastic patron. His *début*, however, dates back to a time before the *Coup d'État*, having taken place in the year 1836, when he exhibited "The Little Messenger." From that day his fame steadily increased until it reached the point of eminence which it has steadily held. His pictures at the Salon never fail to attract their crowd year by year, and decade by decade, while such of his precious canvases as find their way to Pall Mall or to Bond Street find an equal enthusiasm, "The Fight" being, perhaps, the best known

and most popular amongst us—and with reason, for it belongs to our reigning family through the graceful gift of the late Emperor to the Prince Consort. The picture represents, as our readers are probably aware, a sudden and passionate



POLICHINELLE.

quarrel outside a wine-shop; the combatants are tearing away from the hands of the bystanders in order to get at each other's throats, and hardly ever in the whole history of art has movement in its impulse, directness, and sincerity been more energetically rendered; both men mean what they are doing, nor are their companions playing at holding them back, for the "principals" have drawn their knives, and a moment will bear the decision of life or death. This wonderful picture, be it remembered, was produced by a pencil which had been almost entirely devoted to subjects of repose.

Another celebrated out-of-door work is "The Game at Bowls," and yet another "The Portrait of the Sergeant," a brilliant study of a figure in light. "Napoleon III. at Solferino" was the result of the Italian campaign which M. Meissonier made with the Imperial army for artistic purposes; this picture and "The Emperor and his Staff" represent him in the

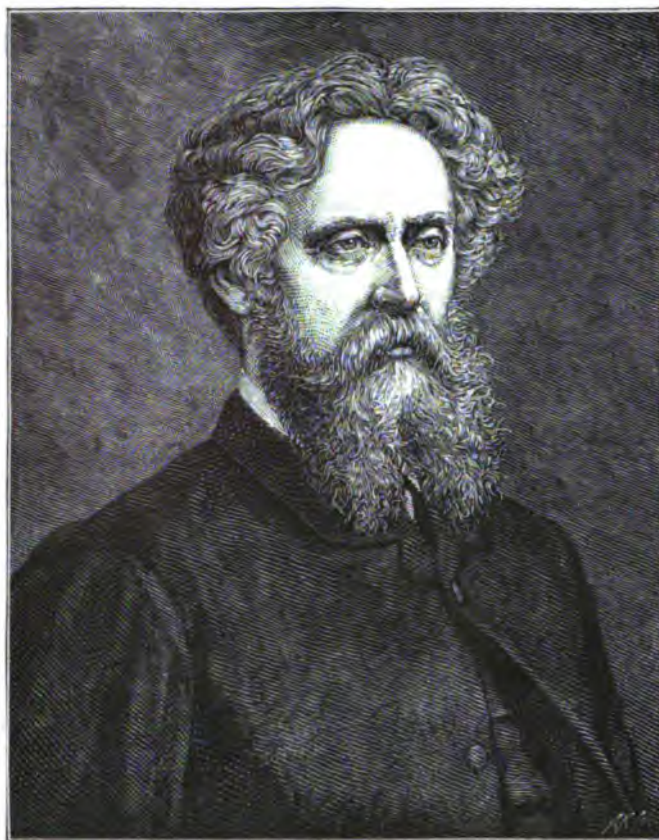
collection of works by living French artists at the Palace of the Luxembourg. When the Empire which he had illustrated was unwittingly drawing to a close, the great artist again followed the army, this time to the ill-fated fortress of Metz, where he barely escaped sharing the fortunes of the siege by a timely flight to Paris. After this he served as a volunteer until the final peace,

sharing in this the patriotism of Regnault, De Neuville, and so many less celebrated but no less valiant artists.

M. Meissonier's conscientiousness is satisfactorily obvious, and proverbial throughout Europe. Those who are inclined to appraise a painter's work by translating its value into its price are fond of telling us at what rate the wonderful French miniaturist in oils works by the square inch; the result of the calculation has escaped our memory, but we believe it shows a sum so considerable that if any one had a fancy for setting a little bit of Meissonier in a ring or scarf-pin, as an enthusiastic artist once wished that he could set small pieces of Titian's or Tintoretto's colour, the result would be a *parure* almost as costly as if it were composed of precious stones instead of precious paints.

Nothing like a catalogue of his works is possible here, so numerous are they; but a glance at the prices which a few of them have realised may interest our readers. We translate the francs, and in many cases the dollars, into pounds sterling. "The Amused Cavalier" (7½ centimètres by 5) sold in New York for £620; "A Dream" for £833; "Soldiers at Cards" (8 centimètres by 10) for £2,300; "The Cavalry Charge" for £6,250; "Marshal Saxe and his Staff" (8 centimètres by 9) for £1,720; and the picture called "1807" was bought by the late Mr. Stewart, of New York, for a sum exceeding £12,500. The last-named work—a striking example of extreme conscientiousness, combined with a lack of dramatic imagination—shows a charge of cuirassiers at what was probably (for the laconic title does not exactly inform us) the battle of Friedland. M. Meissonier was not satisfied with watching the action of cavalry in the momentary manner with which most artists are obliged to content themselves; he had a tramway laid down, along which he was propelled at the same rate of speed as that of a horse which charged at his side; the artist, keeping up with his model, was able to observe every movement of muscle and sinew. In spite, however, of these infinite pains, the stationary group of "The Emperor and his Staff," drawn up on a neighbouring eminence, is more excellent in truth and nature—as regards the horses at least—than that of the cuirassiers. What is admirable in the latter is the action of the men, who cheer and salute with real impulse, swiftness, and intensity. This is a true picture of war, painted without bloodshed, yet without conventionality or insincerity. Another instance of this great artist's laborious observations from nature is to be found in "The Retreat of Napoleon after the Leipsic Campaign." M. Meissonier is said to have contracted a severe complaint in making his studies from horses which were led to and fro for hours through depths of snow and mud. His reward is that he has drawn a group walking with more truth of action and movement than can perhaps be found in any other picture in the world.

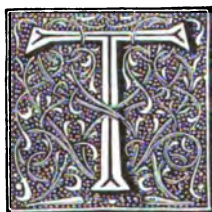
ALICE MEYNELL.



*Very truly yours
Noel Paton*

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.

Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.



TO attempt a just estimate of a painter still living and working amongst us is like criticising one of his unfinished pictures. This is especially so while the hand shows no symptoms of weakness and the vigour of the mind is unimpaired. In the present paper we do not attempt to give a critical notice of Sir Noel Paton, or to fix his position among the painters of his time, but can merely glance at the main incidents of his career in some sort of chronological order. Like David Wilkie, and many other shrewd Scotchmen who have successfully elbowed their way in the world, Sir Joseph

Noel Paton is a native of the ancient "Kingdom of Fife," and was born in Dunfermline, its western capital, on the 13th December, 1821. Than Dunfermline few places are more favourable to the growth of poetry and romance. Its history is the history of Scotland in its days of chivalry and of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence. Here were born King David II., James I., and Charles I., the unfortunate "anointed king" of England; here, in the abbey, are buried King Malcolm Canmore, his Queen St. Margaret, King Robert the Bruce, and many others among the kings and chieftains of Scotland; and on the great square tower one can yet read, as a sort of historical signboard, the name of "King Robert the Bruce" in open capital letters, visible miles away. The ruined abbey and palace are pregnant with romantic associations of its founders, the Benedictines from Canterbury, and of King Edward I. of England, who wintered here in 1303-4. In young Paton's imaginative mind those shadowy reminiscences of cowed monks, rough warriors, and stately dames must have taken definite shape, and had, as will be shown, peculiar significance to him. His father was connected with the damask manufactures of the town, but was better known as a learned antiquary, a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and a zealous collector of old books and pictures, old



1814/59

THE LION AND TYPHON.

casts, and relics of all descriptions. In 1819 he had married a Highland lady, descended from members of some of the most famous clans of the north. From her, no doubt, the young painter and poet had many deeply interesting recitals of traditionary lore—tales which must have fired his imagination, and made him long for the time when he could embody them in definite shape. Through her also he could claim kinship with the long line of kings and queens that, in his mind's eye, still peopled the old palace and abbey under the shadows of which he lived. Through a noble record of Highlanders and chieftains she could trace her ancestors to King Robert II.—the progenitor of the Stuart line—and from him to Robert the Bruce, and so backwards, through two centuries of kings, to Malcolm Canmore. What wonder that the heir of such a history should have been instinctively moulded to painting and poetry! The daring and chivalrous deeds of his Jacobite ancestors furnished him, doubtless, with subjects for his pencil as a child, and we can well imagine the enthusiastic young student, surrounded by old books and musty armour, within hearing of the abbey bell and the cawing rooks that circled about the ruined walls, poring earnestly over his drawing, or composing verses to the prowess of Sir Angus or Sir Duncan, or to the fierce chiefs of Athol.

His first work of any importance was the natural outcome of this training, and in 1838 he completed a water-colour drawing of "The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour," from Scott's "Old Mortality." In the following year he illustrated another subject from Scott's novels, "Annot Lyle Playing," from "The Legend of Montrose;" and during the next three years we find him busily engaged with drawings and verses for the *Renfrewshire Annual* (supplied gratuitously), and with outline designs in illustration of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and Milton's "Comus."

So far our artist had been his own tutor, and, indeed, the problem of Sir Noel's career is how he could have become possessed of his comprehensive knowledge of form and drawing without the academical training usually considered indispensable. In 1843 he came to London, and for a few months attended the schools of the Royal Academy, then under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, R.A., from whom he received much kindness and advice. In this year was held the first of the famous cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall, won by "that young pupil of Delaroche," against whom poor Haydon so bitterly and unjustly inveighed, and here, probably, young Paton was a frequent visitor, and made inward vows to measure himself in future contests against the great spirits whose works he saw upon the walls.

In 1844 he is back again in Scotland, and sends his first picture to the Royal Scottish Academy—"Ruth Gleaning"—which is well hung in the exhibition, and brings him much credit. Next year gives him his first great success,



THE DEAD LADY.
(By kind Permission of Mr. T. Alexander Hill of Edinburgh.)

and must have been a period of much hard work and anxiety. At the Royal Scottish Academy he exhibits "Rachel Weeping for her Children," and "The Holy Family." Besides these he executes a series of etchings on copper, illustrating Wilson's poem of "Silent Love," a literary effort which has long since

departed into well-merited obscurity; and, lastly, he sends a bold and ambitious work, "The Spirit of Religion," to Westminster Hall. We have seen what training he had at this period, and it says much for his natural genius, still more for his technical knowledge and manipulative power, that the Commissioners awarded him one of the three premiums of two hundred guineas. The other two prizes went to Armitage and Tenniel.

In 1846 we have the first of the series of those charming conceptions of fairyland in which Sir Noel Paton is still without a rival. It is in such works as these that the poet as well as the painter has full scope for his imagination, untrammelled by rude conventionalities; and every inch of the canvas is rich with some quaint conceit or delicate play of fancy. His first two works of this class were "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," and "Puck and Fairy," both exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846. To the competition in Westminster Hall, in the following year, he sent another of



THE ADVERSARY.

these subjects, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," and along with it a large work containing many life-sized figures and evincing great strength of design and beauty of drawing, "Christ Bearing the Cross." The fame of the artist was by this time fairly established, and, when the Royal Commissioners decided for the second time to award a prize to him, honours showered in from all sides. The Royal Scottish Academy promptly elected him an Associate of their body, and handsomely purchased his "Reconciliation" for a good round

sum. In hot haste, but too late by a post, the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts wrote, offering him £100 more than the Academy for his picture. To Sir Noel's credit be it written, that he did not hesitate for a moment, and, although it was quite within his power to close with the Association, he held to his bargain with the Academy. The competition for the work was not yet exhausted, however, and last of all, and much too late of course, the then King of the Belgians expressed a strong desire, through Sir Charles Eastlake, the Secretary to the Commissioners, to obtain the picture for his collection. Seldom has a British artist received such spontaneous and hearty approbation at the outset of his career, and from this date Sir Noel Paton's history is a chronicle of uninterrupted success.

For the next three years our artist's energy was unabated. The Royal Scottish Academy elected him an Academician in 1850, and the following year he sent four important pictures to the gallery; these were "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Father Confessor," "Death of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini," and "Nimrod the Mighty Hunter." During the following years we have a large number of works, among them "Dante Meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini," "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Dead Lady" (which we engrave), and "Faust and Margaret Reading." In 1855 his picture of "The Pursuit of Pleasure" (well known through the medium of engraving) was finished, and was sent to the Royal Scottish Academy, where it elicited an almost unanimous chorus of praise as a work of very exceptional merit and displaying high imaginative power. At this time also he executed a sketch for a picture of "Vanity Fair," introducing many hundreds of figures, which, had it ever seen the light, would probably have ranked among the noblest conceptions of modern art. To those who have had the privilege of examining this very wonderful sketch, it appears far to excel in depth of thought any of the artist's published works, and it cannot but be cause for regret that, partly through Mr. Ruskin's dissuasion, partly through the length of time it would have involved, and the consequent severance from other work, Sir Noel Paton felt reluctantly compelled to abandon his design. His next work of importance, this time exhibited in London, at the Royal Academy, in 1856, was particularly appropriate to the year of its exhibition, and came upon the public with peculiar force, while the harrowing details of the Crimean campaign were yet fresh in its recollection. This picture—"Home"—represents a soldier of the Guards returned to his wife and child. He has lost one of his arms on the battle-field, and the hard lines of his face tell of the sufferings he has undergone. The work is replete with homely pathos, and tells its story with unaffected simplicity. Its success at the Academy was immense. Mr. Ruskin accepted it as "a most pathetic and precious picture," and the artist was commanded by the Queen to

furnish her with a replica for the Royal Collection at Windsor. In the following year the chief picture was "Hesperus," and at the same time he exhibited two exquisitely finished landscapes in water-colour—studies in the Highlands of Scotland. As the Crimean War evoked "Home," so the Indian Mutiny called forth "In Memoriam." From such earnest work as this the painter must have turned, almost with a sense of relief, to a further series of fairyland—"Oberon and Titania," "The Song of Silenus," and "Oberon and the Seamaid." In 1859 our artist fairly surprised his friends with a striking work of sculpture, and plainly demonstrated that his powers had not yet been fully gauged. In one of those outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm which periodically agitate all communities, it had been decided in Scotland to erect a national monument to Scotia's favourite—if somewhat fictional—hero, Sir William Wallace. The site selected was the top of a wooded hill—the Abbey Craig near Stirling—which commands a majestic view of the valley of the Forth. Plaster models were submitted, and, after much serious deliberation, the Acting Committee at Stirling selected the design bearing the name of Sir Noel Paton, "A Lion Struggling with a Typhon," which we illustrate. The idea was a magnificent one, but it was never carried out.

From this date there follows a long list of important oil paintings, designs on wood, and sketches of all descriptions—among them, in 1860, "Silenus Singing," "The Entombment," and "Gethsemane;" in 1861 (the year of a visit to Rome), "Dawn—Luther at Erfurt," one of the artist's most popular works. During this period Sir Noel Paton's first volume of poems was published, under the title of "Poems by a Painter," to be succeeded four years after by another volume, "Spindrift." Here again we have the elegant fancy which forms so great an attraction in his lighter works. The verse is always graceful—not very deep perhaps, nor quite true to the rougher side of life—but affecting us with its gentle melody like fragrant perfume. In 1865, to return to pictures, we have "Fact and Fancy," and "The Death Barge of King Arthur;" in 1866, "Mors Janua Vitæ;" in 1867, "The Fairy Raid;" and since then many other notable pictures—"Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ," "The Man of Sorrows," "The Spirit of the Twilight," "Christ the Great Shepherd," "The Man with the Muck Rake," and "Thy Will be Done." In 1867 the artist attended at Windsor, by command of Her Majesty, and received the honour of knighthood—he had in the previous year been appointed "Limner for Scotland"—and, in 1876, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

GEORGE R. HALKETT.



CARTOON FOR "WHAT IS IT?"

HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.



A PLOUGHBOY.

IT is doubtful whether, but for Mr. Henry Stacy Marks as the precursor of the modern return to the quaintly decorative as well as the pictorial art of the Middle Ages, we might not still be languishing on in the clumsily humorous or sickly sentimental style, which for so many years was thought the fit and only one to be applied to the illustration of our books, comic or serious, for young or old, and to a large extent to the adornment of our houses. It is Mr. Marks who has introduced, and made familiar to us, the delightful blending of colours and quaint delicacy of form and design pervading the fashion of the day in the thousand and one matters that can be affected by such art as his; and for the welcome reform he has brought about in all these respects he deserves our warmest thanks. He is distinctly one of the most representative of representative men, and his election in 1878 to the full honours of the Royal Academy



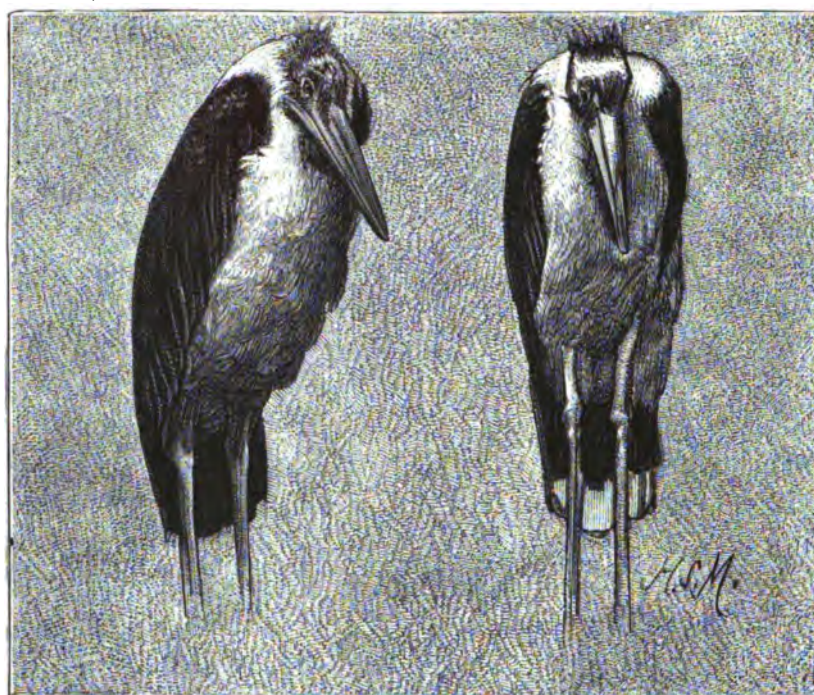
"CONVOCATION."

was a matter of profound congratulation to all concerned. But when we remember that in his pictures, properly so called, as distinct from the illustrative and decorative work on which he is so largely engaged, he has displayed powers as a painter pure and simple, of the first class, and that he has given us for the last five-and-twenty years some of the choicest bits of character and humour that have ever appeared upon the walls of our Royal Academy and other exhibitions, we may surely regard him as one of the most original and distinguished artists of the English school. Contriving not unfrequently to weave a strong thread of pathos into the fabric of dry fun in which he revels, painting landscape as well as he does humanity, and birds and beasts as well as either, he may be quoted as an eminently and thoroughly versatile artist, whilst the speciality which he seems of late to have developed for himself as a "bird fancier" on canvas, puts him far ahead of all rivalry in what may be described as pictorial and humorous ornithology. Most steady and legitimate has been his progress upwards since the days when "Toothache in the Middle Ages" (1856) first attracted attention from the originality and quaintness of the mere notion. Not, however, that this was by any means the picture with which he commenced his public career at the Royal Academy. Turning to the catalogues, we see in his earliest exhibited works that the "Dogberrian" side of life had from the first an especial attraction for him. It has never been quite absent, and still forms the leading sentiment in some shape or other in nearly everything he produces, albeit latterly it has cropped up in the guise of his remarkable long-legged, long-necked, long-beaked birds. In 1853 Mr. Marks submitted to the Council of the then existing British Institution his first attempt in oil; but the "lay" element in that body rejected the "Dogberry Examining Conrade and Borachio," which, nevertheless, found a good place just below the line and beside Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" on the walls in Trafalgar Square, and from that day forth (1853)—as he himself puts it—"H. S. M. has been represented in the Royal Academy Exhibitions—sometimes on the ground—sometimes on the ceiling—but 'all there' somehow."

Such characters as "Christopher Sly," "Bardolph," "Slender," "Francis Feeble," "Bottom," &c., together with their like in more modern guise, have supplied him with never-ending themes. Subjects in which these personages figured conspicuously carried him prosperously onward till 1861, when the most ambitious and complete work he had yet produced clenched the good opinion the judges had formed of his powers. "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model" embodied in a high degree all his excellences, and the sly fun, originality, and freshness of the idea, as well as its admirable execution, must be still in the memory of most of those that saw it.

Between this date and the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington

House, amidst a succession of pictures never varying in their general merit, may be enumerated, as especially striking, the following:—"How Shakespeare Studied" (1863), "Doctors Differ" (1864), "Beggars Coming to Town" (1865), "Falstaff's Own" (1867), "Experimental Gunnery in the Middle Ages" (1868), and "The Minstrels' Gallery" (1869), an admirable work, the first exhibited by our artist at Burlington House. In 1870 was given us the first taste in oil of Mr. Marks's quality as an ornithological painter, and, with what had gone before, his "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" (see accompanying en-



HALF-HOURS AT "THE ZOO."

graving) landed him, in the January of the following year, most justly and safely into the haven of an Associateship. Always conscientious and trustworthy to the highest degree, his "Book-worm," in 1871, by its thoroughness and completeness, setting aside its technical and other merits, which were perhaps beyond any yet displayed in the painter's work, fully warranted the choice of the Royal Academicians. Again, in 1872, "Waiting for the Procession," and in 1873, "The Ornithologist," and a remarkably quaint bit called "What is it?" steadily kept the artist to the front. "Capital and Labour," "A Page of Rabelais," "The Latest Fashion," and "Winter" (the latter an important decorative work), were the four contributions from Mr. Marks in 1874, and the largest number he ever exhibited in one season at the Royal Academy.

That prosperity and success were in no way going to check the energy of the artist was proved indisputably by each succeeding effort. "The Jolly Post Boys," and "A Merry Jest" (1875), as examples, were in all respects in his best manner. No less so was "The Apothecary" (our full-page illus-



Faithfully yours
H. S. Marks

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.)

tration), of 1876, "The Spider and the Fly," and "A Bit of Blue" (1877), whilst in "Convocation" (1878) we had another of his remarkable "bird fancies," more than enough, in the opinion of many judges, to have ensured the final academic honour just afterwards conferred on him.

It will be seen that though never an absentee from the great annual picture show, he has been seldom represented by more than one or, at the

best, two works per year. This is, of course, partly due to the large claims which are made upon his time for the production of a variety of decorative work painted *in situ*, or, at any rate, painted only to adorn the houses of those who, by their employment of Mr. Marks, show themselves to be endowed with as much



ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.

(By the kind Permission of Mr. Angus Holden, of Bradford.)

good taste as money. The "Winter," just mentioned, is a case in point, being one of a series representing the seasons, designed, we believe, for the decoration of a large billiard-room in a country house. Moreover, Mr. Marks was elected in March, 1871, Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and though, beyond some quaint studies of birds, he has not hitherto been a prominent contributor to the gallery, the public have had many an



THE APOTHECARY.

(By kind Permission of Mr. H. J. Turner.)

opportunity of judging how masterly is his work in water-colour, from the numerous examples (*vide* "The Princess and the Pelicans," "Thoughts of Christmas," &c.) exhibited at the General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, Dudley Gallery, a member of the Committee of which he was elected in 1867. Add to these facts the books which he illustrates, his drawings on the wood, his designs for stained glass, and other work, and it can be understood



AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

why, in spite of his being one of the hardest workers in the profession, he is not so great a producer in oil as some of his contemporaries. Indomitable energy, diligence, and perseverance have ever distinguished our artist: even in those early times when he was engaged all day in business with his father, his enthusiasm for art made him devote his evenings to the study of it at Leigh's school in Newman Street. Here he formed the friendships, continued up to the present time, of such men as Calderon, Hodgson, Storey, Joseph Clark, and others who also have since made a mark in life; and the smouldering spark of his genius having been fanned into an unquenchable flame by these surroundings, he determined,

when he came of age (1850), "to burn his boats," and striking out manfully, make for the shore on which we have seen him land in safety.

He was born in Great Portland Street, London, in 1829, and he himself declares that, although always fond of drawing as a child, some of his early productions still in his possession display nothing remarkable or promising; they are exactly like what other children of six or seven delight in drawing. With the modesty about his own work which still distinguishes him, he further declares that his earliest studies from the antique and the life, both at Leigh's and at the Academy (into which he was admitted a student 1851), were far from meritorious. The first real spurt he seems to have had was in 1853,

when, at the instigation of his friend Calderon, he scraped funds together and went to Paris, where he studied for five months in the *atelier* of M. Picot, the result very soon being, as we have seen, the picture of "Dogberry Examining Conrade and Borachio."

It has been well said that "it is in the art we love that the truest and deepest emotions of our nature—our true selves—find expression," and that, in short, a man is like his pictures. This certainly is the case with Henry Stacy Marks. He is essentially the man you would expect to be the producer of such work as his. Not only is his personal appearance, with his sedately humorous expression, the quiet twinkle in his bright eye, and the sly fun playing about the corners of his mouth, suggestive of it, but in a deeper sense than this he is like his pictures. In their honesty, thoroughness, and conscientious painstaking completeness, they are but the reflex of his character. All who enjoy the pleasure of his friendship will endorse this statement to the letter, whilst those less fortunate will not be surprised to hear that, in addition to these qualities, socially he is one of the most amusing and delightful companions that it is possible to meet. With Shakespeare at his fingers' ends, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote at his command, an able versifier, a singer of a good song, a teller of a good story, he is indeed hard to match; and looking back over the brief outline we have here traced of his life and career, and remembering that his success has been reached through no path of roses, but across many a rough and stony bit of road, it will be readily admitted, as we said at starting, that he is a thoroughly representative man.

W. W. FENN.



AUTHOR AND CRITICS.



Very sincerely yours
Elizabeth Butler

(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.)

MRS. BUTLER.

MRS. BUTLER undoubtedly owes her exceptional success not only to her abilities as a painter, but to that felicitous perception (itself an accompaniment of the more effective order of genius) by which the right, opportune, and successful course is seen, understood, and energetically pursued. Such

a course was a battle-painter's career at the time she resolved to follow it. A little knot of painters in France, among whom the names of De Neuville and Detaille are the best known here, though it comprises others of almost equal distinction, had recently revolutionised military painting in their native land. From the most conventional, heartless, insincere, and inhuman of arts, they made it the most human, the most intensely true, the most realistic. And nowhere is realism better placed than on the canvas of the battle-painter. The situations and emotions of history, of romance, and of actual life, need idealising; but the situations and the emotions of war, on the contrary, are so great, so dramatic, so strong—being matters of life and death—that they only need realisation to be the highest objects of the highest art. Elsewhere give place to the illusion, the dream, the convention if you will; in military painting make way for the man. You cannot go beyond the man—noble, devoted, wretched, pathetic, commonplace even. All the little every-day physical miseries of a campaign are supreme in interest, provided they be given as they are—not smuggled away in unrealities. "All the glories of France," rampant in the halls of Versailles, are not so glorious as a group of De Neuville's soldiers keeping one another warm under a bank of snow. If art thought proper to go further (but it is right that she should pause), and show us the dead as they really die on the field, with their undignified attitudes "*like broken marionnettes*," as M. de Neuville has described them to the present writer, there would be more pathos, and probably even more dignity, in the half-grotesque truth, than in the heroic *poses* of conventional death—but the painfulness would be too great. And to these young French reformers—men eminently of their age—the English lady joined herself in aims and method. She threw off falsity, and studied the soldier for herself, with the aid of an almost Shakespearian dramatic imagination. Animal painting, landscape, and portraiture became for her accessory arts, to be loved and sedulously cultivated as her military subjects should require them, but no longer to be pursued for their own sake. There is no probability that her resolution, wisely and firmly taken, will ever be cast off.

Miss Thompson was born at Lausanne, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Her mother, during the winter of her daughter's birth, cultivated her favourite art of landscape painting, and the natural pictures of the snowy mountains and the ice-bound lake, set as they often were in magnificent sunsets, were the first objects that caught the child's eyes. Charles Dickens, the close friend of Elizabeth Thompson's father, was the companion of this Swiss sojourn. All her early years were divided between Italy and England, the almost uninterrupted sunshine of the Eastern Riviera of Genoa brightening her winter quarters, while the heart of the English country was usually her summer residence. Country

life, with the companionship of a sister, and with perfect freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or in the fields of Kent, to watch the horses at their farm-house work, and even, it is whispered, to play cricket on the village green, formed a healthy contrast to the studies which were vigorously pursued from the age of five to that of seventeen, under the sole tutorship of Mr. Thompson, who (himself educated at Cambridge, and possessed of an independent fortune) entirely devoted himself to the training of his two daughters. That they should be good swimmers, good billiard-players, and good markswomen with the pistol, entered into the scheme of "accomplishments" which he resolved to give them. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa-Bonheur aspirations of the little girl, while the free, demonstrative, and expressive character of the Italian peasantry stimulated her singularly keen power of observation. Her father was early struck by this power, and developed it watchfully and constantly, drawing the child's attention especially to outward manifestations of character. There is much that is dramatic in Italian life, and nowhere could the faculty peculiarly belonging to the artistic, as apart from that which pertains to the more meditative literary talent—the faculty of objective observation—find greater scope than there. The dramatic power which was afterwards shown in the faces of the men in "The Roll-Call" and "Quatre Bras" germinated in those early days.

Drawing was the child's daily occupation. While history was read aloud by her father in the school-room, she worked with her pencil. Steeplechases, battles, and stampedes of wild horses were her constant subjects at the most tender age—not that she had ever seen any such incidents, but descriptions fired her young imagination. This distinctive taste was constant and undeviating. Happily there was no one to be shocked at this natural tendency as "unladylike;" so sketch-book after sketch-book was filled by childishly drawn horses, which nevertheless ran with an unmistakable motion, and by soldiers engaged in deadly warfare, who somehow seemed to fight with a will. Intensity of action and firmness of bearing were always found in these early attempts; anything might be remarked in them *except* weakness, uncertainty, and infirmity.

The united family life continued from year to year; at the age of fifteen the young artist of the little circle, whose future success was already foretold by dozens of friends, first took lessons in painting. A short trial of the elementary rooms at the South Kensington art-schools persuaded her that the routine of "design" was not fitted to her development. She therefore took instruction in oil-painting during one winter from her first master, Mr. Standish. Then came a residence of three years at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, after which the travels of the family, irresistibly attracted to the countries nearer the



MISSING.

sun, began again. Later, during a rather lengthened sojourn in London, Miss Thompson re-entered South Kensington—not as an “elementary” student, whose daily task would be the copying of equal-sided scrolls—but as an advanced draughtswoman in the “life-class.” This wise suspension of the usual regulations was the work of Mr. Burchett, the late lamented head-master, whose wide culture, benevolence, and conscientiousness endeared him to the little knot of pupils in whom he saw evidences of power and goodwill in art. Miss Thompson impressed him by her industry, thoroughness, and perseverance; and she also



THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY.

gained distinction in a sketching-club got up among the students. Indeed, nothing in the shape of amusement or distraction had power to wean her from the delights of daily work.

During this time her first attempts at exhibition were made—and unsuccessfully. Her first water-colours were rejected by the Society of British Artists; but a year later the Dudley Gallery accepted a spirited water-colour, “Bavarian Artillery going into Action.” It won a good word from a writer, who, long before the days of “The Roll-Call,” never failed to encourage the young aspirant’s efforts—Mr. Tom Taylor, the art-critic of the *Times*. From this date she continued sending her military drawings to the water-colour Dudley. At the age of two-and-twenty the training to which she attributes the most solid successes of her art began at Florence, under the eye of a masterly

draughtsman and a great teacher, Signor Bellucci. With zest and delight the young pupil worked in his studio in one of the quietest paved streets of the incomparable city—Via Santa Reparata; and occasionally she copied the fine frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, in the cloisters of the great



A GRENADIER GUARD FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

(By Permission of the Directors of the Fine Art Society.)

popular church, the Santissima Annunziata. In the following autumn Miss Thompson completed at Rome her first subject picture in oils. It represented the "Visitation," and when exhibited in that city received "honourable mention." Its after-adventures were noteworthy. Being sent in the following year to the Royal Academy, it was rejected, and not only rejected, but returned with a hole through the sky. Nothing daunted, the young artist tried Burlington

House again on the succeeding year, and was again unsuccessful; the next season saw her third attempt at obtaining an entry at the obdurate Academy, and this time her picture, "Missing" (which forms the subject of our full-page engraving), was hung almost out of sight. Meanwhile the press had by no means overlooked her work; and those who speak of the sudden fame of "The Roll-Call" are apt to ignore the fact that several of the leading critics spoke with even greater warmth of the military water-colour drawings which she produced before 1874 than they did afterwards of her popular *chef-d'œuvre*. The art-patrons of the North were especially quick to recognise the new military painter, and it was from the North that she received her first commission—the commission for "The Roll-Call."

The subject of "The Roll-Call" was of course the artist's own choice. It had long been in her mind, it was painted in buoyant confidence and hope, sent to the Academy, and—the rest is history. So far Miss Thompson's relations with Burlington House may be thus succinctly described:—First year, rejected with a rent in the canvas; second year, rejected without a rent; third year, skied; fourth year, "The Roll-Call" on the line. The first intimation received by the artist, in her suspense, of the astonishing success of her work, came from the interior of the Academy. The selecting committee had hailed the picture on its presentation for judgment with a round of cheers—a generous and cordial recognition which took the artist fairly by surprise. Then came the Royal speeches at the banquet, then the newspaper shout of congratulation, and then the "public" spoke. It is not given to many, even among great geniuses, to move the heart of the million. Masters in literature, in painting, in music, have been fain to content themselves with an audience "fit though few." But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story of "Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea." The people, by the way, would have none of this Academy-catalogue title; as usual with the things it really cares for, it gave the picture a name of its own. During the excitement created by the work, and literally unparalleled since Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" occasioned a similar *furor*, the artist who had set the town in a ferment never relaxed labour for a week. Yet she had not only public applause, but the caresses of London society to tempt her from her easel. The public press was full of her. Wild stories were set afloat as to her origin and history; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold within a few weeks; the retirement and quiet of her private life fostered the public curiosity, and she became, in spite of herself and wholly through her work, a lion. An incident without precedent in the annals of the Academy occurred: her picture was removed from its place on the walls in the height of the season by the Queen's command, and taken to Windsor for her inspection; and so greatly was Her Majesty, whose interest in her army

is intense, pleased with the work, that she intimated her wish to become its purchaser. The owner, whose happy commission had given it being, loyally ceded it to her supreme claim.

In 1875 "*Quatre Bras*" was exhibited at the Academy—a picture containing perhaps more of the artist's dramatic imagination in the realisation of masculine character than any of her works. This season it chanced that Mr. Ruskin resumed the "Notes" on pictures of the year, which had been so important a feature of the artistic seasons of the past. Of "*Quatre Bras*" he wrote: "I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and secondly because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine Pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of colour and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." In 1875, too, Miss Thompson used her pencil—which had already contributed occasional sketches to the illustrated papers—to illustrate with six drawings the volume of poems published by her younger sister under the title of "*Preludes*." More recently Miss Thompson has illustrated several ballads of Thackeray's; and ever since the exhibition of black and white opened at the Dudley Gallery she has been among its contributors.

"*Balaklava*"—the return of a handful of the Light Brigade up the brow of a hill after the famous charge—was her next picture; upon this followed "*Inkermann*," which was exhibited at the Paris International; one year's interruption, in 1878, was compensated by the exhibition of two works in 1879, "*Listed for the Connaught Rangers*," and "*The Remnants of an Army*." Since then she has painted "*Scotland for Ever*," "*Rorke's Drift*," and "*Floreat Etona*." Miss Thompson's marriage with Colonel Butler, C.B., aide-de-camp to the Queen, and author of "*The Great Lone Land*," which took place in 1877, only served to stimulate still more her attachment to military art. She learnt to love with even greater fervour the soldier whose humanity she had so intimately understood, and whose sufferings, sorrows, and valour she had drawn with so much power and truth.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



THE FOUNTAIN.

LOOKING over some art-chronicles of the year 1873, we recently stumbled on this entry: "Mr. Alma-Tadema, the Belgian artist now settled in London, has been elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours." Since that not very remote period when, in the leading art-journal of the day, the name of Mr. Alma-Tadema required a sort of explanatory introduction, "the Belgian artist now settled in London" has become a

striking entity in the English world of art. Not that Mr. Alma-Tadema himself would smile to be called "a Belgian painter;" on the contrary, he would very seriously repudiate the description. Even when the phrase was used, it was not technically correct, for in the first month of that very year, 1873, he had become a naturalised Englishman; and every succeeding season has allied him more closely with our country and

its art. If readers were to make the acquaintance of Mr. Alma-Tadema under the impression that they were going to talk to a foreign artist, they would speedily perceive their mistake; for when he says "our school" he means the English school, and when he uses the pronoun "we" in an artistic and national sense, it stands for himself and the painters who are his fellow-countrymen by adoption.

Let us continue to suppose ourselves for a time in the company of the great artist, and in his beautiful and characteristic studio at Townshend House, on the outskirts of Regent's Park. Looking round, we are sure to find on the easels, either in progress or complete, some exquisite instances of the master's

skill. It will be evident to us at once, on closely examining the canvases, that only by extreme technical learning could he produce his lovely and famous textures and surfaces, which are done so broadly and freely that the finish is hard to understand. "You must not think that those roses look like roses because I have niggled at them," says the artist, as we stop to admire the extraordinary yet unobtrusive imitation of a bunch of the crimson and pink roses



Yours faithfully
Laurens Alma-Tadema

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

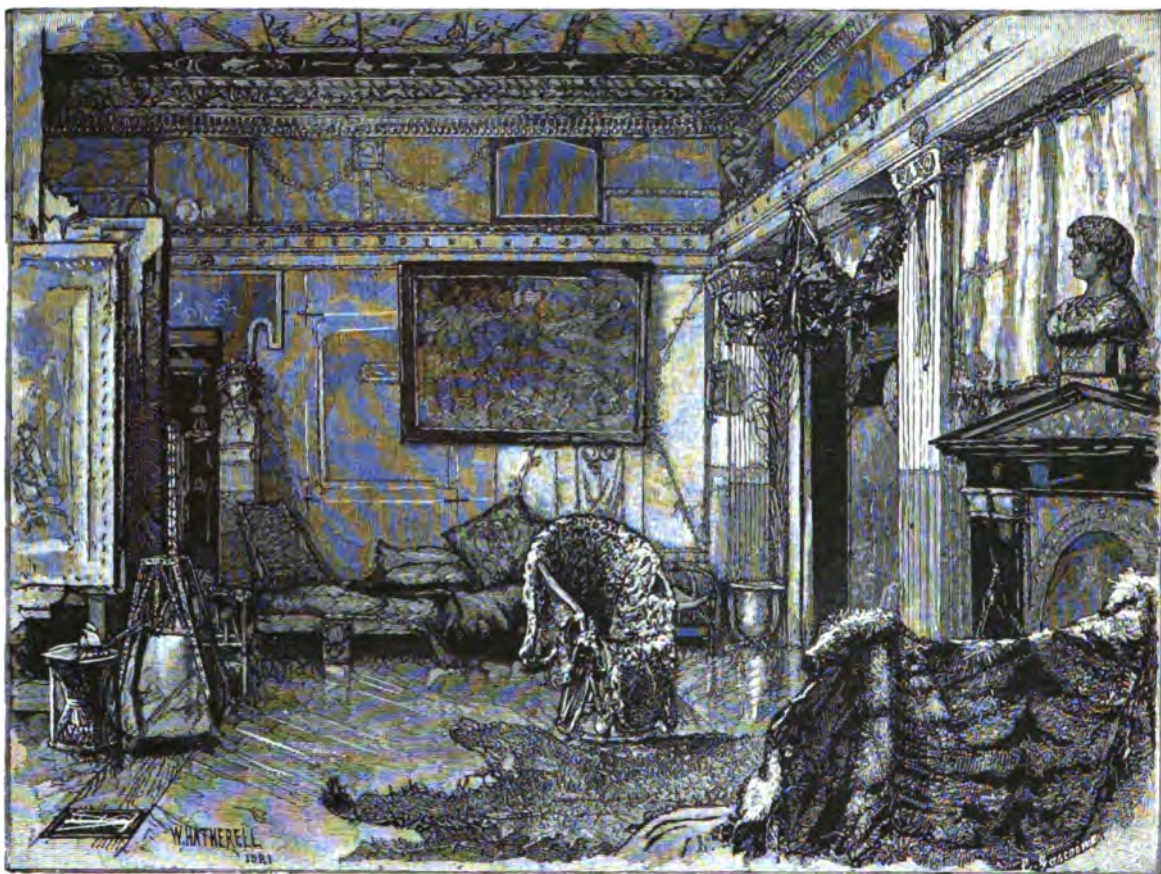
he paints so often, combining them frequently with the glowing tones of gold or brass in an unusual and very felicitous manner; and he gives us a magnifying-glass which shows us how uncramped and impulsive the handling of them is. Never has the saying of poor William Hunt, that "true finish is of the nature of true commencement," been more happily demonstrated than here. Mr. Alma-Tadema will tell us that these surfaces of his—those skins and that marble—are real, less by reason of minuteness of labour than by that truth of "relations"

on which so much store is set in the art-schools of the Continent. And notwithstanding his choice of an English nationality, and his respect for the English character, and his even insistent patriotism, it is undeniably to foreign discipline and the foreign system that he owes his most distinctive scientific excellences; while his foreign birth has bestowed on him a certain quality of elegance of touch, a charm in the handling of the paint, quite apart from beauty of colour or solidity of drawing, which is distinctly *not* among our many national artistic merits. Certainly all this happy art has been come at by severe study, in addition to the influence of the austere mediævalism of his master, Baron Leys, on the training of his youth. The completeness of his revolt when the time arrived for the assertion of his own individuality is a curious feature of his life. Artistically speaking, Mr. Alma-Tadema became and remained a pagan—but by no means, be it observed, a pagan of that school of feeble pessimism, of impotent emotion and unwholesome amativeness, which has stirred some young hearts with so much vague yet keen sentiment of late, and which the real pagans would have been masculine enough to hold in no little scorn.

Living in an imitative age, we can make but imperfect essays in artistic furnishing. In originative epochs completeness is easy enough. The early Florentine, for instance, preparing his villa outside the gates, or finishing his winter palace in town, had no need to cast about for “periods,” in his things of use or ornament, and was not fain to consider himself exceptionally consistent if he kept within a liberal margin of a century in matching together the fittings of his house. Every one who worked for him—from the artist who frescoed his wall to the carpenter or the potter—worked strictly, but unconsciously, according to the “unities.” Everything was right, as a matter of course; everything was artistic; everything, in a word, was early Florentine without effort. Some antiques among the ornaments of the house took their places as harmonious accidents; but all the rest was in one accord. We, however, who “live by admiration,” in a sense more extreme than that intended by Wordsworth, are obliged to take very special pains in our house-furnishing, if we wish to preserve these unities: with this result when all is done—that we are ourselves the standing anachronisms to our dwellings, thinking, feeling, acting, and dressing out of date. The wisest way is, therefore, to accept the situation frankly, to abandon the dream of simulating or representing a period, and to mix times for the sake of their beauty, choosing ornaments rather by way of reminiscence than of reproduction. Mr. Alma-Tadema’s way has evidently been this, and his house, if antique in many of its details, is modern in its comprehensiveness. Old times and new, the East and the West, have been made to contribute some line of form, some subtlety of colour to a cluster of rooms which is as brilliant and attractive as a bunch of flowers

Nevertheless, these several components are all correct in themselves. What is Roman is pure Roman—not that adaptation after the “Empire” taste which so often does duty for the true thing; and what is Japanese is pure Japanese, and no half-occidentalised corruption. Using classic qualities more than do most painters who have built themselves palaces of art, the artist’s choice has inclined rather to the lucid in colour and the translucent in surface than to the soft tertiary tints and the dull and opaque surfaces of the ordinary English artistic taste. His house, indeed, is the appropriate dwelling of one who is a painter of light. It stands, too, as far as may be from the fog-centres, in that region of the north-west which is supposed to afford the working artist more days of light and more hours of sun than he can find elsewhere in London. Everything is comparative, however; and the “golden glooms” of these charming apartments should by rights be recessed from the blaze of a southern sky, and penetrated by the all-pervading reflected lights of a Roman or an Egyptian summer.

Entering the hall, on each side is a door—the left one leading to Mrs. Alma-Tadema’s studio and the conservatory, and the right leading to the library, with its Gothic furniture. These doors open outwards and meet in the hall, where by a very simple arrangement they are fixed, and block entrance to the house, except through the rooms on either side, which are narrow and long, and which lead to the other end of the hall, and to the staircase, which one must ascend to reach the drawing-rooms and Mr. Alma-Tadema’s studio. The doors, thus devised to block at will the entrance-passage or hall, have painted panels—one of which contains a portrait of Mrs. Alma-Tadema by her husband. This is one of the decorations of Townshend House which dates from before the explosion on the Regent’s Canal. The rest of the door was shattered, but that particular panel was left uninjured: because, says the painter it had on it the portrait of the mistress of the house. If the same charm has always the same power, misfortune should never enter the dwelling; for a bust or portrait of Mrs. Alma-Tadema may be found in nearly every room. In addition to the blue-bonneted head on the panel just alluded to, there is a more important portrait—exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery a few seasons ago—from Mr. Alma-Tadema’s own brush; M. Bastien-Lepage and Mr. John Collier have interpreted the same features in colour; while among the busts and statuettes which mark the homage of many sculptors, M. Amendola’s plastic portrait of the lady leaning back in a low chair may take the palm for vividness and finish. Mrs. Alma-Tadema’s name is inscribed in antique letters on wall and panel, and the dates of important domestic events, such as the painter’s arrival in England and his marriage, are traced above the drawing-room door, and help to make Townshend House what every house ought to be—perhaps a place for beautiful things and a museum for rare ones, but above everything a Home.



MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

The artist lives his whole life under his own roof, and every room bears witness to his presence. Every nook and corner is inhabited, and possesses in consequence that human interest which is wanting in half the fine houses of the day. The duke in "Lothair" who complains that he has no home, because in truth he has so many, spoke a fuller truth than perhaps he knew; and the merchant, who spends half or a quarter of his life in the city, runs the risk of never having anything more than an "eligible mansion" for the place of his abode. But Townshend House is the entire scene of Mr. Alma-Tadema's toil, happiness, and triumph, and is, therefore, in some sense an epitome of his history; for if the books on a man's shelves be an indication of his character, far more so in the world of art are the papers on his walls, the cloths on his table, and the carpets on his floor. This biographical interest belongs to almost every room of Townshend House hardly less than to the studio, which may be supposed to represent the artist's own taste. The Tadema studio is a square room, the view of which in our illustration of it is taken from behind the chair, enveloped in a rug, seen in the right-hand corner nearest the spectator. In

the left-hand corner, at the farther end of the room, is the entrance, with a statue of the painter to the right. The decorations of the room, in which Pompeian designs are mostly executed in the customary reds and yellows, can hardly be presented to the reader by the black and white of the artist, and still less by the black and white of the writer. The initiated will doubtless find in all these decorations, most of which are from the hand of Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, a learning which will rouse their enthusiasm; but the visitor not versed in archaic lore will be inclined to consider the design curious rather than delightful, and will turn from the somewhat expressionless tints on ceiling and walls to the canvases in course of progress on the easels. For here the busy artist labours with a fidelity which shirks no difficulty, and never hesitates to obliterate one beautiful chord of colour if it can be replaced by another more beautiful still. And while he will sacrifice time to produce a scheme of colour, which perhaps hardly a dozen Academy goers will recognise as nearer perfection than that which has been effaced, he sacrifices also some of that easily-won applause which can be gained by the use of cheap methods of effect. He paints marble without reflections and armour without high lights, yet both with a science which captivates the connoisseur, and with a reality which awakens the admiration and curiosity of the crowd.



MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.



THE PANEL ROOM.

From this studio, season by season, he has gladdened us by his whites and his blues, and charmed us by the cool and lovely tints he has created out of the little gamut of colours contained upon the artist's palette.

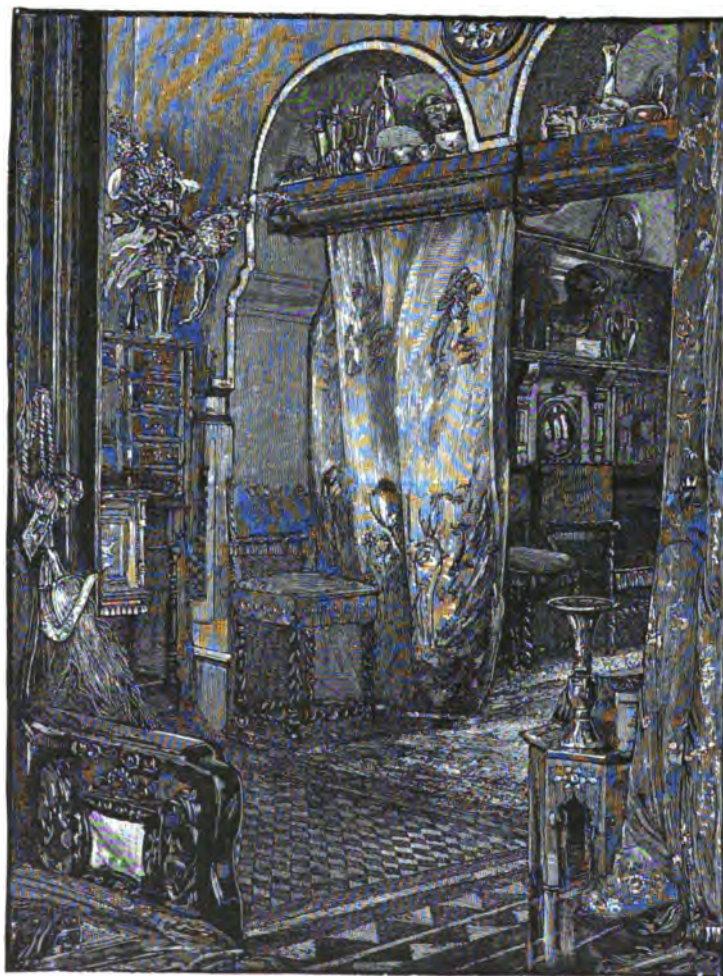
Descending three steps, we pass into the first of the suite of little drawing-rooms. The Column Drawing-Room's ceiling is supported

by Ionic pillars, lucent in surface, while great cushions of Oriental stuffs are heaped upon the chairs and couches, and thick Oriental carpets, small in size and subtle in colour, almost cover the inlaid floor. A portion of this room, or rather compartment—for there are no doors between the drawing-rooms, but only archways and curtains—is hung with crimson Persian appliqué work in velvet of considerable antiquity, once the ornament of a palace in Venice when she “held the gorgeous East in fee;” a decoration in stencil comes between the velvet and the yellow ceiling; the windows are principally filled by Mexican onyx.

Farther on is the Gold Room, more antique in sentiment and more radiant than any other apartment in the house. One side is opened by an arch designed by the master of the dwelling, and surmounted by two small semi-circular openings overarched a couple of broad shelves in the thickness of the wall, which are loaded with pottery; immediately below these shelves hangs a gorgeous Chinese silk curtain, yellow, blue, and gold. The floor is of ebony and maple; a Byzantine dado five feet high lines the walls, and supports china or some chance ornament upon its shelf; above this runs a miniature copy, in

ivory set in ebony, of the Parthenon frieze; while thence to the ceiling and over the ceiling itself spreads the luminous gold in shade which gives the room its beauty and its name. The furniture, of which there is not too much, tells darkly against this splendid surface, so smooth yet so varied by the accidents of light, the accents of contrast being here strongly marked throughout. The gold walls were originally intended to serve more distinctly as a background, or rather to fill up the interstices of pictures, and so frame them more effectually, but the gold-leaf once applied was found to be so beautiful that it was left alone. The window here, too, is fitted with panes, not of glass but of Mexican onyx, translucent and almost transparent, with veinings of brown; and the leads trace the often-repeated initials of the master and mistress of the house. Apart upon a shelf stands a large crater or oxybaphon—a reproduction of the great Hildesheim piece which, cut and finished from the solid silver, and weighing about thirty Roman pounds, was unearthed about fourteen years ago. In this room, so well adapted for sound, stands the celebrated piano. Precious woods are combined with ivory, brass, and alabaster, in the rich Byzantine design; and within the movable part of the cover is spread a sheet of vellum upon which all those virtuosi who have evoked the exquisite tone of the piano have inscribed their names. The workmanship and the finish of the piano, which is a Broadwood, are as rare as the materials.

Divided from the Gold Room by the double-headed archway is an apartment all Dutch and mediæval, the last of the little group of diminutive drawing-rooms. When Townshend House was shaken and all but destroyed by the



THE GOLD ROOM.

explosion, a magnificent collection of old Dutch cabinets went to pieces, and it is with the panels remaining that this room is lined for some five or six feet of its height. A sixteenth-century window, transported hither, gives dim light through its latticed glass, and is fortified by old oak shutters heavily clamped with steel. Above the wooden panelling the room is painted in a very light tint which spreads over the deeply-vaulted ceiling, and is broken on the walls by a quantity of blue and white china, one or two old Dutch pictures, and innumerable accidents of ornament. The room being somewhat dark, bears



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

this lightness of tone in its upper portion very well. The panel room at Townshend House indicates the fact, to which attention will presently be drawn, that it has not always been Egypt, Greece and Rome with our Anglo-Dutch artist. Nor does the staircase, to which we pass from the last drawing-room, bear any trace of classicism in its fittings. A Morris paper—the pomegranate pattern—lines the walls with a dado of dark brown; but little is visible except an almost complete collection of photographs from Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures. The ground floor of the house is distributed between the dining-room, the library, and Mrs. Alma-Tadema's studio, which is divided into compartments, after the fashion of the drawing-room. In one division the Japanese element is strong; clusters of fans subdue the lamps, and in their half-shadow hangs the painter's solemn and impressive "Death of the First-

born." A cottage piano stands here; it has been superseded and surpassed by the famous instrument upstairs, but its case has decorations in colour from the hands of Mr. Alma-Tadema and his wife—quaint designs which include some staves of antique notation. From this room opens another which is in a different taste. The upper portion of the walls are hung with Spanish leather, and the quasi-white dado is panelled with decorative designs. Then comes the conservatory, with tall plants in picturesque pots; a rectangular white marble Roman tank receives a fountain from the mouth of a small antique mask; M. Dalou's bust of Mrs. Alma-Tadema stands above. An Indian grass hammock swings across the conservatory, and old Chinese lanterns hang from above. Passing the barometer, which the artist complains of as not showing fine weather enough, we go through the dining-room, with its matting dado and old water-colours of flower and fruit, and through the library where the Gothic table was designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema himself. The grotesque head of a bronze knocker, copied from an antique, is our last impression of Townshend House. And now we must allow ourselves a retrospect of the career of its typical and happy occupant.

Born in Holland, but a naturalised Englishman, and a master in the English school, Mr. Alma-Tadema occupies a position entirely peculiar to himself. Original in all else, he is original also in this. Moreover, a Dutchman by birth, an Englishman by adoption, he belongs by his art to a third nation—Rome, and to a far-distant century. Professing the doctrine of art for art's sake, and desiring apparently to free his own art from all the literary interests—from tragedy and comedy and morals and religion—he seems to have sought out a time and a country in which life, as it passed on, made pictures for the eye alone. Ancient Rome, with its Italian sun, with the gaiety of its out-door life, with its freedom from the ascetic abstraction of after-ages, with its refinements of dress and of manners, and the invariable beauty of its daily details, offers an infinity of such pictures. Greece was beautiful, yet Greece was too serious for the mood of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art; the human type, moreover, which he has made peculiarly his own has nothing of Greek severity or regularity; and from the little visits which his brush has paid to Greece, to Egypt, to modern Holland, and elsewhere, it returns always with renewed delight to the gay brilliance of classic Rome. The scholarly knowledge which this choice of subject requires is no child's play. Yet Mr. Alma-Tadema never wearies us with pedantry; he may intentionally raise an occasional smile by quaint insistence upon some scholarly detail, but his science is never obtrusive, for he often elects to spend his greatest learning on some half-comic and wholly commonplace passage of the buried past.

That Mr. Alma-Tadema should unite with English artists in representing



TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.

(In the Possession of Sir Henry Thompson, Published by kind Permission of Messrs. P'ulgeram and Lefevre.)

the English school abroad and at home is a fortunate chance, which has strengthened our hands in the emulation of nations, giving us adventitious honours which we have not merited before, and can only deserve now in one way—by sedulous study of that refined, learned, and exquisite work which has power enough to leaven the English school of colouring. Mr. Alma-Tadema is not ours by birth nor by training, he will never become ours by the conversion of his talent to British tastes and habits of art; but he can be ours, and is fast becoming such by the conversion of the national tastes and habits to *him*—to his science, his original, nay, creative gifts of colour, his practice of that art of valuing the lights and darks of a picture by which the effect of atmosphere is produced. Since the decline of the immortal school of portraiture in the last century, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was the master and the noblest example, and since the complete conclusion of that almost equally noble art of landscape painting, the masters of which are remembered as the “Norwich School,” English work has taken a way of complete change, of revolt from the national traditions, and, at the same time, of independence of contemporary schools. Much freshness of thought, freedom of manner, and originality of aim have been unquestionably produced amongst us by this general attitude. But no one who has watched the progress of matters during the last few years will be disposed to doubt that it is being quickly abandoned. On all hands a disposition is showing itself to assimilate our practice to that of the scientifically trained and systematically taught schools of France, South Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Mr. Alma-Tadema, working in our midst and as one of us, has done more towards this change than any other artist or any art critic.

Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema (the Alma, by the way, was added by the artist to make his name euphonious to English and to his own musical ears) was born at Dronryp, in the Netherlands, on the 8th of January, 1836. His early training took place at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, and his maturer studies were prosecuted in the studio of Baron Leys. Our readers need scarcely be told that the great difference between a foreign and an English art education lies in the fact, that whereas the student in our country works in a Government school under the intermittent teaching of a number of first-class artists of many minds, or else engages the private services of a tenth-rate painter, whose profession is that of copyist and teacher, the foreign art student passes from the class of an academy to the care of some leading artist of his country and time, part of whose ambition it is to found a school, it may be, and at any rate to hand down the traditions, habits, and technique which he has himself successfully observed to the young talents whose future triumphs will each and all add a specially noble glory to his own renown. It is not sufficient for a French master, for instance, to succeed in the few great pictures which he can

achieve in his own lifetime; he wishes in addition to bear a part in the living history of his country's art, to pass on for further development some view of nature, some little piece of technical science which he has himself developed from the teaching of his own early instructor. Nor would a *débutant* on first exhibiting be received with much respect unless he announced himself



A BALNEATRIX.

as the pupil of such or such an artist. The technical difficulties of painting are well known to be so enormous that a self-taught artist must needs waste half his youth in puzzling out what his master could tell him in an hour; besides which the discipline of learning is considered necessary for the right prosecution of scientific and legitimate art. No French painter, therefore, exhibits at the Salon without the addition of his master's name to his own; he may be a well-known and successful artist, but he appears in the catalogue at the same time as a pupil. That in this system mannerisms should be caught and (as mannerisms always are in the imitation) exaggerated, is undoubtedly one of its dangers. And Baron Leys was almost professedly a mannerist. Far more scientific as a draughtsman, he was as archaic as our own "Pre-Raphaelites" of some thirty or forty years ago; he also had a curious habit of binding his figures with a hard dark outline; nevertheless, his distinguished pupil has caught nothing of these peculiarities save perhaps an extreme precision in details. Least of all has he carried out the dry and ascetic spirit of Baron Leys, whose inspiration came from the early Flemish masters. Mr. Alma-Tadema seems, in a word, to have assimilated only and exactly what

suit his individual artistic constitution; nor could the relations of master and pupil have a more fortunate outcome than this.

The young artist began to be known about the year 1863; the remarkable qualities of his work were not long in exciting interest in all lovers of new and exquisite colour. In the following year he obtained the distinguished honour of a gold medal at Paris, and thenceforward recognitions came thickly. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 (the most brilliant and triumphant of all the internationals, when the Second Empire was at its brightest, richest, and gayest, no cloud even of the size of a man's hand appearing above the

horizon) he gained a medal, and another at Berlin in 1872. To complete his foreign honours, let us say at once that he is a Knight of the Order of



AN AUDIENCE AT AGRIPPA'S.

Leopold, of the Order of the Dutch Lion, and of that of St. Michael of Bavaria; Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; and member of the Amsterdam and Munich Academies. From such different schools has he received awards! The pedantry of modern Munich, the mediocrity of modern Amsterdam, the

savoir-faire of modern Paris—all have offered him homage. And to these is to be added the sincere, and indeed grateful recognition of London.

For, all this time, Mr. Alma-Tadema was exhibiting year by year at our Royal Academy. His pictures have been "a feature" there for some fifteen years, during which his style has never altered, although his delicate power has increased. His painting of surfaces—of marble, stone, bronze—is what has principally taken the eyes of the million. This is a form of excellence readily intelligible; fewer, perhaps, recognise the means by which this perfection of representation is obtained; it is not by the minute imitativeness of miniature-work, which is industry rather than art, but by a bolder science; and especially is it to be noted that Mr. Alma-Tadema generally exercises an artistic self-command, denying himself all the cheaper triumphs; he paints marble without reflections, armour without high lights, yet both illusory in their astonishing reality. Season by season he has not forgotten to gladden and even to astonish us by that shibboleth of colourists, which none pronounces more perfectly than he—the painting of white. Season by season also he has delighted London eyes by one of the most characteristic and individual devices of his art—the introduction of a little space of the free blue sky, palpitating with the light of the shining Italian weather. Be the subject a cool interior or an over-shaded garden, in which the differences of tone lie between narrow limits, through the corner of a high window or between the trees shines the illimitable azure. An artist who can paint the sky with the noonday sunshine in it by means of a little scrap of blue has mastered his art in a way that is given to few. To paint the "live air"—this is a triumph. A painter of atmosphere is generally understood (or so it seemed at a recent trial) to be a painter of fog. To represent air when it is so mixed with palpable particles as to be scarcely air at all is no difficult matter; but Mr. Alma-Tadema paints, or rather implies, the pure free atmosphere of lucid day. And to these victories over the technical difficulties of his art Mr. Alma-Tadema has added yet another—his victory over the prejudices of the ordinary picture-loving English public.

As a rule, the common run of visitors to the Academy demand stories, illustrations, and emotions. A little easily-understood allegory, well explained, such as a pretty composition of an old woman watching the ebbing tide, is the most universally attractive subject; second to this comes the direct illustration of a familiar incident in history; and third, perhaps, a scene of domestic modern life. That a picture should have a story to tell, and should tell it unmistakably, is an irrefutable title to general favour. Now Mr. Alma-Tadema will not humour the public in this respect; he denies them flatly; he specially, deliberately, and firmly refuses and resists them; and yet in spite of this he is not caviare to



SAPPHO.

the general. Indeed, he has few rivals as the object of a solidly established popularity.

Mr. Alma-Tadema drew closer the ties that bound him to England by marrying, in 1871, an English lady, Laura, youngest daughter of Dr. Epps. Her own artistic power is exceptionally great; she has apparently studied colour in her husband's school; nor could he, in this respect, have found a disciple of finer eye and purer taste. It was, as we have seen, in 1873 that Mr. Alma-Tadema became legally an Englishman; and in 1876 the Academy awarded him the official recognition which had long been due by electing him to the Associateship. On the 19th June, 1879, he obtained full Academical honours.

Banishing, as Mr. Alma-Tadema does, the emotions from his art, his subjects, as a general rule, are in no sense connected with the feelings; they are the learned revivifications of the past, delighting only by their scholarly accuracy; but if the subject be so reserved in its aims, there is one emotion—that of delight—which is never absent from his work, and its presence is attributable entirely to his light and colour. It is not too much to say that no other colourist has ever produced such a sense of joy. The Venetians' colour was otherwise expressive, so was that of Rubens and the Flemish school, so is that of the modern French masters; joy is not their aim; but we cannot believe otherwise of the subject of this sketch than that he holds delight of heart in view as the object of his work. A list of his pictures is not dry reading, for it recalls touch after touch of light, colour, and pleasure which all who love such things would not willingly forget. The following are his principal works known in England:—"How they Amused Themselves in Egypt 3,000 Years Ago," 1863; "Egyptian Game," 1865; "The Soldier of Marathon," 1865; "A Roman Dance," 1866; "Tarquinius Superbus," 1867, which we engrave; "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," 1868; "Flower Market," 1868; "A Negro," 1869; "The Vintage," 1870; "A Roman Emperor," 1871; "The Mummy (Roman period)," 1872; "The Siesta," 1873; "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries," 1874, a very curious realistic picture, as unlike the conventional treatment of Biblical subjects as it was probably like the real scene; "On the Steps of the Capitol," 1874; "The Sculpture Gallery," 1875, in which the painting of marble, in a quiet subdued effect, without accentuated lights or shadows, is a triumph of science; "The Painter's Studio," 1875, where the interior of the room shows exquisite mellow yellows with cool passages, while through a little window appears one of those glimpses of unrivalled blue sky of which we have already spoken; "An Audience at Agrippa's," 1876, containing a memorable pavement and tiger skin, besides exquisite colour in the draperies; "Cleopatra," 1876, in which the artist has given an Egyptian type to the daughter of the Ptolemies, the modelling and painting of the flesh and the painting of a black pearl that

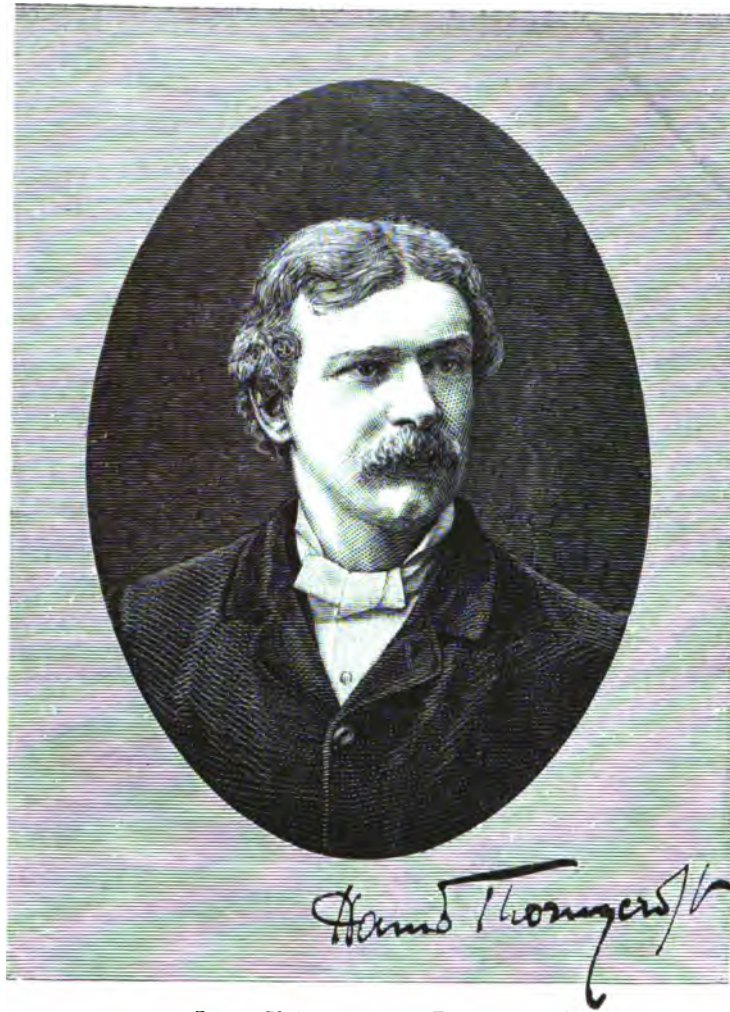
hangs in the queen's ear being astonishingly fine; the lovely series of "The Seasons," 1877, three of which—the Spring, the Summer, and the Winter—seem to surpass each other in beauty and significance of distinctive colour; "Between Hope and Fear," 1877; "A Sculptor's Model (Venus Esquilina)," 1878; "A Love Missile," 1878; "The Bridge," "The Pomona Festival," "In the Time of



HERR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY.

Constantine," and "A Hearty Welcome"—one of the most masterly works from the artist's brush, in 1879, and others since, including the "Sappho," our engraving of which must needs do it some injustice by faithfully reproducing the rather coarse faces and forms of the women while missing the effect of the glorious colour of the sea, and the "Anthony and Cleopatra," which put the climax to the almost complete exhibition of the artist's works opened at the Grosvenor Gallery at the end of 1882.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



(From a Photograph by Mr. Charles Watkins.)

HAMO THORNYCROFT, A.R.A.



R. HAMO THORNYCROFT, who belongs to an old Cheshire family, was born in London on March 9th, 1850. He spent his childhood with an uncle and aunt in a very rustic and remote corner of Cheshire, left, it would seem, pretty free to grow stalwart in all manner of country exercises, and not much troubled with lessons till well on in boyhood. Lessons, however, sooner or later prove inevitable to the most muscular of amateur poachers, and the boy had at last to go to Macclesfield Grammar-school. In 1863 the exquisite fresh life in Cheshire had to be abandoned, and was succeeded by four years' hard work at University College School, London. After one year at the college itself, Mr. Thornycroft entered his father's studio, for, as is well known,

both his parents are distinguished sculptors. In June, 1869, the young man was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy Schools, became acquainted with Foley, attended the lectures of Weekes, and began to see something of the art of sculpture as it was practised twelve years ago. His progress at the schools was rapid and steady, and he looks upon himself to this day as a typical Academy student. To the question, "Whose pupil were you?" he answers, "The Royal Academy and the Elgin Room were my only masters." The gaining of the silver medal in the antique school, in December, 1870, was the first of many similar successes. It was in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1871 that he first came before the public, with a marble bust of the late Dr. Sharpey, Professor of Physiology in University College. In that year Mr. Thornycroft went to Italy, and he attributes a great modification of his aims in art to the study of Michael Angelo. In 1872 he was busy with the Park Lane fountain, in which the work was pretty well divided between his father and himself. The figures of "Comedy," a stiff and archaic statue such as a lad of genius is sure to produce, "Shakespeare," and the surmounting figure of "Fame" blowing a trumpet, were entirely devised and modelled by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. The "Fame" was his principal contribution to the exhibition of 1873; it shows little indication of his future distinction of style. The bronze equestrian statuette of Lord Mayo in 1874 was far more remarkable, and indeed in every way a notable production for so young a man. The same year saw him gain the medal for drawing from the life, this honour being snatched for once from the painters, who were, let us hope, "*râvis d'être vaincus dans leur propre science.*"

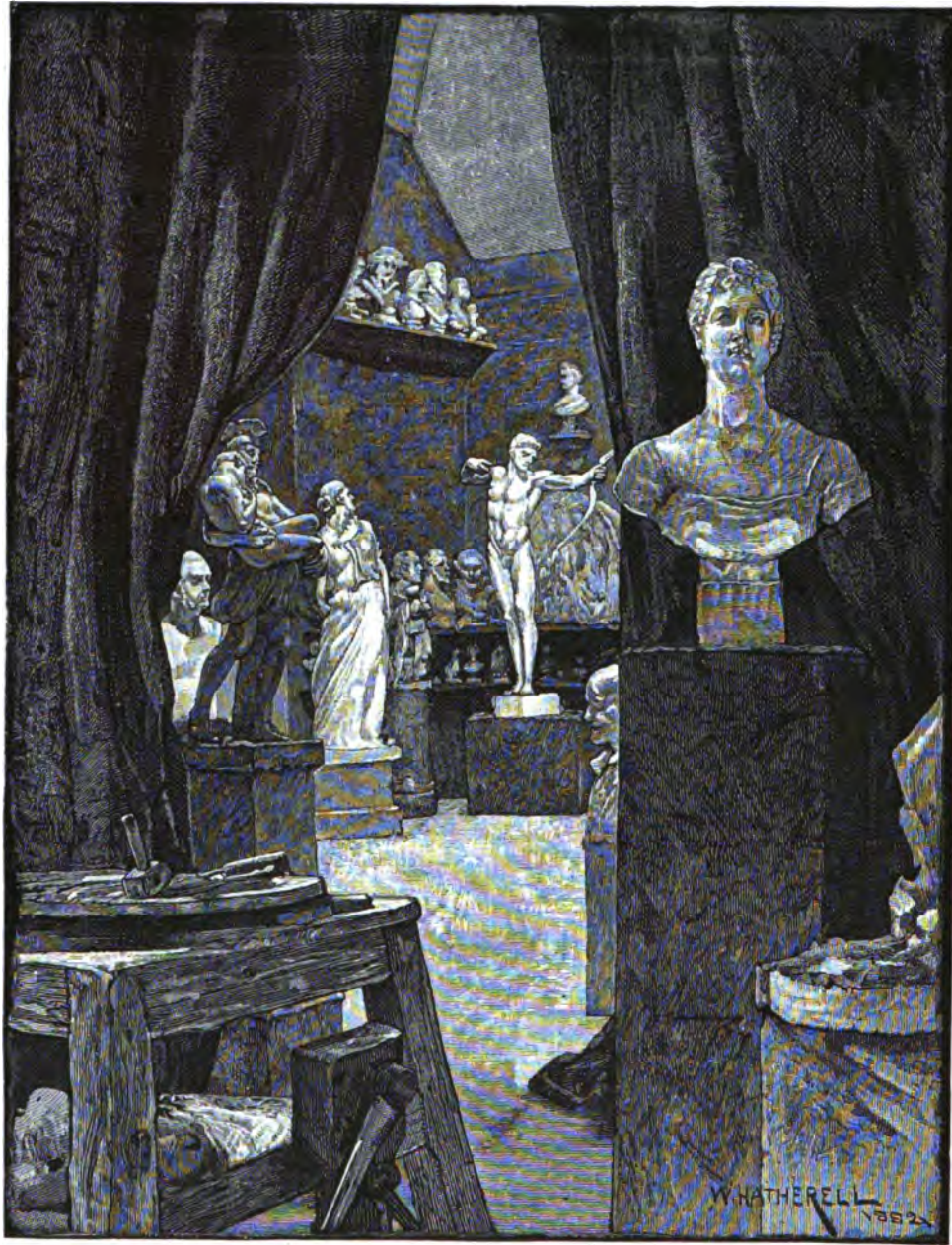
It was in 1875, however, and still in competition with others, that Mr. Thornycroft first showed himself as an original power in his art. The Council of the Royal Academy gave as the theme for the biennial gold medal group the subject of "A Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle." Mr. Thornycroft won, and at a canter; there was no possibility of hesitation, for among a variety of studies of an academic kind, meritorious but imitative, his alone had the character of a genuine conception by an original and competent workman. This group, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, set the foundation to the sculptor's ascending fame. The warrior was represented as a grave and bearded personage in the prime of manhood, clothed as a Greek warrior, with a crested helmet, and carrying, with straightened arms and balanced body, a youth whose head falls upon his shoulder in helpless languor. The tension and muscular power of the elder figure were finely contrasted with the weakness and lassitude of the younger, and the sentiment of the whole group was singularly quiet, healthy, and severe, with no approach to affectation on the one hand or effeminacy on the other. The only fault which criticism could suggest was that the youth seemed too large and solid to be carried so

easily by a man scarcely taller than himself; but this was a fault, if a fault at all on the right side, since massiveness is of the first importance in sculpture. In an exhibition not otherwise up to the average of excellence, this group divided public attention with Mr. Woolner's bust of Tennyson and the "Duke of Wellington" of Alfred Stevens.

In 1877 Mr. Thornycroft was unrepresented at the Royal Academy, but in 1878 he again attracted the attention of the critics by his marble statue, of heroic size, entitled "Lot's Wife." We give in our engraving the head of this figure, turned, as will be seen, so sharply over the left shoulder as to bring the muscles of the neck into high relief. The woman is of athletic mould, with shoulders unusually broad and square, and something almost barbaric, without being at all Oriental, distinguishes her mien and features. She has snatched up her jewels in one hand, and, in the act of fleeing, turns back to catch one more glimpse of the cities of the plain. This momentary action is arrested, and, to suggest that she is being transformed into a pillar of salt, the sculptor has made all the lower part of the body columnar, and has clothed it in drapery that takes long fluted folds, almost like the decoration of a pillar. These folds become vaguer, softer, and more perpendicular as they approach the feet. The idea was imaginative, but the effect not perhaps entirely satisfactory. The upper part of the figure, on the contrary, left nothing to be desired. The modelling of the bare left shoulder, of the right arm and hand clutching the jewels, and of the neck and throat was superbly designed and carved, possibly in a more pronounced style than the taste of an older man would have dictated, but of almost unequalled interest as promising dignified and noble work in the future.

In the early months of 1879, Mr. Thornycroft exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, as afterwards at Burlington House, a singularly learned and original study for a memorial to the famous Dr. William Harvey, who, as Cowley said, "first trod the noble circle of the blood." In this statuette the sculptor aimed at representing the great doctor intent on the examination of a heart which lies on a table by his side, with note-book in hand about to write down the result of his investigation. He wears the gown of the doctor of medicine—the work-day gown, not the grand state robe—and has his cap on, which is a great advantage for an out-door statue. Harvey was thirty-eight years of age when he made his great discovery, and Mr. Thornycroft has attempted to represent him so, although the features are taken from portraits painted later in life. It is a great pity that this admirable work has never been carried out in monumental form. Mr. Thornycroft's marble group of 1879, called "Stepping Stones," a girl of about fourteen crossing a brook with her infant brother in her arms, was a disappointment to some of the sculptor's





MR. THORNYCROFT'S STUDIO.

admirers, who feared that they saw in it a relaxed hold on the principles of plastic work, and an indifference to the finer ambitions of the artist. It was a little trivial and popular in conception, and seemed a retrograde step taken, after the "Lot's Wife." The sculptor, however, satisfactorily explains this, and justifies the instinct of his critics, by stating that this was quite an early work, exhibited so late only because he had then first received a commission to execute it in marble. Thus relegated back into its inventor's youth it takes

much greater importance, and the side view is seen to possess many of the graceful and poetical qualities that mark his later compositions.

None, perhaps, even of the artist's admirers were quite prepared, however,



HEAD OF LOT'S WIFE.

for his great success of 1880. His statue of "Artemis" and his bronze statuette called "Putting the Stone" caused something of the same surprise that a sturdy walker produces by suddenly becoming a fleet and graceful runner. The engraving we print of the "Artemis" will give some idea of the general pose and outline of this exquisite group. The attributes of the goddess are those which are universally connected with her, as the sister of Phoebus Apollo. The

bow is in her left hand; she pauses in an attitude of arrested action, to take an arrow with the fingers of her right hand from a quiver slung across her shoulder. Her arms and the left breast are bare; her feet are unsandalled, as being divine and therefore unendangered by the thorns of the forest. The sculptor has given a most delicate and effective originality to the drapery by drawing the thin *chiton*, which is the only garment that Artemis wears, in thin folds over three girdles that are so concealed. In this arrangement of the robe and in the uncovering of the breast, the statue recalls the mode in which the Greeks depicted the Amazons, and in particular Penthesilea, the victress of the victor Achilles. The enthusiasm with which this work was greeted was greater than has welcomed any group in English sculpture for a long time, and soon after the opening of the exhibition the sculptor received a commission from the Duke of Westminster to execute it for Eaton Hall.

The success of the "Artemis" a little obscured the excellences of the bronze statuette, "A Youth Putting the Stone." The sculptor is himself a proficient in this game, which requires a rare combination of strength and knack. The spare, almost stringy figure of the young athlete was an admirable piece of workmanship, as masterly a study in the nude as Mr. Thornycroft has done. The artist talks of producing a series of small bronze statues, illustrative of English games, a series of which this will be the first. It is to be hoped that he will persevere in this intention, and make himself the Myron of our English gymnasiums. Such a series of statuettes would have a permanent value independent of their power of beauty as works of art, and might introduce a healthy variety into the somewhat hackneyed choice of subjects to which modern sculpture has hitherto confined itself.

On the 20th of January, 1881, Mr. Thornycroft was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His work for the ensuing exhibition was accordingly looked for with curiosity, and his principal production at the Academy was a statue of "Teucer," the typical Homeric bowman, entirely nude, and of heroic size. He stands scarcely relaxed from the rigid position in which he has drawn his great bow, but the arrow has actually started, and he follows its course with an attentive eye. The legs are drawn close together, and are still tense with the effort of resisting the opposite action of the arms, which are almost parallel to the ground. Nothing could be less conventional than this figure, which has something almost archaic about its severity and rigidity. This is perhaps the most courageously realistic work that Mr. Thornycroft has produced, but realistic without any loss of that distinction and that harmony of line which are the poetry of sculpture. The spectator is at first puzzled to say in what the singular appropriateness of the attitude consists; his eye soon convinces him that it lies in the stiff curve and firm tension of the whole figure, which bends slightly from



TEUCER.

the head to the feet, in answer to the curved line of the bow. The female head in high relief, half sobbing, half singing, to which is given as a title Shelley's line, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," exhibited at the same time, attracted fewer observers, but to students of the artist's general work it is not less significant as an example of his favourite mood of imaginative impulse, held in, as it were, by a rein of realistic observation.

We have said nothing of Mr. Thornycroft's busts, which form so important a part of the repertory of every modern sculptor. It seems to us that his success in this branch of his art depends very much on his personal sympathy with the type. He has exhibited some heads in which we find nothing that we do not find in the work of much less gifted contemporaries, and some in which he seems to rise suddenly to the highest level. An unnamed head of a beautiful woman, exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1880, and a bust showing the most sensitive perception of the beauty of intellectual old age—the portrait of Sir Arthur Cotton—are eminent examples of the second class. We hope to see many more portraits of eminent contemporaries from the chisel of an artist who by spiritual sympathy seems specially ordained to hand down to posterity the finest faces of his time.

In writing of an artist still at the very outset of his career, it is impossible to do more than chronicle the incidents of his progress. At any moment he may develop new characteristics, or diverge into new paths. At present, however, it would seem that Mr. Thornycroft's special gift is the illustration of beauty, physical and moral, by means of workmanship that excludes everything effete or untrue to nature. He seems to have some such mission in English sculpture as Keats had in English poetry, and to hold the same antique spirit in the body of a thoroughly modern artist. We may say to him what the gentleman in the coach said to David Wilkie, "I'm very thankful, sir, to see that you're so young."

EDMUND W. GOSSE.





"FAIR QUIET, AND SWEET REST."

(By Permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.



WHEN Charles Dickens selected Mr. Luke Fildes to be the illustrator of the never-completed "Edwin Drood," the great novelist was only giving another instance of the marvellous insight he possessed into character. He saw at a glance, doubtless, that in our present subject he would find a genius that jumped precisely with his own. That he was right must be evident to all who have any knowledge of Mr. Fildes' work. The deep pathos, the dramatic realism, the power of close observation of simple but telling details, the intimate acquaintance with the motives, feelings, and emotions, stirring the heart of everyday common life, which it displays, are in the very spirit of Dickens; and in the course of this brief sketch I shall refer to an anecdote fully confirmatory of my words. Admitting, for the moment, that they are justified by what the public know of our artist's ability as a draughtsman on wood, no less than as a painter on canvas, and looking back from the eminence to which he has attained, one hardly expects to see him at the outset of his career stirred by no loftier ambition than that of becoming an ornamental designer, as it is called, or at the most a designer of stained glass. Yet this was so, chiefly because in this comparatively mechanical line of art he probably saw the only loop-hole for the time being by which he could evade those commercial pursuits to which he was destined by his friends; for, born on the

14th of October, 1844, in the midst of a business community, he avers that, as far as he can look back, his ancestry were entirely devoid of artistic



*Frederick James
the Filmer.*

instincts. Thus we find him making a compromise by diligently sticking to his general education in the day, so long as he was allowed to attend the



THE WIDOWER.
(In the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

School of Design in the evening at Chester, the city in which he was brought up, though Liverpool was his actual birthplace. In his seventeenth year, however, the sacred spark within him began to expand, and he tells me that the strong inclination which had always possessed him for watching nature, animate and inanimate, in a solitary, absent, mooning sort of fashion, grew so confirmed, that, looked upon by his friends at last as a hopeless dreamer, he was permitted to make his choice of a career.

Discontented with the narrow round of mechanical work afforded by the Chester school, he, now that he was free, sought one founded on a wider basis, then lately established at Warrington. Still, this did not yield sufficient scope and verge for the aspirations now developing in the young artist. Designing patterns for oil-cloth, wall-papers, &c., which was, as at Chester, the principal study followed at the Warrington school, was not likely to satisfy the heart and brain of a lad capable, eventually, of imagining and carrying out "The Casuals" (which we have engraved) and "The Widower." So, after two years more of ornamental designing, he came to London, and in 1863, at the age of nineteen, attached himself to the South Kensington Schools. Labouring diligently thenceforth, with the purpose of lifting himself into a higher position, he, by the time 1866 came round, succeeded in getting himself admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and having kept himself going while in London chiefly by wood-drawing, it can easily be understood that this branch of his profession by degrees opened up to him a fairly remunerative occupation. The editors of many of the monthly magazines, when they got an inkling of the stuff that was in him, were only too glad to attach him to their staffs, and it would be amusing and encouraging to young aspirants were there space to recount some of the anecdotes he tells of the humble estimate he held in those days of the worth of his work. Somewhere about the early part of 1869 it was that he entered into an engagement with Dickens, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to illustrate "Edwin Drood," and this led to that close intimacy between artist and author which would have ripened into an affectionate friendship had it not been cut short all too soon by the lamented death of the latter. Very interesting is it to listen to Mr. Fildes' account of their interviews and consultations, and I happen to know that the twelve drawings for the new book gave the most unqualified satisfaction to its writer—as well they might. At the end of this same year, too, it was that the first number of the *Graphic* appeared, and its first page at once riveted the attention of all good judges of art, for on it figured conspicuously "The Casuals," the drawing which, five years later, was destined to be developed into the picture which established Mr. Fildes' reputation as an artist of the highest capabilities. Meanwhile, Dickens never lived to see the



THE CASUALS.
(By Permission of Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Aston Rowant.)

triumph of his young colleague, but most of us can remember how appropriately, but painfully, the association of the two was carried on, as it were, for a time, by the large wood-drawing which the artist made of the study at Gad's Hill, and which he called "The Empty Chair."

While thus pursuing his work on the illustrated paper, and ever claiming increased attention by his successive productions in it, such as the page engravings of "The Dead Napoleon," "The Bashful Model," &c., our artist was earnestly striving to master the technique of oil-colour. Hitherto, except through a few modest water-colour drawings (mostly landscapes) exhibited at the Dudley Gallery and elsewhere, no one knew him except by his work in "black and white," but in 1872 he rather astonished those who had only thus known of him by exhibiting at the Royal Academy his first oil picture, entitled "Fair Quiet, and Sweet Rest," of which an engraving is here given. This Watteau-like water party was followed in the next year by a smaller canvas in a somewhat similar key, called "Simpletons." Scoring fairly with these, they nevertheless did not promise to lead to such a performance as that which in 1874 drove home and clenched the reputation the Lancashire lad had by degrees been winning.

There was no doubt about "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward"—it was simply *the* picture of the year at Burlington House. Whatever this work lacked in mere executive skill—and it was reasonable that there should be some evidence of a hand not entirely at home with the new medium—was more than atoned for by the nobility and power of the genius which it displayed, that genius to which I venture to refer as Dickensian—and here is my confirmatory anecdote. Mr. John Forster, while this picture was in progress, was writing the life of Dickens, and it happened at the same time that he had some intercourse with Mr. Fildes. One day the painter was telling the biographer about the work he was engaged on, when the latter produced a letter from his deceased friend in which occurred a passage describing some "casuals" as Dickens had seen them somewhere "down Whitechapel way."

"Why!" cried Mr. Fildes, "those words absolutely represent my subject. May I quote them?"

"Assuredly," was the answer; "they will be public property by the time your picture is before the world."

Thus it was that in the catalogue we found against our artist's canvas the pungent and appropriate lines—"Dumb, wet, silent horrors, Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the *general overthrow*."

Upon this, fatuous people concluded that the picture had been suggested by the biography, and that, tempted by his success with "Edwin Drood," the

artist was further displaying his aptitude for illustrating the great author; whereas the circumstance only showed how the two minds, independently of each other, had been similarly impressed by the terrible spectacle.

Marrying, soon after the production of this work, a lady whose name has honourably figured in more than one Academy catalogue as a painter of *genre*, Mr. Fildes paid a lengthened visit to Paris, where, however, he was not closely engaged in actual work at the easel. Hence he was only represented in 1875 by the comparatively unimportant but still powerfully executed single figure of the buxom milkmaid "Betty." Mr. Fildes' next great effort was "The Widower," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876. Comment on this and on his later efforts, which include "The Return of a Penitent," and several Venetian figures, is hardly necessary. Riveting the attention and touching the hearts of all spectators, "The Widower" and "The Return of the Penitent" served to fully establish his reputation, and to more than justify the award of the medals at Vienna and Philadelphia, and the honour of the Associateship which was conferred upon him in 1879 by the Royal Academy.

It is not given to many men to attain the eminence reached by our young painter, and if it be fair to predicate what he *will* do from what he *has* done, there can be little doubt that he is destined to add lustre to what may be called the purely English school, which, if it be anything, is essentially of the realistic and domestically dramatic order. That he still lacks that perfect hold over the use of oil colour which distinguishes the master in art is but natural, and must be admitted. If we look at the way in which he paints, and compare it, as an example, with the mere brush-work of Hook, what I mean will be evident. This mastery can only be attained, as we know, by the most untiring and diligent practice; therefore it is gratifying to hear that, alive to his shortcoming, our painter is not ambitious to supply annually a strong sensational picture, but has lately preferred devoting himself to that sort of study which is the surest means of learning to paint perfectly, viz., incessant working at life-sized heads. The subjects which he deals with are obviously real. The country folk and the hapless waifs of our streets which he portrays are no theatrically ragged or smug dressed-up studio models; they are the people themselves done from the life. He sees and reveals the intense force with which general truths may be brought home by bestowing the utmost care on subtle facts; and by the sincerity and honesty of his work he carries out to the full Goethe's words so aptly used for the motto of a recent Academy catalogue. Luke Fildes "is not afraid of the commonplace, for his very touch ennobles it."

W. W. FENN.



PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS.

ROSA BONHEUR.



ROSA BONHEUR was born at Bordeaux on March 25th, 1822. When she was about four years of age her father, a struggling artist, resolved to remove to Paris, the sanctuary of the arts, the ideal home of the bold and hopeful. Independent in spirit, kind and generous in disposition, Rosa Bonheur, as a little girl, much preferred dabbling her little fat hands in the clay of the *atelier* and making small figures of it, to opening a grammar and learning her lessons. As the father with much courage and perseverance gradually surmounted his difficulties, he was able to place his children under the care of a nurse in the Champs Elysées, who sent them to school, and, being a woman of a practical habit of mind, insisted on close attention to lessons. But Rosa, at that period of her life, cared little for books, and in spite of "Nurse Catherine," preferred sauntering through the green avenues of the Bois de Boulogne to see the horses exercise. These defiant wanderings of our heroine led to many a grave reproof from the nurse; but on the whole those two years of loitering were years of happiness, and no one may say how much this solitary and independent communing with nature in the bosky depths of the Bois de Boulogne may have influenced the character and directed the tastes of the youthful Rosa.

Delightedly Raymond Bonheur marked the indications of his daughter's talents, which he cultivated with care, and placed under educational discipline in whatever pertained to the technique of art. Before long he sent her to the Louvre that she might form her taste upon the masterpieces of antiquity; and such

was her ardour and constancy that she was the first at the opening of the museum and the last to leave it.

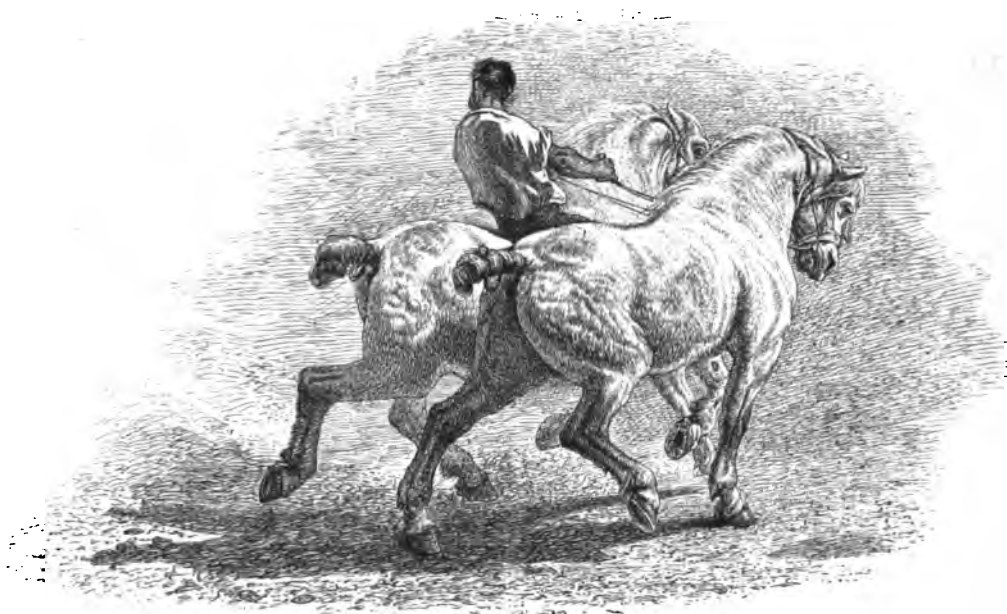
With such energetic industry her progress was rapid, and the copies she produced were worthy the inspiration under which she worked. One day, when she had finished "*Les Bergers d'Arcadie*," an old man approached, and, examining carefully the picture as it lay on the easel, said, "Do you know, my dear, that copy is admirable, irreproachable! Continue your studies thus, and I predict that you will become a great artist." That evening, when the doors of the gallery closed, Rosa Bonheur returned home with joy in her heart, for she felt now that her ardent hope for future fame might be realised. Anxiously desirous to be of service to her father, she worked incessantly. The moment a copy was finished, it was disposed of for whatever could be obtained for it, in order that the domestic means might be enlarged. Having attained her seventeenth year, Rosa Bonheur commenced the study of animal forms. Her first effort was a goat executed from nature. Delighted with the new path in art opened to her, she sought subjects on all sides, and made frequent excursions into the country on foot, her colours in her hand, or laden with several pounds' weight of modelling clay. Unable to afford anything in the shape of a conveyance, she often returned to her father's house broken down by over-exertion; but nothing could damp the ardour or subdue the energy of one whose object was thus to master the mysteries of art and unlock thereby the secrets of nature. As in the case of his other children, Rosa's father was her main teacher. M. Léon Cogniet showed her great kindness, and gave her valuable encouragement in the progress of her labours, but he was never her master. Her knowledge of technique came solely from her father, her inspiration as entirely from nature. To pursue the latter



untrammelled, she had the courage to attend daily the Roule slaughter-house, and the rough men by whom she was surrounded, whose gross manners and repulsive trade would have daunted a less resolute nature, soon learned to respect and admire her. Some say that it was in these *abattoirs* she first assumed the male attire, and that it was to avoid the rude behaviour of the slaughter-men that she did so.

So assiduously did she carry on her studies in these recking shambles, and so absorbingly did she identify herself with her subject, that she frequently forgot to take the refreshment she had with her, which generally consisted of a piece of bread, carried in her pocket. When she returned home in the evening her bonnet, her sketch-book, and studies, all indicated the presence of the myriads of flies that always congregate where animals are confined and slaughtered.

According to F. Lepelle de Bois-Gallais, whose admirable biography, written a quarter of a century ago, we have frequently quoted, subject to such correction as Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has herself very kindly suggested to us, her father at length took a second wife, and this new marriage added two more children to the domestic circle. It became therefore absolutely necessary that redoubled exertions should be made. A spirit of emulation accordingly took possession of the whole family. United in the same painting-room, like a young covey, they all worked away ardently and merrily under the wing of their father, the master and friend who shared their hard labours and joined in their



A GROUP FROM "THE HORSE FAIR."

(By Permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre.)

innocent games. "I have been told," continues M. de Bois-Gallais, "that nothing could be more delightful or more touching than that picture. Auguste and Isidore studied without ceasing, and Rosa, the first at her easel, sang from morning till night. They were disheartened by no misfortune, and often



A SOUVENIR OF FONTAINEBLEAU.
(By Permission of Messrs. Goupil and Co.)

after the fatigues of the day our young artist spent the evening by the fitful light of the lamp in making designs for the morrow's sale."

This happy little home was situated on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Runfort. Her birds, of which Rosa was so fond, instead of being confined in a cage, had something like the semblance of liberty in enjoying the range of the room, a piece of network made by her brother preventing their

escape by the window. The existence of a sheep, which also shared her affections, could not be made quite so comfortable on the sixth floor of a Paris house; but it was a docile model and always at hand, and Isidore Bonheur would often laughingly place it on his shoulders, and, descending the long stairs, carry it to a neighbouring meadow to graze on the fresh grass. This love of animals afterwards found a more fitting field for its exercise in her all but baronial home at Thomery, on the confines of the forest of Fontainebleau, where she now resides. Here all the beasts she has had at one time or another under her care would form a considerable menagerie. It is not long since she presented to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which, when in her keeping, used to come up to the bars of the cage to be stroked and patted by her sympathetic little hand.

Her first picture was that of a pair of rabbits, which figured in the Salon of 1840. The Salon of 1841 accepted and hung two charming little pictures of sheep and goats; and the following year furnished it with three, entitled "Animals in a Meadow," under an evening effect, "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "This Horse to be Sold." In 1843 were exhibited "Horses Leaving the Watering-Place" and "Horses in a Field." When sent the same year to Rouen these pictures obtained the bronze medal. In the exhibition of 1844 she had five pictures, and a bull modelled in clay, and this time the city of Rouen awarded her the silver medal. Each year added to her renown, and in due time she received from Paris the gold medal.

With her fortunes rose those of her father; and the heroic man, after all these years of incessant labour and anxiety, was appointed by the Government Director of the Female School of Design. But life's burden had been too heavy for him, and incessant struggles left him at last so prostrate that he was not able to share with his family the joys of triumph. He died on the 24th of March, 1849, and from what has been said it may easily be imagined with what profound grief the family was overwhelmed. Rosa succeeded her father in the direction of the school, and had during his illness painted the magnificent picture of "Ploughing in the Nivernais." When exhibited it made a great sensation, and was bought by the Government, who complimented the artist, and honoured the work by hanging it in the Luxembourg.

Rosa Bonheur's compositions now followed each other without interruption, and consisted of such subjects as "Weary Oxen Going to Water," "Cows with their Playful Calves," "Ewe and her Lamb Surprised by a Storm," "A Farmer of Auvergne"—mounted on his nag, accompanied by his man driving to market a herd of animals—"Chalk Waggon of the Limousin," "Young Shepherd of the Pyrenees Guarding his Flock," "Charcoal-Burning in a Forest," and the like. These works attracted the critical admiration of the finest judges in Paris, and

France felt that she had in Rosa Bonheur another Troyon. In force of conception and vigour of brushwork there was no indication of her sex on the canvases of our heroine.

Hitherto Rosa Bonheur's fame had been mainly confined to France, but now it was about to cross the Channel, and, through England, to become world-wide. When in 1856 her famous "Horse Fair" was exhibited by M. Gambart in the French Gallery, the artists and connoisseurs of this country could scarcely realise the fact that they were looking on the work of a woman; and the gallery, we well remember, was crowded daily for months by those who wished to satisfy themselves as to the merits of the picture. Neither James Ward, R.A., nor Sir Edward Landseer, who for many years followed that artist's method, had ever produced a group of horses like this, so natural, so rampant, and so life-like. Rosa Bonheur's triumph, in short, was complete, and henceforth her name in England was a household word.

Since then Rosa Bonheur has gone quietly on, pursuing her profession with unabated ardour in the seclusion of her forest château, enriching the world and extending her fame. There is no animal subject, from lions to lambs, which she has not touched and ennobled; there are few countries where shepherds wander with their flocks, from the Pyrenees to the Grampians, or where the lowland hind follows the laborious steer and the furrow-cleaving plough, which she has not made as lovingly her own as if the incidents depicted were a group of grazing or of startled deer within her own noble forest of Fontainebleau; for that, too, is peculiarly hers.

Rosa Bonheur is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly built, and she carries her head with an air of freedom, and when a younger woman, almost of defiance. The carnation has not yet left her cheek, and her comely face speaks of health and vigour. Her hair, however, is fast turning grey, and she still wears it cut and parted like a man's. When in her studio and at home, her attire also follows that of the sterner sex; but, as a clever contemporary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



"HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH."

WILLIAM FREDERICK YEAMES, R.A.



VENETIAN WATER-CARRIER.

IT is claimed by the Royal Academy, and in the main with perfect justice, that those painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers who excel in their professions, and have become the representatives of all that is excellent in art in England, find their way sooner or later to Burlington House, and are eventually absorbed into the body as Associates, if not as full members.

It is further claimed that the painters who attain the coveted honours have, in nine cases out of ten, graduated in the schools of the Royal Academy, as the records of the studentships will verify. Such exceptions, however, to this rule as now and then do occur only go—upon the proverbial principle—to prove it; and the subject of this present brief biography is one of the most notable illustrations that can be found of these said exceptions. Yet after all, perhaps, it must be said that it was due to mere accident that Mr. Yeames never studied at the Royal Academy. Had it not been for the circumstance of his family's residing chiefly on the

Continent, he would probably have received his regular early tuition in art at the hands of that institution. For although his first attempt to become a probationer, when a temporary sojourn in this country gave him the opportunity of making it, was unsuccessful, it may be reasonably inferred, looking at the position he now holds, that any second effort to qualify himself for the school of the antique would have led to his admission. As it was, the first means by which he has been enabled step by step to advance to distinction were found in Italy, and thus we see him coming before the English public in 1859, a full-fledged painter, as it were.

William Frederick Yeames, fourth son of the Consul of his Britannic Majesty King William IV. at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff, South Russia, was born at that place in December, 1835. Fortunately for him, he again presents an exception to the general run of youngsters who wish to become artists. He met with no opposition to his inclinations at home; on the contrary, his father being a man of great culture, and having a very refined taste in and knowledge of painting and engraving, encouraged his children to develop by study and observation whatsoever proclivities in the same

direction they might inherit from him. He used to declare roundly that if any one of them displayed the inclination and ability requisite to promise success, no effort should be spared to make that one the artist of the family; and that one proved to be William Frederick. Probably in some sort with a view to arriving at a definite opinion on this point, and to discovering which of his offspring would exhibit the tendency he was on the look-out for, he took his whole family for a prolonged tour in Italy when William Frederick was between six and seven years old. Travelling on the Continent in 1842-3 was a very different business from what it has since become. A journey from Russia to Rome could have been no small undertaking in those days for a family of six children with



yours very truly
William F. Yeames



"AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

their parents; and we may be sure that the attraction which the art-laden atmosphere of Italy had for the elder Yeames must have had something magnetic in it, and that his purpose of making his children personally acquainted with the masterpieces of art must have been very strong. The result showed the wisdom of the plan, for our artist says that, young as he was, he believes that the foundation of his love for the "jealous mistress," the love which has borne such good fruit, was laid during that period, inasmuch as he can remember how deeply impressed he was with many of the noble works to which his attention was drawn with especial emphasis by his accomplished father. The memory of



AMY ROBSART.

(From the Painting by William Frederick Yeames, R.A., Purchased in 1877 from the Chantrey Fund by the Royal Academy.)

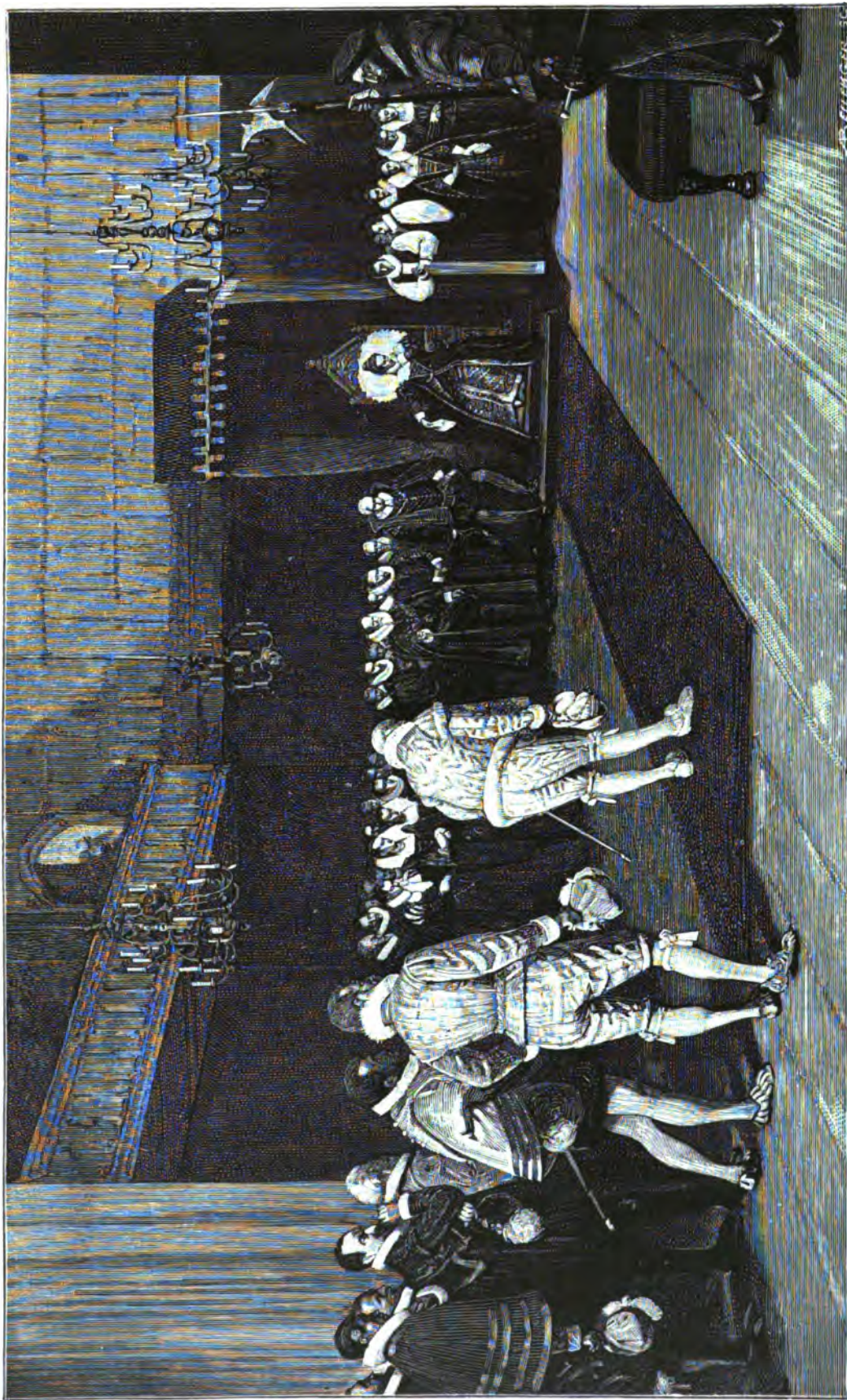
many of these, and the enthusiasm and admiration which they kindled at the time, are, he declares, still fresh in his mind.

Unhappily the advantage of such an able *cicerone* was not to be his for long, for Mr. Yeames, senior, died in Venice during the second year of the visit to the south; but the tradition of her husband's wishes was faithfully carried out by the widow, and when she and her family, after their bereavement, settled in Dresden, young William Frederick's art-education was not neglected. Indeed as he, with his brothers and sisters, was entirely educated at home (the parents holding some peculiar views on this subject), the lad had a better chance, perhaps, of following his bent towards art in conjunction with his other studies than if he had been launched into the rougher associations of public school life.

In 1848 the family removed to London. Here the drawing from casts was kept up in the studio of Mr. J. Sherwood Westmacott, whilst Mr. George Scharf trained the young student in anatomy and other rudimentary branches of the painter's craft. It was the experience thus gained which led, a year or so later, to the attempt above referred to, to gain admission as a student at the Royal Academy, an attempt which doubtless would have been renewed had not the family in 1852 paid a second visit to Italy. For two years Mr. Yeames diligently pursued his art-education in Florence, under the supervision of Professor Pallastrine of the Florentine Academy, and later on under that of Signor Raffaello Buonajuti.

Towards the close of this second sojourn among the relics and gems of art by which he had been so much impressed when a mere child, our artist went to Rome. Here also for some eighteen months he worked, we may be sure, with unflagging energy, otherwise the first pictures which he submitted to the Council of the Royal Academy would not have received the favourable consideration which they had. This was in 1859, when, having the previous year once more taken up his abode in England, the young painter exhibited at the Royal Academy, besides a portrait, a picture called "The Staunch Friends" (a jester with a monkey), which displayed even then, as far as the subject was concerned, many indications of those characteristics which have rendered his works so popular. These may be roughly said to manifest a most felicitous and original combination of the droll and the pathetic—that combination which, without being exactly sensational, goes home at once to the hearts of the many, whilst it appeals successfully to the more discriminating appreciation of the few.

Looking through the catalogue of his works, and recalling many of them vividly, one is struck in most instances by the delicate method by which he tells his story. Always contriving to do this forcibly through the medium of individuality, and the accurately right expression of his *dramatis personæ*, he



QUEEN ELIZABETH RECEIVING THE FRENCH AMBASSADORS AFTER THE NEWS OF THE MASSAURE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(In the Possession of Odarius Coops, Esq., M.P.)

gets by mere truthful contrast infinite value out of very trifling details. The by-ways of history are not unfrequently and wisely preferred by him to scenes which, being perhaps the turning-points of a country's fortunes, are dwelt on at length in its chronicles.

Mr. Yeames's brush is eminently representative of the domestically historic *genre* picture, though on occasions he makes some of his best points out of subjects which are purely historical. For instance, the work from his hand which first riveted the attention of the art-loving world, and by which he gained, in June, 1866, the Associateship of the Royal Academy, was of this class. "Queen Elizabeth Receiving the French Ambassadors after the News of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew"—of which we give an engraving—possessed merits sufficient to claim for it a very prominent position on the walls of the exhibition and in the minds of all who are fond of taking retrospective glances at Royal Academy shows.

The artist capable of so noble an endeavour as "Amy Robsart" (purchased in 1877 for the nation by the Royal Academy in its capacity of executor of the Chantry Bequest Fund) ought not to descend to trivialities such as those which now and then bear his name. We prefer therefore making record only of those in which he is seen at his best. Amongst these will be remembered such conspicuous examples as, in 1863, "The Meeting of Sir Thomas More with his Daughter after his Sentence to Death;" in 1864, "La Reine Malheureuse," Queen Henrietta Maria taking refuge from the fire of the Parliament ships in Burlington Bay; in 1865, "Arming the Young Knight;" in 1867, "The Dawn of the Reformation;" in 1868, "The Chimney-Corner" and "Lady Jane Grey in the Tower;" in 1869, "The Fugitive Jacobite" and "Alarming Footsteps."

Since the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, our artist has justly made a steady advance in public favour through his "Maunday Thursday" and "Love's Young Dream;" "Dr. Harvey and the Children of Charles I.;" "The Appeal to the Podesta;" "Pour les Pauvres" and "The Suitor;" whilst he has risen by sudden bounds still higher in the estimation of the *cognoscenti* as well as in that of the multitude by the class of work which is represented by "The Last Bit of Scandal," "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush," and "When did you last see your Father?" This last-named picture represents an episode in the wars of the Parliament, when a party of Cromwellian soldiers who have burst into the apartments of a fugitive Royalist and have captured, we may suppose, the son and heir of the house, are putting to the little boy the fatal question which may lead to the accomplishment of their purpose, and the destruction of the parent through the truthfulness of the son. The child, placed on a footstool in front of the group of stern, cold, ruthless Puritan soldiers, gazes at his interlocutors with a blanched, half-timid face, in which

nevertheless is visible the pride of his race, which we hope will carry the little fellow safe through his ordeal. Close by stand his lady mother and loving young sister, who look at him with mingled pride, tenderness, and fear. Nothing could have been more pathetic or better than the situation, whilst it afforded an opportunity for the display of the artist's characteristics and powers to their utmost, an opportunity in nowise neglected at any single point.

The election of William Frederick Yeames on June 19th, 1878, to the full honours of the Royal Academy is deservedly to be attributed to this, all things considered, the most conspicuously successful of the artist's latest efforts. At the same time, be it remembered, this distinction was legitimately led up to by the important canvas, already noted, of "Amy Robsart." Powerfully sensational, its impressiveness and force were in nowise marred by the exhibition of anything that could be termed repellent. The incident, whether as related in Aubrey's "History of Berkshire" or in the pages of "Kenilworth," could hardly have been more admirably illustrated, and although it was the historian's description which inspired Mr. Yeames, according to the catalogue, the public accepted the picture readily as an interpretation of the great novelist's account of the heart-rending tragedy. Very difficult would it have been more skilfully to have realised the situation to which the following extract points:—

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after, the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

"'Look down into the vault. What seest thou?'

"'I see only a heap of white clothes like a snowdrift.'"

W. W. FENN.





HEN AND CHICKENS.

GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A.



ART has many missions, one or other of which becomes important and urgent according to the times. Noble military painting is of the highest value in too commercial days; sincerely spiritual and ascetic art is a necessity in an era of Sybarite indulgence; and the more purely æsthetic revival, which most of us have smiled at and many of us have laughed at, is not altogether *mal à propos* at an epoch when the world has by a gradual process, and by many operating causes, reached a pitch of outward ugliness never attained in any previous age of its history. It is good for a democracy to be reminded of chivalry, and for an ornamental monarchy to remember the austerer virtues of a republic; art steps in, in both cases, with its historical memories and its aspirations. As for our own age, its needs are various enough, but none of these, perhaps, is so pressing as the need for sweetness and cheerfulness of heart. The painter, therefore, who, towards the end of a melancholy century, gives us the images of free and serene happiness, has understood his art and his time; and his work is as welcome as are flowers from the March woods to the wintry streets of London. Mr. Leslie has not chosen the mission of his art without deliberation of purpose;

he has appreciated the wants of his day. "My aim in art," he says, "has always been to paint pictures from the sunny side of English domestic life, and as much as possible to render them cheerful companions to their possessors. The times are so imbued with turmoil and misery, hard work and utilitarianism, that innocence, joy, and beauty seem to be the most fitting subjects to render



*Yours faithfully
G. D. Leslie*

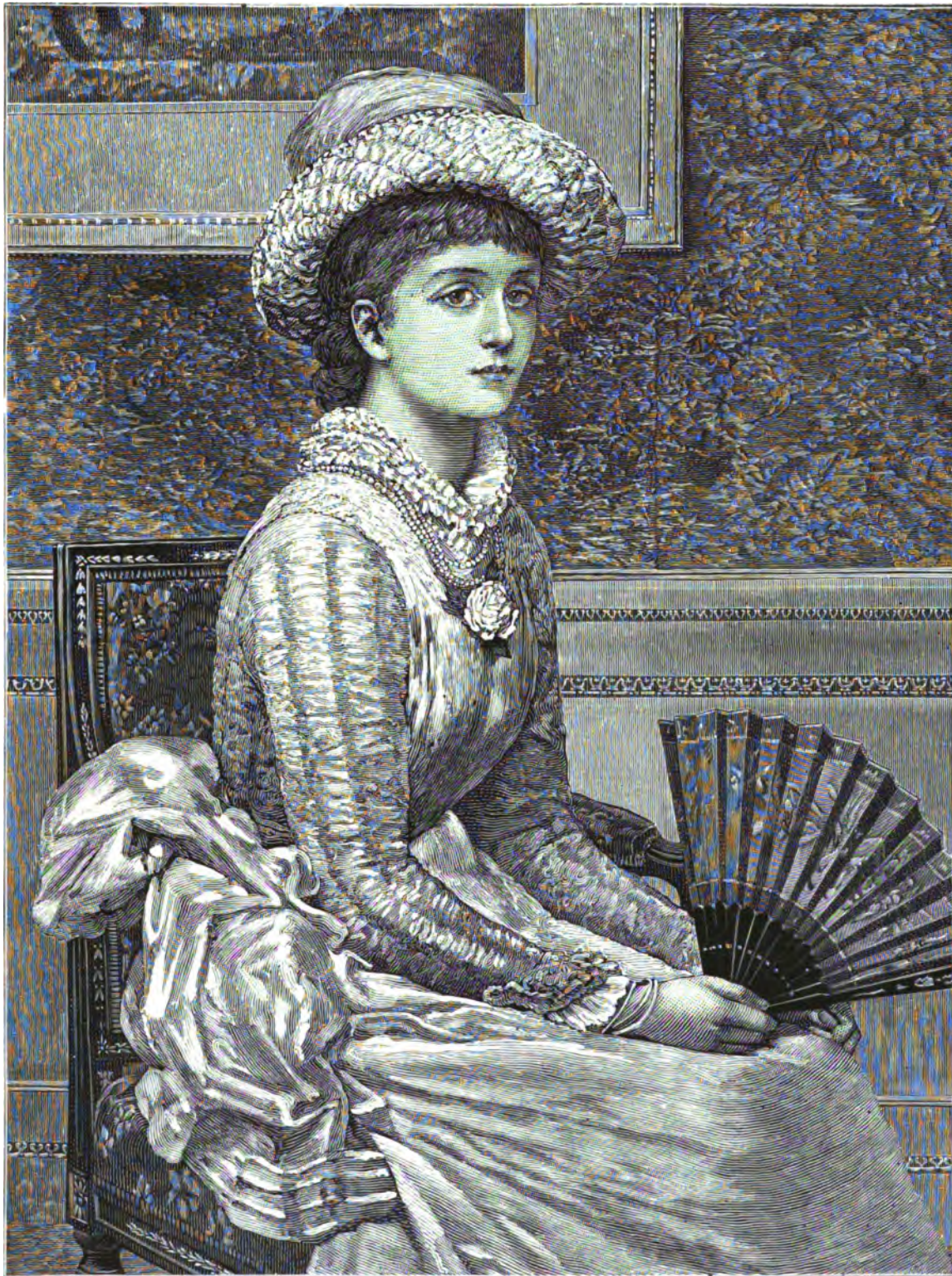
(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

such powers as I possess useful to my fellow-creatures." He has from childhood nourished his exquisite art upon what it would best assimilate—garden scenery, flowers, the gentle but not enervating sweetness and charm of nature in rural England, where all is peaceful, pure, and honest, tender but not effeminate, dreamy yet eminently healthy. On the banks of the Thames, the head-quarters of the English loveliness, Mr. Leslie has spent the greater part of his summers and autumns for nearly thirty years. Nor could any truer reflection of the genuine Thames spirit be found than in his pictures; for his work is not only

beautiful and joyous, it is distinctively national, also by deliberate choice—as national as was that of the Old Masters, who never forsook the country and the time which were familiar to them, and of which their representations had the value of sincerity and sympathy; the Pre-Raphaelite masters giving the spirit of their Umbrian hills to the Scriptural scenes they painted, and the Venetians filling their glowing classical allegories with the genius of their contemporary Venice. In the same way Mr. Leslie, even when his subjects are not English—and this is seldom enough—prefers to give them a distinctively English character, rather than to simulate the past by an antiquarian erudition which would have little interest for a succeeding generation. For instance, his “*Nausicaa and her Maids*,” which our readers may remember as the loveliest picture of its year, was undisguisedly a group of English girls; if we remember right, some critics took exception to the absence of local colour in the types and accessories, but in truth the artist had intended to reproduce only the local colour of his own time and country. We can name no painter a glance at the list of whose works is a pleasanter task; we look back through the vistas of a garden of girls than whom the flowers with which they play are not more fresh and lovely. At the same time it is impossible to accuse Mr. Leslie of sentimentality or prettiness; he never lacks that touch of quaintness—that salt, that flavour—which is an animating preservative against the faintness of “too much sweet.” Besides, the beauty he paints is true artistic beauty, which prettiness can never be.

George Dunlop Leslie was born in London in July, 1835. He inherited an illustrious name, and with it that birthright of genius which is often so curiously altered, even when fully preserved, in transmission. The artistic faculty itself in passing from father to son is sometimes changed beyond recognition; it might be said to have been so with the two Leslies had they not one quality in common—a supreme refinement. Technically, the work of no two men could well differ more widely, whether we consider their colour, or their manner of execution, or their arrangements of light. The younger artist has wisely encouraged his art to take its own course, for he has felt the double need, in the son of a great man, of originality. Though he inherited much from the true and charming artist whose name he bears, nothing of that inheritance has marred his own individual character; and we may find some sign of his own determination that it should be so in the fact that he painted his first picture in secret. More than one young literary aspirant, from the days of Miss Burney onwards, have kept their tentative authorship from the knowledge of parents and friends until the fame of the first venture has extorted a confession; but we do not remember any instance of the same thing in artistic life besides that of Mr. George Leslie.

At that time (1857) he was a student in the life-school at the Royal



VIOLET.

(In the Possession of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Chas. H. Lindsay.)

Academy, whither he had passed after a course of study at Mr. Cary's School of Art in Bloomsbury, and he exhibited his first picture, "Hope," in the rooms of the British Institution, now an extinct gallery, but in those days an important feature of the London artistic year. On the day of the private view the young artist was at his place in the "life," and it chanced that his father, who was visitor in that class, overheard Mr. Charles Landseer congratulating his son on



ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

the purchase of "Hope" by Lord Houghton. The pleasure of the father may be imagined, nor surely could any surprise be more delightful. A visit was paid to the private view of the British Institution, where Mr. C. R. Leslie had his first opportunity of giving criticism and encouragement to his son's finished picture. He took some objection to the dryness of the style of work, but pronounced an augury, which experience of modern art fully confirms, when he said to the young artist, "Well, at any rate, you need never starve, for you can paint a pretty face." Mr. George Leslie has followed up that first pretty face with a whole gallery of faces which have been something more than pretty. In the same year, two pictures appeared from his hand at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Unfortunately the painter so dear to our fathers did not live to see any further success of his son's, for he died in 1859; on his death-bed he had the young artist's work of that year brought to him, and the colour of one little picture delighted him. He had thus lived only long enough to enjoy the prospect of his son's possible future. Every expectation on that subject, however, with which he died, has been more than fulfilled. For now, when Mr. George Leslie, by his great loss of that year, was thrown upon his own resources, he



DANTE'S "LEAH."

(By Permission of T. H. Trist, Esq.)

applied himself to his work with a real determination and industry that had been strangers to him before, and he started upon his career at this serious crisis of his life strengthened by the unstinted praises of one whose good word—a law to the world of art—hall-marked, as it were, the work of any young artist happy enough to merit it. Mr. Ruskin had for several years produced that little pamphlet of "Notes on the Royal Academy," which were so precious to students, so momentous—and at times, it must be owned, so fatal—to artists, and so eagerly read by the whole of the art-loving public; and in that particular year, 1859—the last of the continuous publication of those notes—Mr. George Leslie had the good fortune to experience the cheering and bracing effects of high praise from a high source. It is worthy of remark that when,

after the lapse of sixteen years, Mr. Ruskin resumed for a single season his criticisms on the Academy, the same artist's work won these most pleasant sentences of commendation from the great master-teacher of the time. It may be scarcely necessary first to remind the reader of the subject and composition of "School Revisited," the group of girls in the garden receiving the call of a lately married companion who has bloomed into an elegant and exquisite lady, and the details of whose picturesque costume the affectionately envious school-girls are conning with delight. "I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms," says Mr. Ruskin, "and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw that morning. It is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms." Of the figure of the youngest child he says: "The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind; and I have no words to say how pretty she is." In another passage he declares this to have been one of the four pictures which induced him to reappear once more as a pamphleteer upon the Academy, and he also gives his approval to Mr. Leslie's principle of nationalism: "English girls by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints—or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand."

From 1859 to the present date Mr. Leslie has worked well and systematically. The Royal Academy catalogues show no break in the sequence of his labours; and the pictures we mention here are not all, but only the most important, which he has produced. "Matilda" and "Bethlehem" were exhibited in 1860; "Fast-Day at the Convent" in 1861; "A Summer Song" in 1862; "The Lost Carcanet" and "The War Summons" in 1863; "The Flower and the Leaf" and "Say Ta!" in 1864; "The Defence of Lathom House" in 1865; "Clarissa" in 1866—this picture represented the artist at the Paris International of the following year; "Willow, willow," "The Country Cousins," "Ten Minutes to Decide," and "The Rose Harvest" were painted in 1867; the last-named appeared at the Dudley Gallery, and represented an exquisite English garden scene, a red-brick wall, a group of lovely women in last century attire, and the profuse harvest of roses, magnificently painted, red, yellow, and cream-white, gathered into blue and white china bowls, while over all glowed that delicious light and tone, and that altogether distinctive and most lovely colour, which form so great a part of the charm of Mr. Leslie's pictures. "The Rose Harvest" is one of the pleasant memories of the London picture-lover. In 1868 followed "Home News" and "The Empty Sleeve;" in 1869, "Celia's Arbour" and "Cupid's Curse;" in 1870, "Fortunes" and "Carry;" in 1871, "Nausicaa and her Maids," which we have already referred to, and in

which the princess's face was of most memorable beauty; in 1872, "Lavinia," a lovely illustration of Thomson's most quaintly sentimental autumn idyll, "An Elopement, A.D. 1790," in which the fine landscape—no mere accessory to the figures, but a complete picture—would have done honour to any landscape-painter, and "Lucy and Puck;" in 1873, "The Fountain;" in 1874, "Pot-Pourri"—an interior, with two graceful ladies busy in the manufacture of that fragrant composition of roses and spices—"The Nut-Brown Maid," and "Five o'Clock;" in 1875, "School Revisited," "The Path by the River," and "On the Banks of the Thames;" in 1876, "Roses," "My Duty towards my Neighbour," "Violet"—one of our illustrations—and "Lavender;" in 1877, "Cowslips," and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," the artist's diploma picture; in 1878, "Home, Sweet Home;" and in 1879, "Alice in Wonderland," which contains portraits of the artist's wife and little daughter. Among the still familiar pictures of later seasons is "Hen and Chickens," also the subject of one of our engravings.

Mr. Leslie's special studies have been in the schools of the great masters of beauty of all times—Raphael, Gainsborough, Romney; while the chaste line of Flaxman, the innocent grace of Stothard, and the pleasant artificiality of Watteau—showing such different phases of loveliness—have all had their share in influencing his taste. Nor can less power be attributed to the father's pure and noble affectionateness of disposition, under the example and inspiration of which alone could be formed that abiding love of gentleness and innocence which has been the motive of the son's whole art. We know much of Charles Robert Leslie's domestic interior through his happy biography—the happiest artist's life that has ever been given to the world—and in reading that serene record we do not care to separate art and love. The wife to whom all the confidences of his professional life are made, and "the babes," who are never forgotten in his letters, group themselves as naturally round the memory of the elder Leslie as do the pictures we all know so well.

Studying the great schools of the world, and keeping the traditions of such parentage as his, Mr. George Leslie has been reared and developed in a purely artistic atmosphere. His associates have also been artistic, Sir Edwin Landseer having in his late years given the young painter, whom he frequently admitted into his studio, and one of whose pictures he bought, the assistance of his friendship and guidance; while George Mason and Frederick Walker, whom the English world of painting has not ceased to regret, were his companions. Nor has the Royal Academy been slow to give recognition to a life so devoted to one interest, for he was elected an Associate in 1868, and an Academician in 1876.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



MICHAEL MUNKACSY.



HE lives of artists proverbial for adventure and vicissitude present but few parallels to the extraordinary career of this Hungarian painter. Michael Munkacsy, born in the year 1846 within gunshot of the famed old fortress of Munkacs, has risen to eminence not only from obscurity but from disaster. His family was ruined in the revolution of 1849: his father, a subordinate in the Austrian customs, joined the patriots under Kossuth, and in the reverses which followed on the Russian occupation was thrown into prison, fell sick, and died. Young Michael, barely four years old, and one of five destitute orphans, was adopted by an aunt, who, strange to relate, some short time afterwards suffered death in her own house at the hands of a brutal band of robbers—such was the lawless state of Hungary in those days. An uncle next took charge of the boy; yet the revolution had left the family so penniless, that means were wanting for the merest rudiments of education, and so necessity compelled an apprenticeship at the age of eight to a village carpenter, a Jack-of-all-trades. This drudgery, which lasted for four years, was occasionally diversified by a thrashing when the boy, like many an embryo painter before, stole from work a stray half-hour for drawing. The weary years were further enlivened by such foretaste of art as painting the outside of a cottage, or decorating a bride's box with flowers. After his apprenticeship the youth, still in his teens, worked as a journeyman from five in the morning till night, at the scanty wages of five shillings a week. Yet outward poverty and hardship could not stifle inward aspiration. The village carpenter had a mind thirsting for knowledge; acquaintance was formed with students in a college: first, even reading and writing had to be learnt, then pleasing excursions were made into history and poetry. But the cravings of the intellect and imagination grew insatiable: evenings and nights were spent in devouring books, till at last, as might be expected, the bodily health, insufficiently sustained by food, gave way, and a violent fever put an end to work and study—at least for a time.

The romantic story which I here recount in briefest space, the most

remarkable, perhaps, that has fallen under my observation, is instructive in many ways. It serves to illustrate how, of all genius, that of art is the most irrepressible; how, when once it has bravely broken down obstacles, it bounds onwards triumphantly. It also elucidates how, in the rise and progress of art, individuals and nations obey like laws of development; how the early germs



THE STUDIO.

(By Permission of M. Charles Sedelmeyer.)

are stunted and frail, and how only through severe struggles later manifestations gain magnitude and maturity. So has it proved equally with Munkacsy the individual and with Hungary the nation. The poor youth felt a strong vocation; while watching a local limner at work, the idea suddenly flashed across his mind that he also was born a painter. The uncle, as a man of the world, held that an artist's profession was but a vagabond's calling. Nevertheless, the townsfolk willingly sat for their portraits, and the humble painter was happy to receive in return a good dinner or a warm coat. Drawing lessons further

added to the frugal fare; and such was the success of certain scenes of peasant life painted direct from nature, that the tyro determined to try his fortunes in the metropolis of Pesth.

The young adventurer trudged towards his goal as a travelling mechanic, forming on the way rude companionship with roving apprentices, gipsies, and other nomadic races. These picturesque people served as the most telling of models; also the adventures of the road furnished capital stuff for the sketch-book. Transcripts thus vivid and literal, when thrown into pictures, served as historic romances of peoples and homesteads towards which the world was awakening to curiosity and sympathy. On arrival at Pesth, his success surpassed the most sanguine expectations; and the artist, elated by the money that came to his pocket, thought to launch himself on the wide world, and extended his wanderings to Vienna. But, as might have been feared, the child of Hungarian patriots met with a cold reception; and, in truth, the untrained offshoot of naturalism could never have engrafted kindly into the old scholastic stock of the Viennese Academy. The painter's friend, Mr. Tait, to whom the present writer begs to make grateful acknowledgment, states that "Munkacsy's attempt to educate himself in the Academy fell through for want of means:" "the authorities of the Viennese school failed to recognise his talents, and when it became impossible for him to pay with punctuality the small Academy fee, he was shown the door without ceremony. How he subsisted during this time, without friends, and scarcely able to speak the language, I forebore to question."

Munkacsy, it is manifest, could not have attained his high position by sticking to his native land, and so, obedient to the wandering instincts of the races on the Danube, he makes frequent change in his local habitation, and thus in rapid succession has set up his easel in Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Düsseldorf, and Paris. Animated by the example of his countrymen Lietzen-Mayer and Wagner, he forsook Austria in favour of Bavaria. With twenty florins in his pocket he started westward, and on reaching Munich vainly sought entrance into the famous school of Piloty, then said to be full; he was allowed, however, to visit the painting-class in the Academy, and he obtained friendly advice from the great battle-painter, Franz Adam. Altogether he must have had a hard time in Munich; he worked all day, and by lamplight at night in his small room served the lower sort of dealers, and so managed to pay his way. But he did more. He strove for excellence rather than for bread: his pictures gained prizes, and thus, after two years in Munich, cash was in hand for his approaching move to Düsseldorf. It were vain to conjecture what change might have come over the rough-hewn Hungarian had entrance been accorded into a school made memorable by Makart, Defregger, Lietzen-Mayer, Lindenschmidt, Faber du Faux, Wagner, and Gysis. But academies are of more service to mediocrity than to

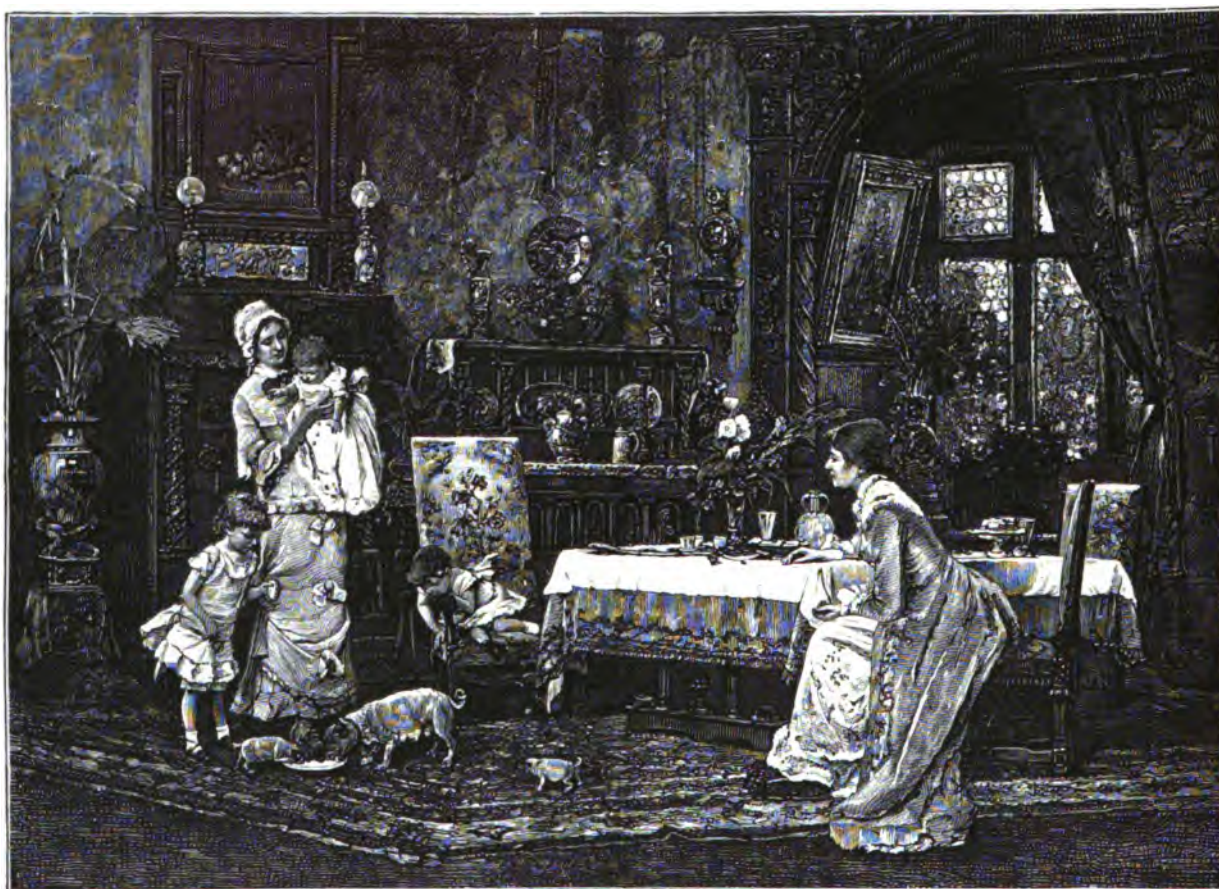


THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED PRISONER.

(By Permission of M. Charles Sedelmeyer.)

genius; and as for Munkacsy, cold academic drawing would have come in poor exchange for the impulsive utterances of nature.

Munich held no bond of gratitude whereby to claim the wayfarer as her son: her historic and poetic painters were then too high in the sky to offer a helping hand to a mere mundane artist whose strength lay in his firm tread on the solid earth. And so Munkacsy, without much regret, exchanged the capital



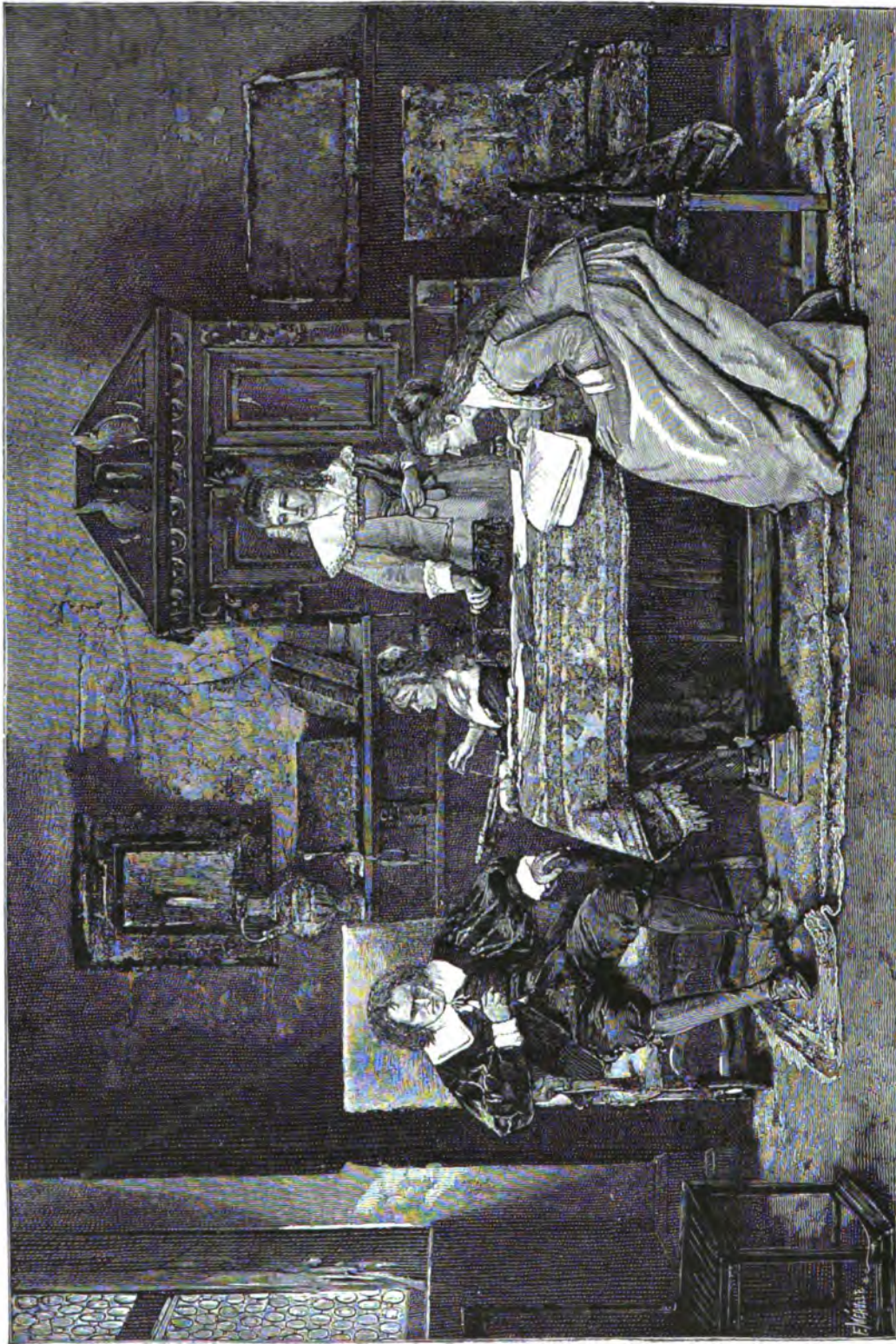
THE TWO FAMILIES.

(By Permission of M. Charles Sedelmeyer.)

of Bavaria for the renowned seat of art in the Rhine Provinces. Yet on reaching Düsseldorf he did not seek the Academy; the professors of scholastic and religious art, such as Bendemann, Müller, Ittenback, and Deger, could not open to him any door by which he cared to enter, and so he simply took a humble *atelier*, seized on a rustic model, and set to work after his own fashion. But it were wholly a mistake to suppose congenial fellow-students failed him, for here in Northern Germany a reaction was coming—indeed, a strong party had already pronounced in favour of realism. And Munkacsy found the Rhine land in many

ways congruous to his art-instincts; the beauty of its scenery, the picturesqueness of its peasantry, the heartiness and conviviality of its village dances and festivals, present tempting materials for a *genre* painter's pencil. Accordingly a greater number of adepts in this subordinate department have congregated at Düsseldorf than can be found on any one spot in the whole world; the names of Knaus, Vautier, Salentin, Jordan, Hiddemann, Nordenberg, Fagerlin, with many others, attest the talent of the school. Among this company the ingenuous Hungarian could not long remain an alien; he was of the people, and shared their lot; he had been clothed as a peasant, and had partaken of the cotter's homely fare; the classic robe of the forum, the imperial purple of the palace stood outside his experiences, and therefore his affinities were not with high art. By the necessity laid on all alike, he painted himself and what he knew and felt; that which had not entered into him could not come out of him. We hear of "his strange appearance, his naïve confidence, his broken German, and his low melancholy voice;" and we are told how in Düsseldorf he made himself popular with the local artists. He had a ready wit and a power of mimicry; he was fond of music, and in his memory were racy stores of Hungarian melodies; he aided in the dramatic fêtes at the Malkasten Club; he joined in carnival revels, and in a certain wild cavalcade "the most extravagant rider was the sad, mad, glad, yet perfectly sober brother Munkacsy." Out of such stuff pictures are made; this child of nature depicts the joys and sorrows of a common humanity; his plain-spoken art is akin to that of Wilkie; his scenes are in the strain of Burns, of whose poems he is known to be fond; in fact, the Hungarian painter and the Scotch poet alike proclaim that "the honest man, though ne'er so poor, is king of men for a' that."

Fortune was now about to crown with almost unexampled success the hard struggle of years; the immediate sequel shows that dormant powers needed only fitting occasion for the production of a master-work. It chanced that a millionaire came to Düsseldorf, saw the studies of the promising painter, and forthwith gave him a handsome commission. The subject chosen, "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" (here engraved), presents a tragic situation peculiar to Hungary; according to a national custom a criminal under sentence of death receives his relatives and friends and bids them a last farewell. A composition thus arduous—especially for a novice—was naturally looked on with misgiving by experienced masters on the spot; and Professor Knaus, the autocrat of *genre* painting, who from the first had given to the stranger a helping hand, did not hesitate to speak out in strong disapproval. But the self-reliant artist was nothing daunted; his trade of a carpenter enabled him to assist in preparing the panel which youthful habit led him to prefer to canvas, and great was his rejoicing when the ponderous structure, measuring no less than six feet by four



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

and a half feet, entered his studio. As the work advanced, general confidence grew; it soon became apparent that instead of a rash experiment here was a thoroughly mature product firmly knit together, thought out in dramatic sequence and wrought into a thrilling plot. The mastery was amazing, and all agreed that Düsseldorf had not for long years seen a work so true and strong, and no one was louder in applause than the dissentient Ludwig Knaus. The painter, however, could hardly be persuaded to put his performance to the test of public exhibition; he looked "on the packing-case mournfully as if it were a coffin," and with gloomy forebodings did the "Condemned Prisoner" leave for the Paris Salon of 1870. The suspense happily proved short; after the private view, Goupil, the picture-dealer, hastened to Düsseldorf, searched out the artist, offered for the painting thrice the amount of the commission, then ransacked portfolios for sketches, and did not leave till the promise was obtained for future works. Others proved equally urgent, and the painter's fame and fortune were forthwith assured.

Munkacsy bore success with the fortitude he had shown under misfortune. His head was not turned, his manners put on no pretence; only his heart, always generous, warmed towards his old friends. He first went to Paris, and was lionised: then natural impulse led him back to his native land, where he repaid with more than gratitude favours received in days of trouble. Later, decorated with a ribbon in his button-hole, he returned once more to Düsseldorf, took and luxuriously furnished a handsome studio, worked hard and made money fly, and, though a total abstainer, drank with gusto the cup of pleasure. But the pictures of this period are still destitute of light and joy; dark and dolorous are "The Night Prowlers" and "The Old Buttermaker." Never shall I forget the astounding impression when, in the Viennese International Exhibition, the daring, dashing Hungarian revealed by these abnormal products the power of darkness and the grandeur of desolation. Nothing in the whole history of art, no canvas by Spagnoletto or Caravaggio, can for brutality compare with these "vagrants of the night," led hand-bound mid the shadows of an old spectre-haunted town. Here is naturalism with a vengeance. Moreover, the types and situations are Magyar or Hungarian; hence these scenes wherein home memories mingle are essentially national, and have the value of ethnologic records. Yet into these stern realities rags and dirt enter largely—the children are unwashed and unkempt, and the parents, though possibly patriots, are to all appearance outlaws from society. Everywhere ugliness usurps the place of beauty, while disorder, poverty, and wretchedness are the constant conditions of life. A prevailing gloom, as in a Rembrandt picture, is fitly cast over the desolation; the eye looks on a world robed in funereal black. The technique, too, is rudely vigorous, the handling that of rash negligence. Yet out of disorder comes method, and

from darkness break light and slumbrous colour as the kindling of fire, and in the midst of mournful shadow there are touches of pathos appealing to human sympathy. No wonder that such pictures, supremely artistic after their kind, have moved the world deeply. But a change was to come over the spirit of this art on the painter's removal to Paris. Affluence then took the place of poverty, and thus happier thoughts and a brighter atmosphere shone within the painting-room.

Munkacsy, arrived at maturity, may still be said to be in transition. His Parisian "Studio" as existing in 1876, the painter, brush and pallet in hand, his wife seated by his side—a picture which furnishes another illustration to these pages—lies on the boundary line between two periods. We here recognise the broad, blunt manner of early days, but already the semi-barbarism of vagrant races is giving place to the civilised ways of Western Europe. Another of our illustrations—"The Two Families"—shows further advance in the same direction. The artist has passed from his previous simple abode—"The Studio"—to the palatial dwelling here indicated, the rival of Hans Makart's famed painting-room in Vienna. The picture, though trivial in motive and rising no higher than decorative *genre* painting, indicates by its rich tapestry, its carved woodwork, and its Sèvres china, epicurean tastes and a life of luxury. The Spartan had been transformed into the Sybarite, and consonantly his art experienced a like mutation. Paris, it must be admitted, is treacherous ground for an unsophisticated painter whose strength had lain in implicit reliance upon nature, and it was far from a happy coincidence that at the moment when the Hungarian nomad established a fixed residence in the French capital, the Spanish painter Fortuny was the height of a screaming fashion. Munkacsy, whose middle if not best manner had been founded on Defregger and Knaus, fell under the feverish epidemic. With clever adroitness he displays sleight of hand and *chic* of touch, and instead of sombre shadow the surface glitters with tinsel light and jewelled colour. The painter, in fact, has of late been divided between two opinions, and I cannot but express my sincere desire that he may yet revert to that former self when his art was earnest in conviction as it was simple and strong in appeal. Belonging to the present and the latest period, two pictures, certainly not failing from lack of lofty aspiration—the "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," which is engraved, and "Christ before Pilate"—give this hopeful assurance. Munkacsy approaches themes of this elevated range not without advantages and immunities. Free from academic formulæ, he can express high thoughts in noble types drawn direct from nature, can show truth in her own image, and assign to the body and spirit of each time its actual form and verity. A man thus gifted has the power to open new possibilities to the art of our immediate future.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



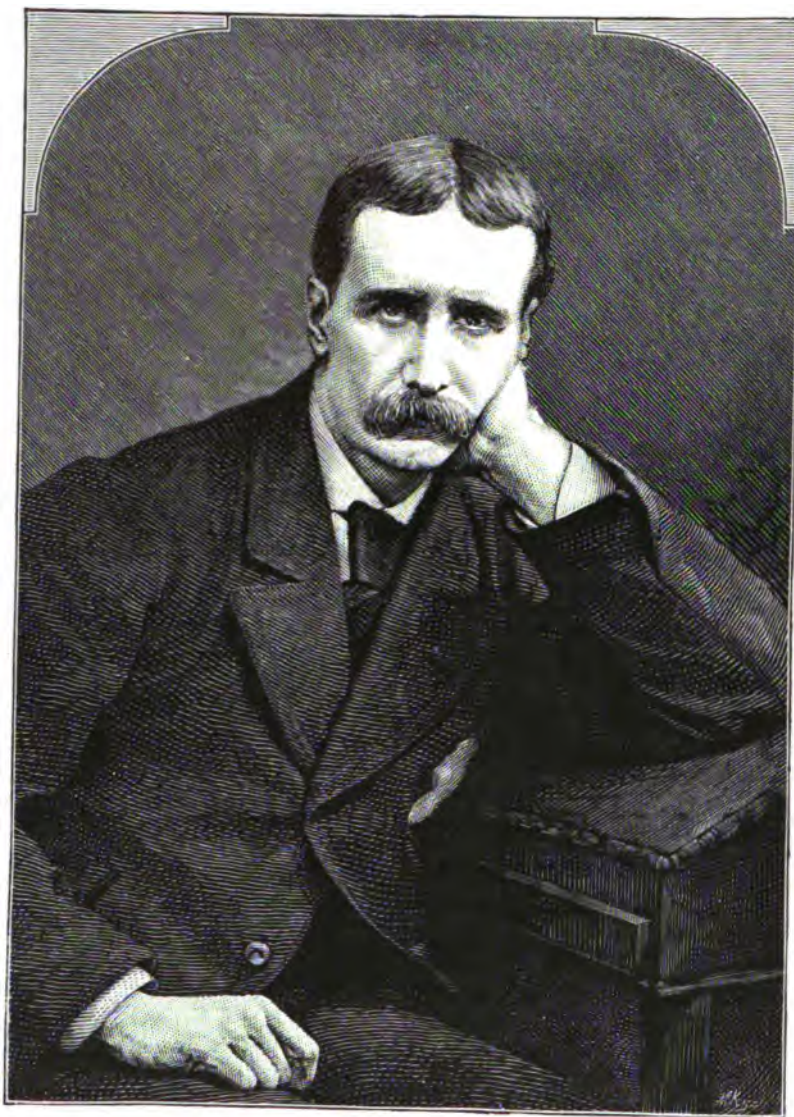
VICTIMS.

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



THAT the name of Briton Riviere should suggest to some minds that the bearer of it is a Frenchman is not strange. The suggestion, however, has only the remotest foundation in fact, and it would be difficult to find a more thorough specimen of an Englishman than the eminent artist himself. The circumstance that he is a descendant of an old Huguenot family, which emigrated to and settled in this country two hundred years ago, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., is the whole and sole plea that could be set up by France for claiming him as her son—a plea surely entirely invalid. His grandfather, Mr. D. V. Riviere, was a student at the Royal Academy, where he gained a medal, and exhibited, later on, many works of great merit in water-colour. William, son of this gentleman (and brother of H. P. Riviere, of the “Old Water-Colour”), born in London in 1806, and father of Mr. Briton Riviere, following the footsteps of his sire, eventually became the head of the drawing school at Cheltenham College, and later on, by his zeal and energy at Oxford, managed to get art introduced into the curriculum of the university. Prior to this he had been favourably known in London through his works for the competition for decorating the Houses of Parliament. Thus the present inheritor of the honoured name found in his father the most natural and the fittest of masters, and he tells me that from an early age (he was born in London, August 14th, 1840) he studied drawing and painting—first at Cheltenham during the nine years he was there, and then at Oxford. The classic influence of the latter place was not without its effect on the young artist. He

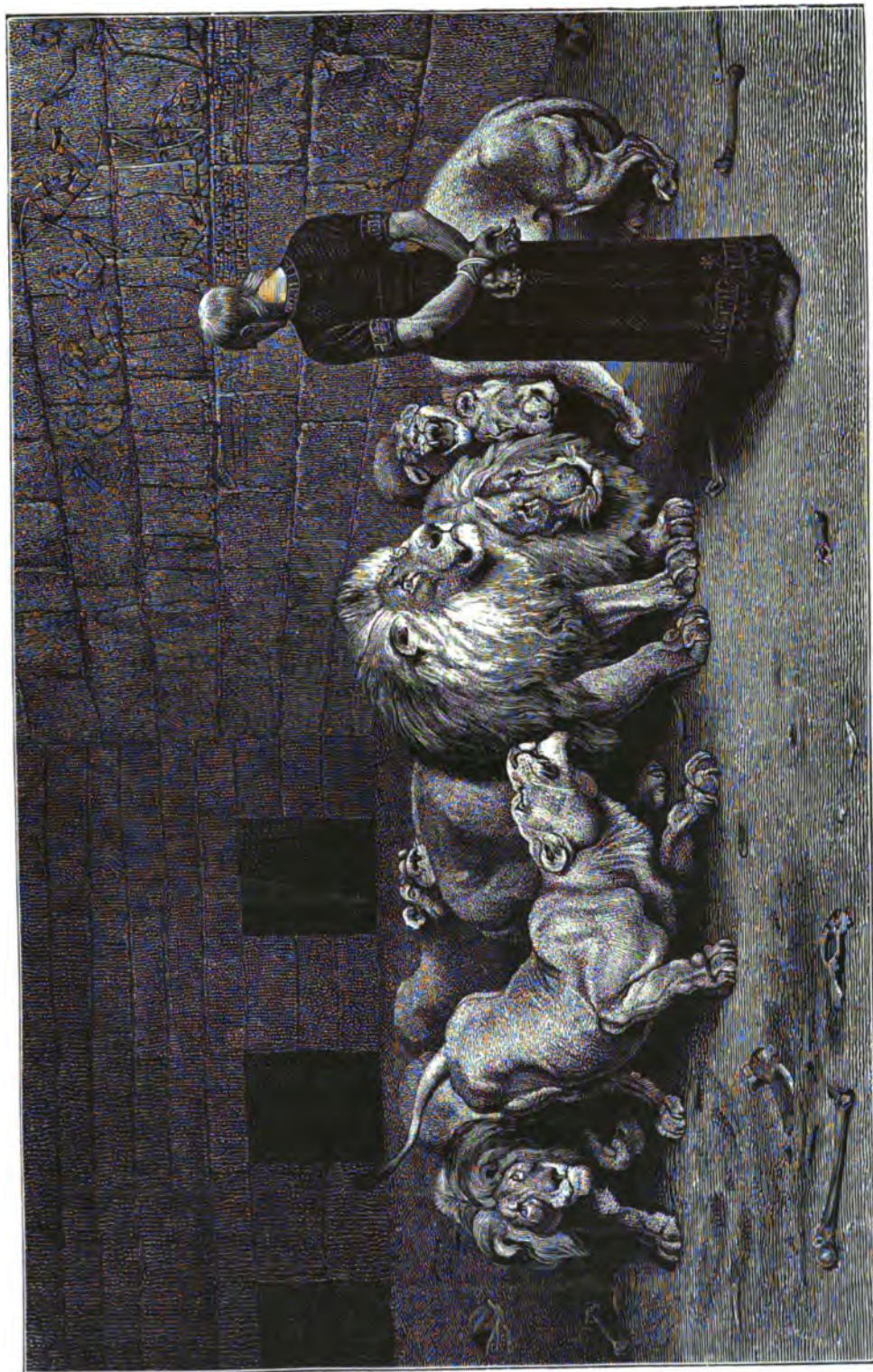
became a member of the university, graduating B.A. in 1867, and M.A. in 1873. This distinction, however, in nowise tempted him from his devotion to art, nor



Langford King
Boston Diviner

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

did it at first lead him to search, as might have been expected, in the pages of Greek and Roman literature for his pictorial themes. In the years 1858 and



DANIEL.

(By kind Permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons.)

1859 he exhibited at the Royal Academy pictures entitled "Rest from Labour," "Sheep on the Cotswolds," and "On the Road to Gloucester Fair;" but it was not until 1866 that his work obtained much recognition, or was so hung as to allow of its critical examination. "The Poacher's Nurse," a dog licking his sick master's hand, was sufficiently well placed to show the excellent promise which its execution gave; and in the following year (1867) one at least of the compositions exhibited by the artist fulfilled this promise, and at once gained for him a large meed of public approbation. It was entitled "The Long Sleep" (hung at the oil exhibition of the Dudley), and though extremely painful in sentiment, it left no doubt of his powers. An old man, having died sitting in his chair, is watched with wondering disquiet by his two faithful dogs, whose intelligence, displayed in the expression of their eyes, evidently divines already that all is not right, and whose attitude hints plainly at the depths of sorrow into which they will be plunged when they have realised the truth.

A water-colour drawing, now in the collection at South Kensington, called "A Game of Fox and Geese," originally exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1868, carried Mr. Riviere's reputation prosperously on, until the Royal Academy's first year at Burlington House in 1869 found him represented again by a pathetic subject simply named, "Prisoners," a dog and his master with the indissoluble bond of sympathy between them under misfortune being the prominent sentiment expressed. An important engraving by Stacpoole has made everybody familiar with the chief work of the painter in 1870. We have all been touched by "Charity," and have regarded with rising emotion the outcast child upon the street-doorstep sharing her last crust with two equally outcast dogs. This picture was awarded a medal at the International Exhibition of Vienna. Continuing to devote some time to water-colour, Mr. Riviere showed, as in the "Fox and Geese," that, notwithstanding his tendency to the pathetic, he could still on occasions be mightily humorous; and in "Suspicion," two sparrows in the snow eyeing doubtfully a fallen apple, hung at the Dudley in 1871, we had a rare specimen among others of this side of his genius. The first classical theme which he treated was also the one with which he made his first unmistakable score, and "Circe and the Friends of Ulysses" (1871) may be said now to be world-renowned, having obtained for its painter a medal at Philadelphia, and having been engraved, as he himself declares, "by Stacpoole, in a manner to give me the greatest delight." "Come Back," likewise exhibited in 1871 at the Royal Academy, offered a striking contrast to the "Circe," being again a domestic drama in which a prodigal daughter, returning to the home whence she has strayed, is recognised by the old dog. "Daniel," in 1872, offered an entirely suitable subject, and the large and original treatment of it won for our artist a vast increase of renown, as may be imagined from our engraving.

The climax of Mr. Riviere's pathos was perhaps reached in 1873 in "All that was Left of the Homeward Bound;" and if I were criticising instead of recording, I might be induced to question whether it is fair for an artist, endowed with powers like his, so to wring our hearts, as he does, by the perpetuation of such a scene as this, of the young shipwrecked girl lashed to a spar floating, with a starving dog clinging to her, away upon the wide world of waters.

A contrast to this picture was offered in the very noble canvas of "Argus"



THE KING DRINKS.

—a most happy combination of classic lore and animal painting. Induced, no doubt, by the success attending his efforts in the region of ancient literature, the painter next caught a suggestion from Euripides. In 1874 "Apollo" became one of *the* pictures at the Royal Academy, and admirably adapted was the situation selected for exhibiting the cunning of our artist's hand. Very apt, too, were the lines from "Alcestis" taken for the catalogue description, and in reprinting them we shall convey perhaps the best idea of the picture possible where space is limited:—

"Apollo's self

Deigned to become a shepherd in thine halls

And tune his lays along the woodland slopes;

Whereat entranced the spotted lynxes came



"A STERN CHASE IS ALWAYS A LONG CHASE."

(By kind Permission of Messrs. Agnew and Sons.)

To mingle with thy flocks; from Othry's glen
Trooped tawny lions; e'en the dappled fawn
Forth from the shelter of her pinewood haunts
Tripped, to the music of the sun-god's lyre."

The sleeping lioness at the mouth of her cave, under the name of "Genius Loci," was the second canvas of that year. Alternating his mood once more to modern tragedy and everyday life, the limner in 1875 gave us "War Time," "The Last of the Garrison," and a portrait, "E. Mansel Lewis, Esq." (life-size, with horse and dogs upon the sea-shore), familiar doubtless in the memory of most observers of art progress. The first of these three took a medal at Philadelphia.

The very humorous picture which we reproduce, of "A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase," was one of the most striking of Briton Riviere's works in 1876, and it came in charming opposition to the second of the same year, "Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs." "A Legend of St. Patrick" spoke for itself, and in 1877 added another commentary on the versatility of the artist's mind. "Lazarus," exhibited the same season, was a further mark reached by our subject, whose fortunes were borne onwards by the rising tide, and lifted him into his Associateship (in 1878), from which he was speedily raised to the full academic honours.

Animal painting will ever claim in this country a high regard from all classes. The Englishman's love for dumb creatures (as, in our arrogance, we are pleased

to call them) is certain in itself to secure a fair field for the artist who makes them his study; and we may assuredly congratulate ourselves that, conspicuous in the front rank of the able and talented successors to the honoured—I had almost written deeply revered—position held by Sir Edwin Landseer, we can number so entirely original a genius as Briton Riviere. Each mood of mind to which he gives expression tells how capable he is, for it would be difficult to say in which he shows at his best; and, whether we see him dealing with such subjects as “An Anxious Moment,” “Sympathy,” “Victims,” “The Poacher’s Widow,” or “In Manus Tuas, Domine,” we discover him to be equally at home. In Briton Riviere one is struck instantly by the inestimable price to a painter of high culture and a wide and liberal education. By their means his natural gifts are increased a thousand-fold in value, and his mind stored with poetic and classic memories and associations.

Briton Riviere’s scholarly attainments tell with marked effect in the practice of his profession. But for them his genius could scarcely have been developed to its full capabilities; and though, no doubt, he would always have made his mark as an artist no matter what his early surroundings had been, it is surely quite clear that to the cultivation of his mind is due, in great part, the completeness and refinement which, amongst other qualities, especially distinguish his work. Who shall say how much more elevated and noble might not be the English school of painting were a university education (or something approaching it) considered as indispensably requisite to fit a painter for his career as it is for those who follow medicine, law, or divinity?

W. W. FENN.



SYMPATHY.



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

(In the Possession of Thomas Faed, R.A.)

ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.



THE early days of Mr. Erskine Nicol form a striking example of the overwhelming influence which a deep-seated and sincere instinct or love for art has on the character. The story of his youth shows how, when the divine fire is inborn, it is impossible to quench it, and how, in spite of every obstacle and all opposition, it is sure to assert itself in the end. Our present subject's success illustrates in a remarkable degree the fact that the spark once kindled will maintain its glow in the face of the most chilling and damping circumstances, that the fire is still there in all its intensity, although it may be hidden from the sight of the world, and that it will finally leap up into a bright burning flame under the influence of the favourable breeze which is certain to blow sooner or later.

Erskine Nicol was born in Scotland, at Leith, in 1825, and displayed, from

childhood, a predilection and aptitude for drawing; and he admits that he lost no opportunity as he grew up for indulging his favourite pursuit, even at the sacrifice of all other studies. Remembering that fifty years ago the career of an artist was looked upon as one of the most precarious a young man could adopt, we are not surprised to hear that his father did all he could to discourage his boy's enthusiasm for the all-absorbing pursuit. When it is also remembered that the elder Nicol's means rendered it necessary for the younger to set about earning his own living as soon as possible, we shall find no difficulty in understanding the opposition that was made by his parents to the lad's wishes, and in excusing a certain blindness to the fair promise doubtless given by his earliest efforts.



Yours truly
Erskine Nicol

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle.)

He was not to be put off from his love, however; and, as a compromise, he was at length apprenticed to a decorative painter, only quitting this partially congenial occupation as he gradually found means of earning something by his pencil. A pretty just idea can be formed of the precocity of his talent, and his general determination and independence of character, from the fact that he managed to get admitted a student of the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, then under the sway of Sir William Allan and Thomas Duncan, before he had completed his thirteenth year.

About the age of twenty, young Erskine Nicol went to Dublin, where he remained some four years; and then it was that, during his rural rambles, he formed that acquaintance with Ireland and the Irish which led him to adopt the life and character of the country as his principal study. It was in the year 1851, after his return to Edinburgh, that he first made an impression on the public by exhibiting, in the Royal Scottish Academy, six subjects illustrative more or less of Hibernian individuality, especially from its humorous and laughter-loving side. Settling down in what may be called his native city, he became a constant exhibitor, success following success at such a pace that he was soon elected Associate, and ultimately a full member, of the august body that regulates the destinies of art in the northern capital.

True to the instincts of his countrymen, he was not long ere he found his way to London; and, from the year 1863, he has seldom or never failed to be represented upon the walls of Trafalgar Square and Burlington House, the ever-increasing merit of his work leading, in the year 1866, to his election to an Associateship in the Royal Academy.

Such art as Mr. Nicol's can never fail to be highly popular; the keen incisive observation of character which it displays will unceasingly appeal to a very large audience, and when, as in his case, it is combined with high artistic qualities, the discriminating few, equally with the less thoughtful many, are ready to render homage. If any proof were needed, it can be found in the eagerness to possess engravings from his pictures which is shown by the same class of collectors who, not in a position to acquire the pictures themselves, gather together and highly prize the replicas in black and white of the works of such masters as Wilkie and Webster. What these latter have done in the way of portraying the homely, familiar, every-day side of British life, Mr. Nicol does for the Irish; whilst in giving every phase of humour, from the quiet, puzzled expression of the countryman "Among the Old Masters," down to the racy fun and boisterous mirth of a Donnybrook Fair, he is not to be excelled. As examples; we may quote "Both Puzzled," "Steady Johnnie, Steady," "Always Tell the Truth," "The Sabbath Day," and "Looking Out for a Safe Investment," as being amongst the most popular of the very numerous engravings "after Erskine Nicol."

There is no need to go much further back than 1869 in order to recall to the reader's memory the steady progress of the artist in the estimation of the critical public. Besides the pictures just mentioned, and that of which we are fortunate enough to be enabled to give an engraving, the following will readily be remembered as specimens of his prowess:—"Did it Pout with its Bessie?" "The Hope of the Family," "The Renewal of Lease Refused," "Waiting for the Train," "A Deputation," "Missed It," "Paying the Rint," "A Country Booking-office," "A China Merchant," "The Cross Roads"—all notable pictures;



UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.

(In the possession of Mr. R. G. Cooper.)

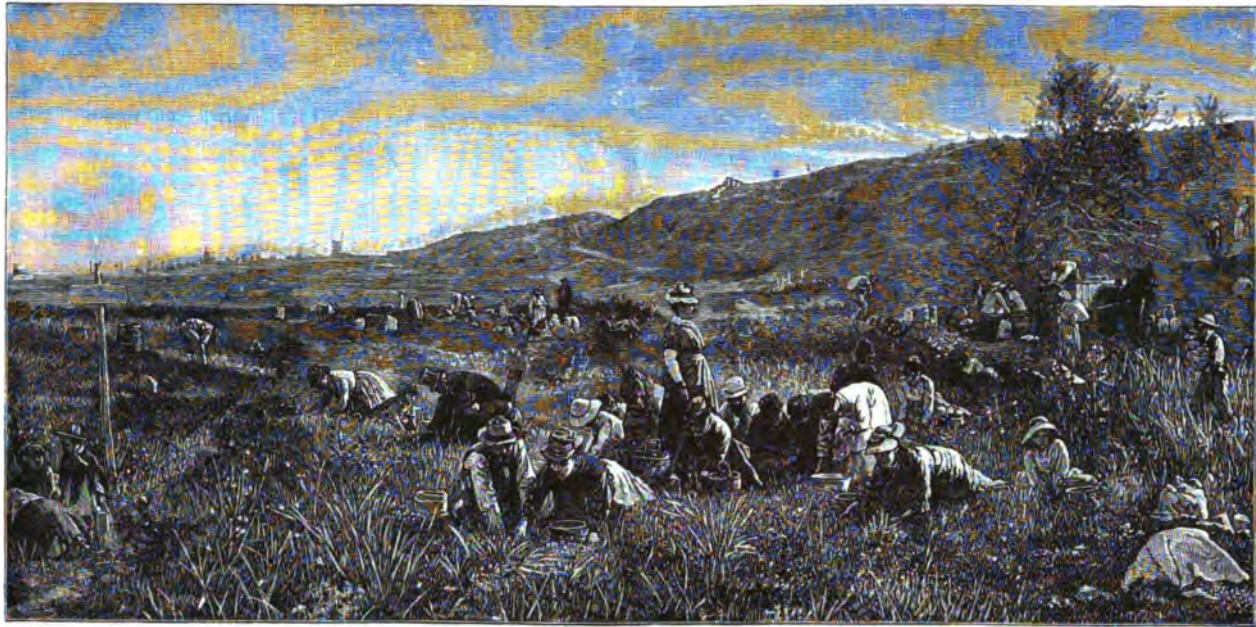
"The Disputed Boundary," exhibited in 1869; "The Fisher's Knot," in 1871; "Pro Bono Publico" and "Past Work," in 1873; "The New Vintage," in 1875; "A Storm at Sea," in 1876; "His Legal Adviser," in 1877; "Under a Cloud," "The Missing Boat," and "The Lonely Tenant of the Glen," in 1878; and in 1879, "Interviewing the Member."

One can readily imagine, from the subjects which he has made his own, and the thorough way in which he has understood and thrown himself into the spirit and character of the Irish people, that the experiences of Mr. Nicol during his long acquaintance with the Emerald Isle must have given him a store of anecdote, almost unequalled, perhaps, for its peculiar fun by any that may have been laid up by other explorers of the highways and byways of "ould Ireland." Very enviable would it be, we take it, to hear him recount the stories and sayings of his models; for it is clear that, making them speak to us, as he all but does, from his canvas, he must have a peculiar faculty for drawing them out, if it were only for the purpose of creating the especial expression which he requires at the moment.

W. W. FENN.



INTERVIEWING THE MEMBER.



CRANBERRY-PICKING.

EASTMAN JOHNSON.



EASTMAN JOHNSON, the painter of "Cranberry-Picking" and the "Confab," was born in the village of Friburg, in the State of Maine, about fifty-five years ago. While he was yet a boy his father removed to Washington. If at that time there was any large American town less qualified than most to inspire a youth with a turn for art, that town was Washington. It was therefore in spite of early influences that Mr. Johnson, while a mere youth, yearned to find artistic expression for his thoughts. Beginning with the pencil, and carefully copying objects which interested him, or studying engravings in picture-books, he acquired the rudiments of his profession. Accident made him acquainted with the uses of pastel or coloured chalk. Not only do the portraits that he made at this time indicate mastery over his materials; they also show the grasp of character which has distinguished his subsequent efforts. It is to be regretted that his devotion to oils has kept the public in ignorance of his early success with pastel. Crayon and charcoal continue, however, to be favourite media with him.

But the time came when Mr. Johnson concluded that it would be better to go at once to Europe. In the study of the masters of the past, or in the *ateliers* of the modern leaders of art, he could best obtain the necessary equipment

for his chosen pursuit. He remained abroad over six years. Visiting Rome, Munich, Paris, London, and other art-centres, he finally settled at Düsseldorf, at that time far more important as a school of art than it now is.



Eastman Johnson

After two years at Düsseldorf he visited the Netherlands. When he arrived at the Hague, it was with the intention of remaining only a few weeks; but he was so enchanted by the works of the Dutch masters which enrich the capital of Holland that he tarried there four years. This interval was well spent in making

admirable copies of Rembrandt and some of his contemporaries. In the better portraits of Mr. Johnson there is a depth, a richness of *chiaroscuro*, a mysterious suggestiveness, which perhaps are due in part to the careful study he gave to the works of that great painter: as interwoven with the originality of Tennyson they sometimes suggest to us Theocritus. While at the Hague he also produced a number of spirited pictures like "The Card-Players" and "The Wandering Fiddler"—scenes taken from the picturesque *genre* effects of that quaint old country. Tarrying at Paris for a short time after leaving the Hague, he returned to America, after an absence of nearly seven years. At first he settled in Washington, and the results of matured study were soon evident in a remarkable composition entitled "The Old Kentucky Home." No more characteristic picture has ever proceeded from an American easel. In later work the artist may have surpassed it in technical excellence; but he has scarcely produced one which more happily combines artistic success and popular attractiveness.

The scene—a mansion on a Southern plantation—is one familiar to the times before the Civil War. We see before us a piazza and yard, the former shaded by lofty foliage, but somewhat rusty and dilapidated as many such houses had become even during the palmy days of slavery. About the piazza, or in the vine-hung windows above, ladies and gentlemen are lounging, in the idle gossip of a languid summer's day. The yard and shrubbery, populated with negroes, babies, dogs, and fowls, present a picturesque scene. The marvellous fidelity of the details, as conveying a typical representation of plantation life, gave immediate popularity to the picture. It was lithographed, and soon decorated cottage walls all over the country. From comparative obscurity Mr. Johnson immediately sprang to a prominent position in American art, a position he has ever since maintained. The picture which won him recognition from the National Academy, of which he was elected member in 1860, was one of his contributions to the Exposition Universelle of 1867. Encouraged by its reception, he removed his studio to New York, where he has ever since resided, and where he has turned his attention alternately to *genre*, portrait-painting, and wholly ideal compositions. A good example of the last is his "Consuelo," a portrait of the heroine of George Sand's famous romance. Another example of what is sometimes rather absurdly called high art is his picture of Milton dictating to his daughters. This very effective composition is remarkable for the accidental resemblance which Munkacsy's well-known picture bears to it in several particulars, especially in the pose of the blind bard.

Mr. Johnson's talents have found such adequate expression in portraiture that at present he occupies in this department a rank scarcely rivalled by any living American painter. Be his subject man, woman, or child, it is rendered with a blending of delicacy and strength not often found combined. In the painting of



THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY.

flesh he is especially happy. Some artists excel in the high colour and coarser texture of masculine features; others in the ethereal tints or tender complexion of feminine loveliness. Mr. Johnson is excellent in both. His work is remarkable alike for firmness of handling and refinement of colour and texture. It is, however, in his portraits of children that his ability in portrait-painting appears to me to be most original. Entering fully into sympathy with the innocent beauty of childhood, he represents it with a freshness and poetic truth that would alone suffice to give him a prominent place in his profession. I shall add that it is in his portraits that the technical excellences and defects of his style are best analysed and criticised. He paints with a full brush and great solidity, but at the same time with none of the coarseness that suggests rather paint than texture. His eye for colour is correct, and he is especially happy in brilliant effects, which he mellows by an agreeable modulation of grey tints. Light and shade, if not distinguishing characteristics of his work, are satisfactorily rendered. His shadows are sometimes conventional and not strictly true to nature; and his drawing is liable to the imputation of uncertainty and fluffiness, due in part to his working so long without a master, but more to the fact that his talent is one for colour and the study of character. In composing and painting

he holds a golden mean between those who insist on a Denner-like reproduction of every detail, and those who sacrifice every detail for the sake of the bare suggestion of a single central idea or emotion. In looking at his pictures we are not disturbed by such minute rendering as diverts the attention from the subject to the painstaking cleverness of the artist, nor on the other hand is the imagination too severely taxed to grasp the *motif* in view.

But the field in which Mr. Johnson has done his best work is *genre*. It is to this that he owes his popularity. In the representation of folk-life and child-life he has earned a right to permanent distinction. Hitherto most of the abler American painters have inclined to portraiture, while some have become known for meritorious and original landscape. American historical painting, however, has been, with a few exceptions, of a very inferior order; and until recently those who devoted themselves to *genre* have been few and generally of little importance. This fact has tended to give an increased brilliance to the paintings of William Mount, an artist of a genius resembling that of Teniers or



THE REPRIMAND.

Wilkie. I have already described one of Mr. Johnson's *genre* paintings, "The Old Kentucky Home." Another notable composition by him, quite opposite in character and beautifully treated, is the charming cabinet picture called the "Confab." A little boy and girl six or seven years old are having an innocent little chat in a hay-mow; that is, they are resting from their romp on a beam in a barn, and enjoying an infantile flirtation. It is an idyll of childhood. The "Stage Coach," another well-known Johnson, is probably the most elaborate drama of child-life that he has executed, and one of the largest.

"Cranberry-Picking," which we engrave, is a reminiscence of Nantucket. This island is settled mainly by three families, a circumstance that often occurs with slight variation in New England districts near the coast. The population of Essex, for example, is largely composed of Choates, Storys, and Burnhams. At Nantucket the leading clans or families are Macys, Folgers, and Coffins, these last the descendants of Admiral Tristram Coffin. For many years one of three great whaling ports of the United States, Nantucket was rich in wealth and in traditions of the sea. The traditions remain, the wealth, however, has gone with those that accumulated it, and the once thriving port is now a waste of decaying wharves and crumbling mansions. But Nantucket is gradually becoming a sanitary resort on account of the mildness of the climate, while its scenery, its traditions, and the quaint seafaring character of its people offer unusual attractions to the artist. Mr. Johnson was one of the first to discover these advantages. He purchased a cottage near the town, in which to pass the summer and autumn months. The ocean is only a little way from his house, and his studio, once an old barn, is close at hand. Among the many subjects which he has painted at Nantucket none is more characteristic or more agreeable than his "Cranberry-Picking." The cranberry of the United States is nearly the size of a cherry; it grows in marshes and peat-lands; and is allied to the *Oxycoccus palustris* of Europe. It is greatly valued in America as a sauce, having a pleasant tartness; the time of gathering it is in autumn, and, like hop-picking in England, the business is made the occasion of much mirth and love-making. In his picture the artist has admirably represented this familiar scene. The colour is rich and harmonious, and the landscape is suffused by the mild glow of an autumnal afternoon.

His "Husking," like his "Cranberry-Picking," was suggested by the homely every-day life of the country-folk, and is qualified both by treatment and subject to win the applause of the connoisseur and the heart of the people. It was exhibited in Paris in 1878. In tone and colour and in the acute perception of rural human nature it loses nothing by comparison with the work of Jules Breton. "A Glass with the Squire" is another happy illustration of his facility in analysing character. A venerable country gentleman, probably the justice

of the village, is offering a friendly, half-patronising glass of wine to a farmer, perhaps one of his clients. The accessories, such as the old mahogany side-board and the carved mantel, are suggested by what one may still find in the long-settled villages of New England or Virginia. "The Reprimand" is an excellent companion piece, representing a scene in the universal drama; it possesses certain features peculiar to a New England country house of the olden time. Not less graphic and vigorous is the artist's representation of the characteristics of a New England Sabbath morning, after breakfast and before meeting.

It is evident from this survey of Mr. Johnson's art-life that his position among American artists must necessarily be prominent and influential; for with his artistic qualities he has a fund of strong common-sense and a Yankee shrewdness that render him an excellent manager and adviser. His name appears, therefore, on almost every art committee of importance, and his judgment is greatly valued. Not only is he a member of the National Academy, he is also a member of the Society of American Artists, which was established with the avowed purpose of rivalling the Academy. His work is to be seen at the exhibitions of both societies, and he is claimed by the followers of both schools. The Academicians call him theirs, because, although he studied long abroad, he has imported the style of no foreign artist, and because, too, he has been content to look for subjects at home, thus showing himself wholly in sympathy with the attractions of his own land. These qualities have not been characteristic of the work of the new school of American artists, who, while showing ability and enterprise, have purposely imported the styles of Bonnat, Gérôme, Daubigny, Corot, or Manet, together with a selection of subjects entirely foreign, and therefore imitative. Evidences are accumulating, however, which show that some of them are endeavouring to give expression to their own individuality, and rescue their identity from the subservience in which it has been merged. They in turn lay claim to Eastman Johnson as one of their number, because his style (a quality they estimate above matter), while wholly his own, suggests the technicalities of the modern continental masters. Thus justified and applauded, he may fairly be described as a representative American.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



*In truthfully
J. C. Hook.*

(From a Portrait by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

JAMES CLARKE HOOK. R.A.



ARTIST, farmer, and fisherman—these three words describe the subject of this sketch.

A public cultivated enough to recognise the honesty, intensity, and thoroughness of Mr. Hook's work with his brush will not need to be told that the same qualities are displayed by him in every other pursuit of his life. It will readily credit him with being able to guide a plough, wield flail, axe, sickle or scythe, haul on to a rope, shoot a net, take a turn at the tiller, or pull an oar, much as if his duties in life had led him to do these things and nothing else. That he is a good seaman, and knows all about fish, whether

from the fresh or salt water, as well as how to catch them, there can be no doubt. A man who paints fish, flesh, and fowl, earth, sea, and sky, as he does, must be naturalist, botanist, geologist, sailor, and much beside. Touching farther upon the practical side of his character, one might guess that he would be a competent architect, engineer, shipwright, and carpenter, and that there is scarcely a tool belonging to any handicraft, of the trick of which he has not an inkling. There is evidence of all these facts in what he paints, and in the way he paints. The poetic element of his nature is shown, too, by his intense appreciation of the open, and the humanity which he puts into his vivid presentments of the rough and honest folk who live and breathe upon his canvases. They are no mere studio models, they are the people themselves.

It is needless to say that a triumph of power like this has not been the creation of a day, for as far back as the year 1839 we find Mr. Hook's name in the Academy catalogue. Unlike many lads with a natural bent towards art, he met with no opposition from his relatives in his choice of a career, although none of them in any way had shown a like predilection. His mother was the second daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, the Biblical commentator, and his father—a member of a Northumbrian family—was one of the judges of the Mixed Commission Court of Sierra Leone. He, being a man of refined taste, encouraged his son to cultivate the marked love he had for drawing, and when



HOME WITH THE TIDE.

young Hook left the North Islington Proprietary School, he studied at the British Museum until he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy in 1836.

Then only seventeen (for he was born in London, November 21, 1819), he made such good use of his natural powers and of the curriculum of the Academy, that he succeeded in carrying off most of its medals and prizes. After exhibiting his first picture, "The Hard Task," in 1839, he did not appear again in the catalogue until 1842, when, besides winning the first medals in the life and painting schools, he exhibited a portrait. The series



"JOLLY AS A SAND-BOY."

of Italian pictures, by which he gained his early honours, was commenced in 1844, with a subject from the "Decameron;" and in 1845 he won the gold medal of the Academy for the best original historical picture, the theme given being the "Finding of the Body of Harold." By his "Rizpah Watching the Bodies of the Sons of Saul" he secured the travelling studentship, and in 1846 went to Italy.

Sunlight and colour, with their reflex, which he found upon the canvases of the mighty masters of the Venetian school, from Carpaccio to Titian, thenceforth gradually developed the fruit of the young painter's genius, and led to that perfect ripening of it which we see at the present day. Venice became the background, and, as it might be said, the backbone of the work he now produced. We had in succession, from 1847 to 1853, amongst many others, "Bassanio Commenting on the Caskets," "The Chevalier Bayard Wounded at Brescia," and "The Defeat of Shylock."



CRABBERS.

As he was elected an Associate in 1850, no doubt could exist that the travelling studentship had been bestowed upon the right man, notwithstanding that his Italian pictures, admirable as they were, failed to establish him at his proper value in the eye of the general public. It was not until 1854 that Mr. Hook struck into the path which was to lead him to fame. That year saw the first of what may be called his English pastorals, and in "A Rest



FROM UNDER THE SEA.

by the Wayside" all the world recognised the stamp of original genius. Not quite abandoning yet, however, the sort of theme which he had hitherto treated, the artist gave us, in 1855, in conjunction with the "Birth-place of the Streamlet," a picture entitled "The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses," the last, probably, he painted with his old feeling. Such titles as "The Bramble in the Way," "A Passing Cloud," "Welcome, Bonny Boat!" are sufficient to record how, in 1856, he devoted all his energies to his newly-found line.

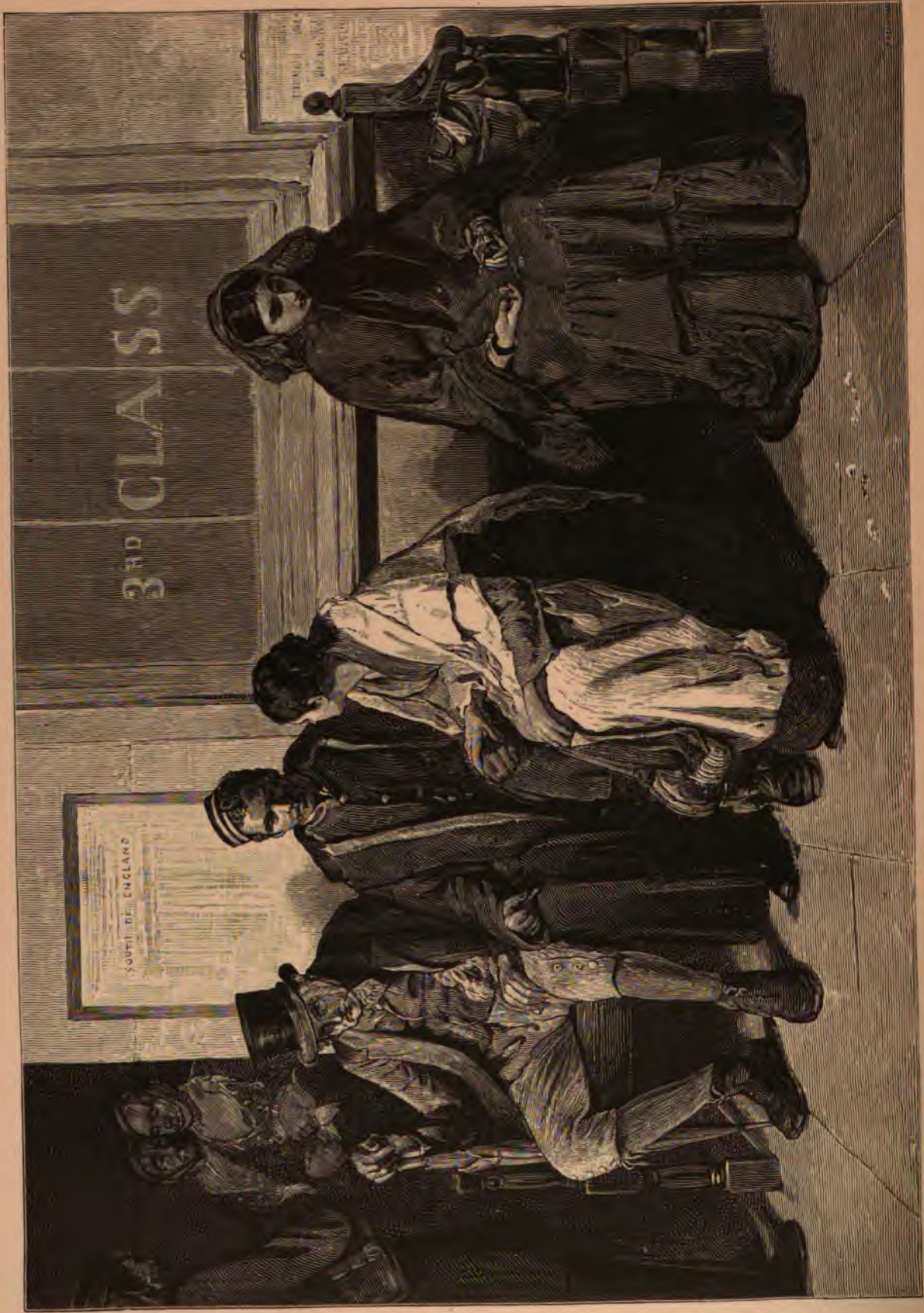
How much more fully this was developed the following year, any one will recognise who can remember that most pathetic work, "A Widow's Son Going to Sea," and the graphic representation of a

group of Clovelly fisher-folk, men, women, and children, looking out to sea, and called "A Signal on the Horizon." These two coast subjects found their proper context in the inland scene of the "Ship-boy's Letter," where John Dibble listens, as he is hedging and ditching, to his wife's reading of the missive just received from the walking postman. "The Coast Boy Gathering Eggs" was the next great hit of our painter; and it is doubtful if, in many respects, he has ever surpassed his triumph of 1858. Few who have regard to these matters can forget the lad suspended by a rope over the face of one of the most precipitous of the Lundy Island cliffs. They will recall how, hanging in mid-air, in a fashion

that makes one's blood creep, his naked feet seeming to be feeling for a foothold, he gathers his spoil into a net, which he holds at the end of a pole. The scared and angry gulls, that "wing the mid-way air," swoop with wide-spread pinions around him, whilst at a giddy depth below lies the sea, with its fringe of foam sluicing against the cliff's base. In 1859, "Luff, Boy!" came, the picture which evoked from Mr. Ruskin, in the "Academy Notes" that he then published annually, the words, "Thank you, heartily, Mr. Hook!" "The River," one of his most suggestive and beautiful inland subjects, the "Skipper Ashore," and "A Cornish Gift" were also of that same season. The following year the full honours of the Academy were conferred on our painter, who immediately more than justified his election by "Whose Bread is on the Waters," "Oh, well for the Sailor Lad!" and "Stand Clear."

It is impossible in this limited space to comment on a tenth part of the productions of Mr. Hook's prolific brush. To name them, even, would occupy columns; but it may be said that every one showed that he was advancing on the road he had chosen. A few milestones, however, must be noted in his wanderings through Devon and Cornwall to Scilly, such as "Compassed by the Inviolable Sea," "The Trawlers," and "From Under the Sea." Brittany for the next two years became the land of the painter's love, and his increasing power was shown in "Breton Fishermen's Wives," "The Mackerel Take," and "The Sardine Fleet." Harking north after this, he produced "The Herring Fishery," on the coast of Banff, and the incidents belonging thereto, such as "Fishers Clearing their Nets" and "Mother Carey's Chickens." "The Lobster Catcher," "The Morning After a Gale," and a host of other sea and landscape subjects, including "A Cowherd's Mischief," and "Cottagers making Cider," impossible to catalogue here, bring us to 1870, when Holland opened up fresh ground for our indefatigable artist. "Fish from the Doggerbank" and "Brimming Holland" are among the most noteworthy canvases of this period. Then a trip to Norway resulted in many new, vigorous, and characteristic pictures, shown in 1871; 1872 brought us back to our own land, and he painted, amongst others, "Gold from the Sea," and "Jolly as a Sand-boy," one of the subjects engraved for this article.

W. W. FENN.



LEAVING HOME.



Frank Holl

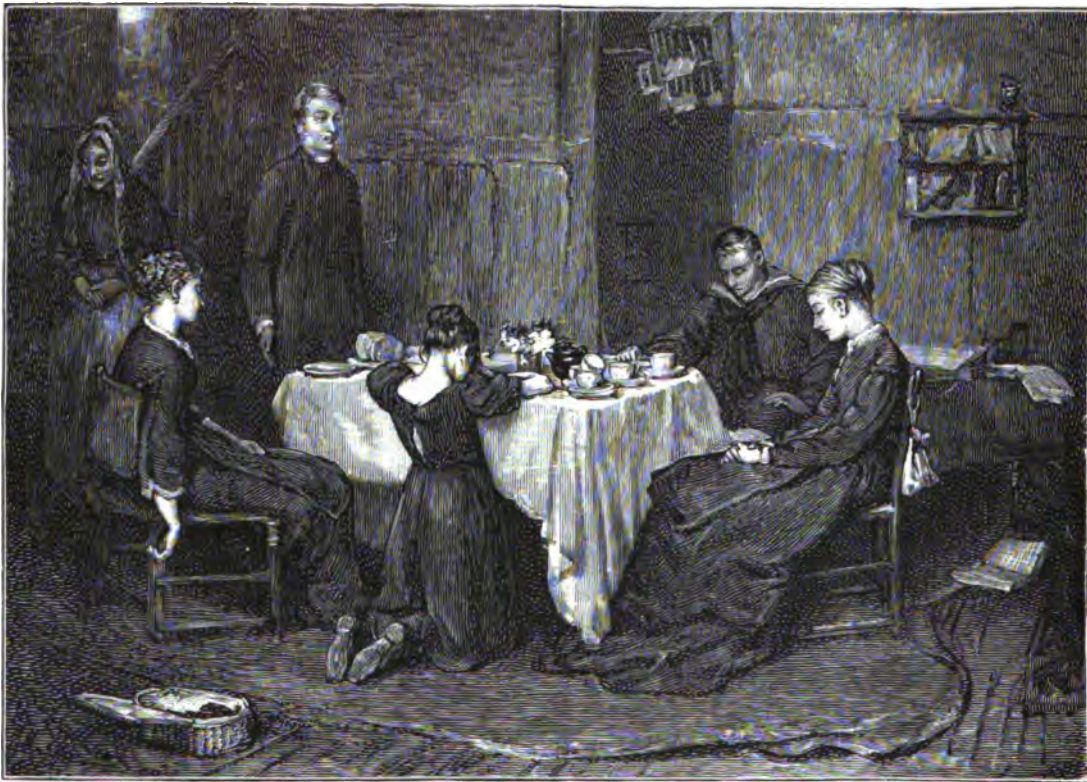
FRANK HOLL, R.A.



THE GIFT OF THE PAIRIES.

SELDOM has swifter or smoother progress to distinction fallen to the lot of any painter than that which Mr. Frank Holl's career shows us. Born in the year 1845, at St. James's Terrace, Kentish Town, he received from his father, an engraver, his first training in art. At the early age of fifteen he entered the schools of the Royal Academy as a student. And from the day, two years later, when he gained his first distinction—a premium and the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique—to the year 1878, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and to the year 1883, when

he was elected to full membership, his advance has been steady, from success to success. In 1863 he received the gold medal and a scholarship of £25 for two years, for the best historical painting; "Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac" was the subject. In 1864, when but nineteen, he exhibited his first Academy picture, "Turned out of Church." This was followed in 1865 by "Fern Gatherers," in 1866 by "The Ordeal," and in 1867 by "The Convalescent." In 1869, for the picture which forms the subject of one of our engravings—"The Lord Gave,



"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY."

and the Lord hath Taken Away"—Mr. Frank Holl obtained from the Academy the two years' travelling studentship for painting.

His stay in Italy was, however, short on this occasion; he resigned his claim on the Academy and returned to England, not considering himself sufficiently forward to take full advantage of the opportunity of studying the great masters. He had also formed the intention, fulfilled in all his later work, of avoiding the conventionalities into which an artist must fall who sets himself to paint a life and customs and manners with which he is not familiar and not in sympathy. There is no doubt, in the work of English artists abroad, a large amount of the routine picturesque with which we could well dispense;



NEWGATE: COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

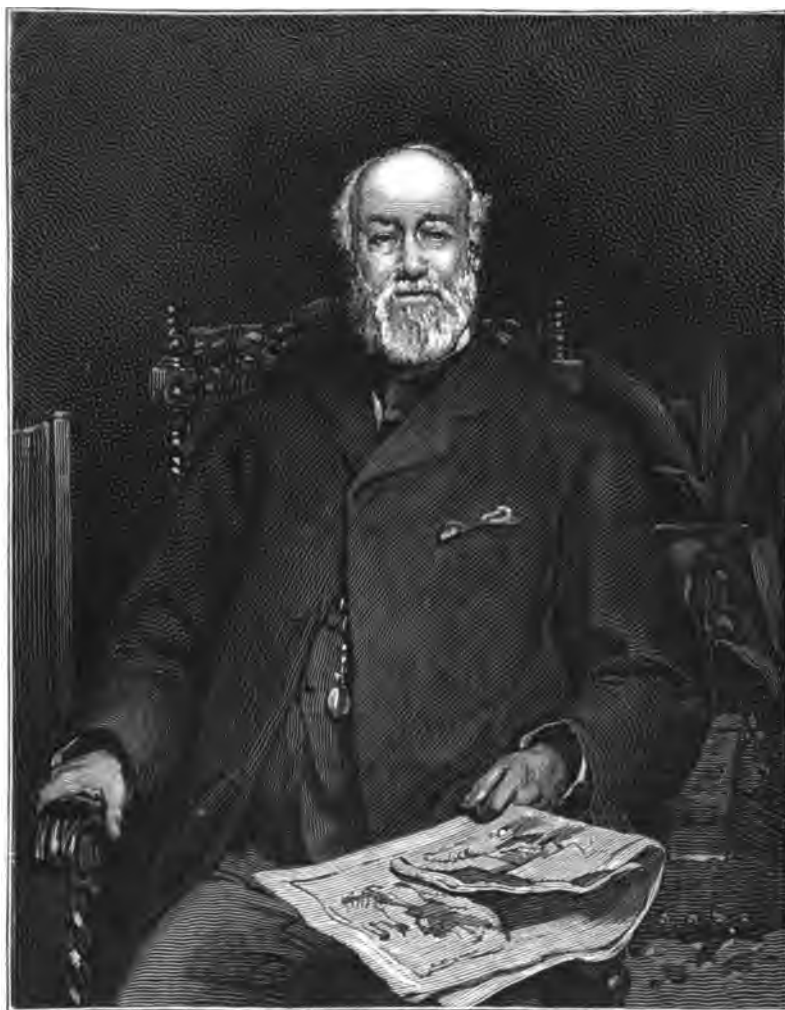
Mr. Holl believed that greater originality, honesty, and interest would be found in an English painter's pictures of England, especially when his heart is altogether in his own country. Another reason for this choice, in his earlier years, of nature rather than of even the finest art for his example, was his desire to escape conventionality in manner as well as in subject. A judgment not entirely matured is apt to take for granted, in a somewhat unintelligent manner, the merits of famous works; a style is thus formed which is imitative without being fully appreciative, and the result is mannerism. After close, unrelaxed, and watchful study of nature, the artist is able—as Mr. Holl found in later years—to enter far more fully into the true beauties of the great pictures, to understand them through nature, and to love them for their fidelity to her. His enjoyment of the galleries is much increased, and at the same time he is not entrapped into a habit of merely copying, thus preserving his individuality. But if Mr. Holl gained little from the travelling studentship, he had much to recompense him in the benefits he otherwise derived from the painting of “The Lord Gave, and the Lord hath Taken Away.” This was his introduction to the outside world, the sure foundation-stone of an extended reputation. When the Queen visited the Academy it attracted her attention so favourably, that on learning she could not be the possessor of it—it was already sold—Her Majesty gave the artist a commission for another work.

From this time dates Mr. Holl's triumph; he is confirmed in his peculiar and distinctive choice of subjects, and his manner of painting assumes its own assured character. “No Tidings from the Sea”—the picture painted for the Queen, and representing the wife of a seaman in suspense during a storm in which her husband is out—appeared in 1871; “The Village Funeral” in 1872; “A Seat in a Railway Station” in 1873; “Deserted” in 1874; “Her First-Born” in 1876; “Going Home” in 1877. At Mr. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in 1877, “Gone!”—a scene of great dramatic power—caused no slight sensation. The melancholy of most of Mr. Holl's other works had *touched* the public sympathies; the vivid force of this picture *stirred* them. Mr. Tom Taylor wrote an accompanying description of the picture, which represented the common but tragic incident of the emigration of a father, husband, or brother in search of the possibilities of living, while the women are left to bear the “long anguish of patience” in the overcrowded English town at home. Mr. Holl's scene is laid on the platform of a station; the train is disappearing; the forlorn little group is giving way to unconscious if undemonstrative sorrow. Nothing is falsified, nothing even idealised, nor is any sordid detail omitted or glossed over; the artist has simply used his power to make us understand something of those emotions of the poor which are too often overlooked in actual life.



WIDOWED

Another passage of lowly life appeared at about the same time; it was entitled "Want: Her Poverty but not Her Will Consents," and showed what pathetic poetry may be found in the most unpromising of all localities—a pawnbroker's shop. A young wife and mother has come to the counter, for



CAPTAIN HILL.

her child's sake, to pledge her wedding-ring, the sign of her humble dignities, the memorial of her own day of hope, and love, and confidence. The woman's action is thoughtful, collected, and resigned; near her feet lies the proof of an equally significant sacrifice—a Bible which some fellow-sufferer in want has left behind. In 1878 Mr. Holl commanded still more general attention by his great picture of prison life, "Newgate: Committed for Trial." The subject was one which Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have regarded as most especially dramatic and pictorial; it may be, however, that this great artist knew his own

smooth completeness of manner to be ill suited to the rude tragedy of such a scene.

In 1879 Mr. Holl painted not only well but much. Five of his works were hung at the Academy, two of these marking an era in his artistic career, and assuring him what his brother painters, at any rate, will agree with us in considering his greatest triumph. With the exception of a head painted the year before, no portrait appeared from his brush until this "Signor Piatti" and this more memorable "Mr. Samuel Cousins," which were, however, shortly followed by the portraits of Captain Hill and of half a hundred others. In attacking portraiture the artist seemed to develop powers yet latent; in the head of the venerable engraver he produced indeed what all must acknowledge as vital work; technically it was a masterpiece of handling. With real pleasure, with renewed hope and confidence, do we find our foremost artists—those who are young and who, under the influence of foreign schools of to-day as well as of the past, are setting free and developing the hitherto somewhat insulated English capacity—turning their powers to the worthy work of portraiture. It was in portraiture that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the noble little group of our great eighteenth century laboured to the admiration of all time; and it was in portraiture that the elder masters of races kindred to our own excelled. But from the most intellectual it had of late years—save for the redeeming work of a few eminent names—sunk among us to the least intelligent branch of the art. A Royal Academy portrait was generally a vulgar enough production. The public ceased to be interested in what was so uninteresting; and, as technical knowledge declined, subject became the one essential thing in the eyes of the many. Subject is undoubtedly important, and Mr. Holl has told many a story, and told it well; but gifted as he has proved himself to be with the sympathetic intellect of a fine portrait-painter, he will do no work more valuable than portraiture, which may be all the more valuable for his achievements in expression and action.

Mr. Holl is young enough to be congratulated on his present as well as on his past progress. The advance in the quality of his work is rapid without faltering. He began from the right beginning, as a painter who was above all things careful, and his present roughness and mastery have been legitimately arrived at; he has secured the voices of his fellow-artists by his honest work, as well as the interest of the public by his pathetic subjects.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



THE POOR AT MEAT.

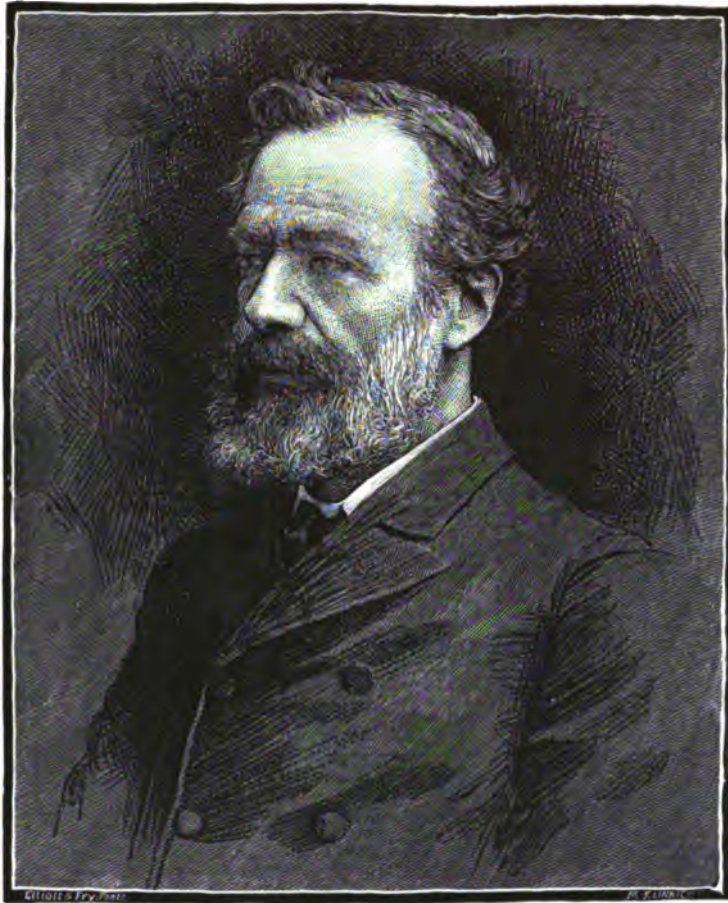
(In the Collection of G. Howard Esq., M.P.)

PROFESSOR LEGROS



HE Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London, cannot be said to have received no recognition in the land of his adoption, nor to be without honour in his own country. Welcomed with due respect by his peers, the representatives of serious art in England, honoured by such men as the P.R.A. and Mr. Watts among artists, by such enlightened amateurs as Prince Leopold, Mr. George Howard, and Mr. Ionides, by such etchers as Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hamerton, twice the winner of the gold medal of the Salon, with pictures in the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge, in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, on the line at the Luxembourg, and in other public galleries on the Continent, he has

achieved a professional reputation such as few men of five-and-forty can boast. But notwithstanding all this, he is comparatively unknown outside the circle of his scholastic labours and the few who make a serious study of art. Of the several



*Bien à Vous,
A. Legros*

reasons for his want of popularity one will be at present sufficient. The public expects artists to go half-way to meet it, and Professor Legros will not move an inch.

Nature and circumstance have combined to develop him into a serious and strong personality. He was born at Dijon in 1837, and came to Paris in 1851. In 1857 he exhibited at the Salon a portrait of his father which won him friends,

amongst whom were Baudelaire, Gambetta, and Champfleury. In 1859 he exhibited an "Angelus," in 1861 an "Ex-Voto," in 1863 a "Mass of the Dead." Despite his friends, and his skill in drawing, painting, etching, and lithography, and despite incessant labour, his struggle for existence was a hard one; and in 1863 he sought a fairer opening in England, where he has since resided. As a man he is self-made, as an artist self-directed. No individual can be said to have been his master; he does not belong to any school, unless there be such a thing as a "serious" school. He is the pupil, mainly, of the dead, and it would be difficult to exhaust the list of those Old Masters who have truly been masters to him. Some moderns—as Corot, Rousseau, and Millet—have indeed affected him strongly, but in sentiment rather than design; and his individuality, nourished from many sources, has grown true to its inward impulse. It would be more accurate to say impulses, for from the first Legros' delight in the cultivation and exercise of his artistic faculty, and his desire to express an unusually profound sense of the solemnity of human existence, were separate forces. Some such duality is inseparable from the life of the true artist. The thing to be said and the manner of saying it engage his energies; but in the case of Legros they may be said also to divide them. Both are to him sufficient ends in themselves, so that it is never safe to predicate whether his next work will be academic or humanist. Millet was Millet, and Corot Corot, always; but Legros is sometimes Legros and sometimes the Professor.

His work of either kind should always receive respect, because it is always serious, accomplished, and sincere, whether as art or utterance. He neither plays with his tools nor trifles with his subjects, and if his faces never smile, his lines never stray. Though gravity deepening into austerity be a chief characteristic of his work, there is always a man behind it, and, moreover, a man who, careless of the vogue of the day, has chosen a stern and solitary path because it seemed to him the one in which he could do his best. Those who do not like what Legros chooses to draw cannot be blamed for neglecting him, but may yet respect the man who refuses their suffrages at the cost of self-expression. Legros' gravity was probably inborn; but it was developed by circumstance, for life was a very serious business with him in his youth. The poverty of his parents was in nowise picturesque, and his early experiences—which included an apprenticeship to a house-painter—were no matter for jest. It is not necessary to do more than touch upon the labour and patience by which he raised himself. Much of both were required of him, and the early exercise of self-control has left its mark upon the work of his maturity. Art to him was not a kind mother nor a merry playfellow, but a grave—a very grave—angel.

The most palpable charms of art—brightness of colour, gaiety of spirit, womanly grace, amorous sentiment—were wasted upon the young Legros, whose



A SAILOR'S WIFE.

(From the Group in Bronze by Alphonse Legros.)

work from the first shows study of the severer masters only, and of none more than the sculptors of Greece. If few artists have pursued less that idealisation of human beauty which was the main aim of the Greeks, still fewer have shown more thorough appreciation of their science of design, their dignity and simplicity, their reticence and repose. The majesty of Michael Angelo has evidently affected him more than the grace of Raphael, the uncompromising truth and straightforward execution of Velasquez more than the suavity and exuberance of Correggio. To the Germans, especially Holbein and Albert Dürer, he turned naturally; and amongst his own countrymen he found himself in sympathy more with the learned design and virile imagination of Nicholas Poussin than with the finished and masterly artifice of Boucher or the delicacy and romance and charm of Watteau. In Rembrandt he found another "master" whose influence over him can scarcely be exaggerated. These were the teachers to whom his "grave angel" consigned him—teachers full of that "scorn of delight" which is at once the noblest feature of his art and the greatest obstacle to its popularity.

Although in his late essays in sculpture he has allowed himself unusual indulgence in beauty and grace, in some respects his artistic creed seems to have grown more strict with years. In his earlier pictures the colour was often rarely choice and rich; now he sometimes seems to treat colour-beauty as a sin. To those who have seen only his later works, exhibited in the Grosvenor, such as "Jacob's Ladder" and "The Fire," or the "St. Jerome," "Before the Service," with its full transparent tones of red and green and gold, would be a revelation of unsuspected power. "Baptism" is another picture in which Legros appears not only skilful but inventive as a colourist; and "The Poor at Meat" (of which we give a woodcut) is, in its noble sobriety, one of those grand harmonies of browns which the old Spanish masters loved. Such pictures show that Legros' late disregard of select and beautiful colour is carelessness or perversity.

As a draughtsman Legros is an acknowledged master; and his drawing has in abundance a quality often wanting in the drawing of artists that are his equals in accuracy—we mean the quality of life. He is inventive and even passionate in his touches. His lines are divined with imagination as well as sight, so that the most literal copy of the ugliest old man from his hand is vitalised with something of his own spirit, and informed with something of his own faculty of design. Legros at work is a sight worth seeing. As he draws and paints before his classes, the vigour with which he seizes not only the outline and salient features of the model, but the whole solid structure, is very remarkable. A swift dash of the brush to mark the line of the brows, two more for nose and mouth, a sharp succession of sweeps for boundaries of hair and flesh, a little quick work to block out the depressions and prominences, and the head, roughly but truly modelled, is created. From the beginning to the end of the two hours or so, when the study

is generally brought to a point that needs only "finish," every touch adds something as palpable in intention and effect as the addition of brick to brick in the building of a wall. As Millet used to say, "to see rightly is to draw rightly;" and Legros' lessons with the brush and needle teach the eye as well as the hand. In this the value of the system lies, and the only objection to it seems to be that it needs the possession of skill, nerve, and concentration not often found among professors. The studies, when done, are nothing but studies; and their frequent exhibition with finished pictures by other artists has led to the conclusion—not perhaps unnatural, but altogether false—that Legros exhibits them to prove his skill, and not the soundness of his method of teaching. Here Legros and the Professor are confused, and the man of all others to shun popularity has been accused of charlatanism. To those that know Legros and what he can do, the notion that he should wish to pose before the public as a man that can produce a study of a model swiftly and surely is ludicrous.

In design Legros does not seek beauty so much as distinction. The charm of grace has less attraction for him than strength of character, and he foregoes the ideal for the type. That he is in nowise insensible to physical beauty is seen in some sweet faces in his picture of the "Baptism," as well as in his recent sculpture, and here and there in his etchings, especially in their first states.

The extreme severity of what Matthew Arnold might call the artist's "criticism of life" seems to require some natural melancholy of disposition to account for it. The best means of studying it is afforded by his etchings, perhaps the most sustained and considerable of his achievements in art; and I must here return my thanks to M. Thibaudeau, of Green Street, Leicester Square, who has allowed me to examine his almost perfect collection. His eight huge portfolios do not contain one scene of happiness or a face that smiles. The least gloomy are the portraits and studies of models; but none of these are cheerful, not even that of the artist's young daughter. His pictures of peasant life are all sad; those of a religious cast are mostly ascetic and stern; the landscapes are usually weird and melancholy; while the compositions in which his imagination has freest play seek a grim and dreadful kind of romance in the discipline of Spanish convents, or are the expression of a fearful fantasy. The depth of horror to which he can descend is shown by some illustrations to Poe's most gruesome tales, such as "The Pendulum" and "The Black Cat," and by his design of a group of unwholesomely curious savants experimenting on a corpse with a galvanic battery. Such a determination to the black side of things must be constitutional. It is to be doubted whether even his gloomy view of the life of the poor can be accounted for entirely by his experience. He gives us their labour in the fields, but never their laugh at the cabaret; he

paints their fasts and death-beds, but never their marriages and festivals. His bathers are depressed, his fishers out of spirits, his travellers either tired or caught



DEATH AND THE WOOD-CUTTER.

in the rain. Millet was always grave, but his gravity was always sweet. The sadness of Legros is sometimes grim and terrible. When we turn to his Biblical and religious subjects, we find him depicting not the rapture of the Madonna nor the joy of the Prodigal's return, but the agony of Job on the dunghill, and

the repentance of the swineherd in the sty; not the glory of the chancel nor the mirth of the feast-day, but the gloom of the convent and the distress of the pilgrimage. There is happiness, perhaps, in the heart of the "Monk at the Organ" (one of the noblest of modern etchings), and in that of the woman receiving the sacrament in the "Communion in the Church of St. Médard;" but



THE DARWIN MEDAL.

it is the happiness of resignation rather than hope, of awe rather than rapture. Yet there is such strength and truth in these gloomy imaginings that no one can say that Legros has cultivated his sombre genius in vain. His "Pilgrimage to the Caves of St. Médard," which has been well called "a masterpiece of the sordid-picturesque," his grand "St. Jerome" (far finer than his picture of the same name), his "Job," his "Discipline," his "Interior of a Spanish Church," his "Chantry," are as impressive humanly as they are fine in artistic conception. Moreover, in depicting the gloomy side of things, he does it without compromise, without any tampering with sentiment, never trying to interest us in poverty by

the accident of beauty in a face, nor in religion by physical sweetness of expression.

The austerity of his views both of life and art affects his pictures not only of humanity, but of inanimate nature. In one or two of his etchings he indeed shows some delight in the elegance as well as the strength of trees. In the "Sheep Recovered" he gives us receding rows of poplars not only graceful in composition but in themselves; in others, like the "Catching Crayfish," he indulges in a quite Titianesque grandeur of trunk and mass of foliage. But he oftener contents himself with bare stems more remarkable for their strength than their beauty, and these he frequently cuts off a few feet above the ground, leaving nothing but stumps decorated with a few most melancholy twigs. Nevertheless, he has put forth all his force in some of these landscapes, with or without figures, and even more than his accustomed imagination. Some of them, as the "Women Bathing" and the "Gust of Wind," are of astounding strength in point of design and light and shade; so too is a majestic series of large landscapes in sepia, which are equally remarkable for poetry of conception and grandeur of composition.

In his different versions of "Death and the Wood-cutter" (the most impressive of all the exercises of his imagination, and almost alone in modern art in their successful treatment of the supernatural) it is clear that the inspiration is due to Holbein; and this is most apparent in the earliest and, as I think, the greatest of all his contributions to the Danse Macabre, and "Death in the Pear-tree," an episode in the legend of the Bonhomme Misère. It is clear also that if his feeling as a humanist and his ardour as an artist often, as in this case, work together for good, they sometimes make him careless both of the human import and the refinement of his subject. Such a perpetual source of interest to him are the faces of ordinary men, and so much delight does he take in getting the artistic best out of ordinary materials, that he attacks a Browning or a beggar, a castle or a cow-shed, with equal gusto. In the last state of a plate on which he first drew faultlessly the profile of a distinguished man with one of the most refined of living faces, he turned the features into those of a degenerate type, bestowing as much labour on the travesty as on the original. Hyperion or a satyr, race-horse or cab hack, his artistic appetite seems equally ready for either. That this is not from want of appreciation of nobility of form or character is shown by the perfection with which he has portrayed the heads of some distinguished men. His magnificent portraits of Manning and of Watts, and of Carlyle ("L'Homme au Chapeau") and Rodin, his worthy record of the bright fine face of his lost friend Regamey, his head of Dalou (perhaps the most perfect in design and consummate in execution of them all), are masterpieces of portraiture and etching. That the

man who can do work so interesting to his generation should spend so much time upon "models" is an extraordinary instance of the impartiality as to subject which springs from a passion for art in the abstract.

This passion, however, and the rare genius for expressing ideas by form that is shown in all his designs from first to last, are special qualifications for sculpture, to which noble branch of art he has lately turned his attention. Such disregard of grace as he has hitherto shown will scarcely be consistent with his own satisfaction as a plastic artist. Although severity marks his "Sailor's Wife," in the fine group which illustrates this article, and though her face is not ideal, both her figure and her features are not only noble but beautiful. A touch of the "wild" distinguishes his lately finished bas-relief, "The Source," from the exquisitely pretty achievement of Ingres; but the lithe young figure is modelled with notable delicacy and distinction, and is full of chaste charm. Of his medals, the mighty head of Darwin—engraved from the plaster, not the bronze—is here to speak for itself. This, and the dozen others he has just produced, are nearer to the work of Pisano than any executed since that incomparable master, with the exception, possibly, of one or two by the late David d'Angers. His artistic efforts have been many and varied and lofty; he has achieved mastery as a painter, an etcher, and a draughtsman in all known materials; but his whole energy may be said to have culminated in these essays in sculpture, which as yet are scarcely before the public eye.

In viewing the achievement of an artist like Legros, nothing like finality can be attempted. Whether these last fruits of his unwearying energy and superb artistic faculty will add to his popularity, as they will doubtless add to his reputation among artists, remains to be seen; but there is reason to hope that his great learning and skill, his deep sincerity and true imagination have at last found a field for their exercise congenial to the spirit of his time and not too far removed from the taste of the modern Briton. All who prize imaginative design and vital draughtsmanship for their own sakes will now and ever prize some of his etchings. But such persons are few. To extend the range of his admirers, not only the manner but the matter must be interesting to his contemporaries. Save in a few portraits, Legros can scarcely be said to have come within speaking distance of the great mass of the public. Handicapped by a natural bent towards the solemn, he has been hindered in the race for popularity by choosing to "run" in a foreign country. He is a naturalised Englishman, but whatever of modern there has been in his art hitherto (and that is not too much) is French. He speaks not only like an Old Master, and from the grave as it were, but in a strange tongue; and he needs translation as well as sympathy. He may fairly be asked to try harder than as yet he has tried to make his art agreeable to the public, which, with all its faults and ignorance,

is always ready to recognise such merit as it can perceive. He has no right to hide the light of his genius under the bushel of pride. Popularity should not, indeed, be purchased at the cost of self-respect; but one whose aim is to add to the sum of serious thought and true feeling in his contemporaries may, and in fact ought to strive to secure it.

That this has in the main been the aim of Professor Legros, his works bear witness. They are grave, austere, ascetic, terrible, sometimes horrible and sometimes dull; but they are very rarely morbid and never ignoble. They are, moreover, in the purest sense religious. Even his models are represented not so much as items of a social community, as of a race suspended between two eternities. The aspirations of a human soul towards a life beyond have been the motive of his least melancholy, the fears of that life of his grimmest, imaginings. The supernatural and unseen forces which bring us hither, mould our destinies while we are here, and then withdraw us once more behind the veil, are always present, if invisible, in his creations. For him the play of life is a tragedy, which he depicts with unfailing sympathy for his brothers on the stage.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.





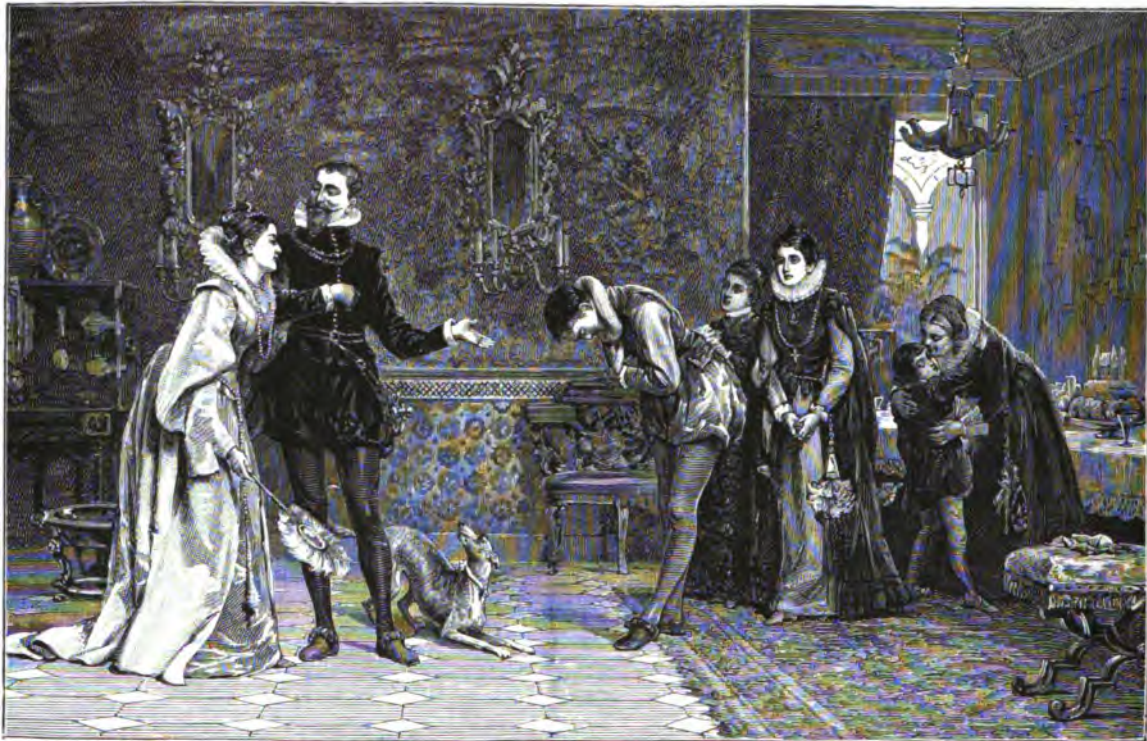
*Yours truly,
Haynes Williams.*

HAYNES WILLIAMS.



AT the age of sixteen, and in the year 1852, Mr. Haynes Williams was graduating as an usher in a large school at Birmingham, where he also had been educated, although born at Worcester. If his youthful efforts with pencil and brush were not sternly repressed, it was only because no one supposed they were going to divert him from the course of life marked out for him. Thus it came to pass that he acquired, by persistent study on all opportunities, great facility as a draughtsman, and having been struck by the representation of some object of still life in a lithograph which was shown him by a friendly publisher of such works in Birmingham, he determined to attempt the delineation from nature of a similar object. When he showed this essay to his friend, that person was so surprised and pleased with young Williams's success that he encouraged him

to continue his artistic efforts by then and there giving him some small commissions of a like character to execute. This lithographic feat led up by degrees to other and more important work, and for over four years Mr. Underwood, the publisher, and the young aspirant continued to do business together, with, it may be assumed, mutual advantage; for becoming the turning-point in the artist's life, this engagement started him financially on that career which of course before long brought his scholastic one to an end. Thenceforth diligently applying himself to the acquisition



THE STEPMOTHER.

of that rudimentary knowledge without which the highest artistic genius is of little avail, Haynes Williams continued steadily to progress. He passed through whatever courses of study the local school of art offered to him, and by degrees he reached a position which enabled him to carry out a long and dearly-cherished project. As a boy, Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" had inspired him with an intense longing to visit Spain, and a re-perusal of this delightful work at a time when his artistic powers were beginning to mature, kindled afresh his enthusiasm for the peninsula as an unsurpassable happy hunting-ground for the painter. So to Spain he went about 1862, and fully imbued by his sojourn there with the spirit of the country, he has never since ceased to manifest his predilection for Spanish subjects.



"ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS."
(In the Possession of Henry Tale, Esq., Liverpool.)

Nevertheless, for some time after his return, in 1864, he found a difficulty in turning them to account: and as an artist in his position must paint to live in order that he may live to paint, he was forced to turn his attention to more saleable themes. Hence we do not find his name conspicuously associated with his darling Andalusia on the walls of the Royal Academy until 1870, but that year he exhibited a work which possessed technical merits sufficient to arrest the eye of the connoisseur, and also claimed the attention of the crowd from the thrilling dramatic story it had to tell. It was entitled "*Desesperados y Inesperados*," and showed us some veritable desperadoes in their cave or retreat examining their plunder. One of them lay wounded unto death, whilst the fact, dramatically conveyed through the expression on the face of a woman, that the stronghold is surrounded by soldiery, lent the turning-point to the romance, and brought vividly before the mind of the spectator the whole progress of the drama, from the crime down to its expiation and punishment.

This typical specimen of the strong side of the artist's characteristics was followed up by such works as "*The Talisman*," an incident of the bull-ring, and "*The Soldier's Last March*." A wounded toreador in a church, where his wife and friends offer up prayers for him, and the crowd awaiting admission to the bull-ring, were the two incidents selected for the years 1872 and 1873. They were entitled respectively "*Prayers for One Wounded*" and "*A Los Toros*," the latter being by far the most important effort yet made, having over sixty figures in it. In 1874, "*Billeted*" and "*El Saludad*" represented Mr. Williams on the walls of the Academy. "*Modern Occupants of Ancient Homes*"—a girl feeding pigeons in the courtyard of an old Moorish mansion in Granada, followed; and "*Ars Longa, Vita Brevis*," which is eminently one of those pictures which speak for themselves, was seen on the walls of Burlington House in 1877. A quaint Spanish custom, which obtained up to the end of the last century, offered our artist another admirable theme in "*Foundlings, Spain, 1790*." A number of young girls are coming out of the hospital in procession, to seek (as it seems was the habit at certain intervals) for husbands, under properly organised surveillance. This, and a second canvas entitled "*Congratulations*"—an incident connected with the Spanish national sport—were the products of the years 1878 and 1879.

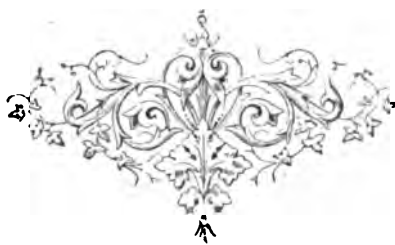
In "*The Stepmother*," the high quality of the painting—still fresh in the memory of visitors to the Royal Academy in 1880—indicated a steady advance in excellence of technique. In a still more recent example we find these latter essentials displayed in an even greater degree. The mere painting, it is said, of "*The First Offence*" far exceeds any of the artist's previous brushwork, and has been likened, in its general excellence, colour, quality, and the rest, to De Hooghe. If the story in this instance be not quite so strong or interesting as usual, there is no falling-off in the telling of it. The incident of a little ragamuffin



CONGRATULATIONS.

brought before the dignified but good-natured Alcalde for tart-stealing, with all the attendant circumstances of such an affair, if not very exciting, is sufficient to give the artist his chance of displaying his mastery over colour, composition, character, and expression. The execution of the details is in his best manner, and the bare whitewashed walls of the justice-court, broken here and there with old pictures and heavy drapery, the peep into the rooms and passage beyond, the quaint accessories, and the splendidly picturesque Spanish costume of a hundred years ago, all combine to the perfect realisation of the scene and in making a delightful picture. It need only be added that in a portrait of Mr. George Critchett, the oculist, Mr. Haynes Williams proves himself no mean proficient in another difficult branch of his art.

W. W. FENN.





THE WRECKERS.

WILLIAM H. BEARD, N.A.



IT is to the State of Ohio that we must look for the birthplace of one of the most powerful and original artists America has produced. William H. Beard was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1821. His grandfather, who was of English descent, was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. The impulse to express his thoughts with a pencil sought a vent early in the case of Mr. Beard. But at first it took a turn which one who has seen only his animal paintings would hardly expect to find in his art. It was the mysterious and the horrible that the lad sought to delineate. In a small garret over a shop this uninstructed youth attempted to represent such scenes as the meeting of Satan and Death in "Paradise Lost." But aside from his absolute want of instruction, his representation of the Devil was the traditional grotesque fiend of the Middle Ages, with forked tail and horns. Young Beard's mother, who was a woman of considerable reading and fine natural powers, laughed at this ludicrous conception, saying that Milton represented Satan as at least a being of fine person and a gentleman.

About this time Mr. Beard's elder brother James was painting portraits in Buffalo; William followed him thither and received lessons from him. James next moved to New York City, where also William followed him, and remained there a short time. After this very moderate foundation for his chosen pursuit,

young Beard started out on an itinerant course of portrait-painting through Ohio, taking the portraits of country clergymen or farmers' wives and daughters for a few dollars a head, or "taking the conceit out of them," as he afterwards quaintly observed.

Returning to Buffalo he boldly commenced a series of masterly compositions



Yours Truly
W. H. Beard.

in a thoroughly original vein, which have won for him a unique and prominent position among the artists of the age. Notwithstanding the comic element which has become one of the most conspicuous features of his works, his genius has always been tinged with a sombre cast, together with a tendency to mysticism. It is to this characteristic that we owe such terrible compositions as his well-known "Power of Death." The mighty elephant, the grandest emblem of animal life and power, lies prostrate before the touch of the omnipotent spectre, who without an effort grasps and rends the scowling tiger now impotent in the clutch of the

last foe, while the lion looks on appalled by the fearful evidence of a strength that is to paralyse and slay him in turn. We gain a forcible illustration of the wide scope of this artist's powers when we turn from this design to such works as his "Star of Bethlehem," and "He Leadeth Me by the Still Waters." The latter, representing the Divine Shepherd guiding His flock through a pleasant land, is so beautiful and serene that it has aroused profound emotion in those who have gazed upon it. "Lo, the Poor Indian," is another very interesting work. But while we desire to emphasise the wide range of subjects chosen by Mr. Beard, it still remains true that he is most widely known for his inimitable delineations of animal life. We ought rather to call them satires on the frailties of human nature, for it is under this transparent guise that he has attacked or instructed our race. Sometimes these scenes are wholly humorous, sometimes they are profoundly satirical.

After eight years' residence at Buffalo, Mr. Beard, furnished with several commissions, sailed for Europe, where he passed two years, chiefly at Düsseldorf and Rome. On returning, Mr. Beard was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design. This institution was founded in 1828, and in its organisation resembles the Royal Academy of London. Its exhibitions are held in a building of marble modelled after the Venetian style, and it is in a thriving condition. The following year Mr. Beard painted the remarkable picture entitled "The Dance of Silenus." So lively a sensation did it produce that the artist was at once elected an Academician.

His rapidly-growing reputation now induced him to leave Buffalo and settle in New York, where the opportunities, especially for artists, are much greater than in a provincial town. In 1867 Mr. Beard painted "Raining Cats and Dogs," a wholly humorous scene, and in 1874 an altogether different picture called "The Wreckers," of which we give an engraving. After the noble ship has yielded at last to the buffeting of the billows and the storms, then the ravens come and croak over its shattered remains and complete the work of destruction. "Making Game of the Hunter" was painted in 1880, and was exhibited in 1881 at the National Academy of Design. In this work the painter indicated that his faculties showed no sign of decay, but with growing maturity continued to display undiminished technical ability and opulence of imagination. The preliminary group of plaster casts which he modelled for his painting was excessively comic. Every painter of figure ought to be at least a sculptor *in posse*, if not *in esse*. That a sculptor may also be a painter is far less likely; but that one who knows enough to project a figure or a ship in perspective on a plane surface should be unable to model it in wood or plaster seems inconceivable.

No work of Mr. Beard's is more elaborate, or more plainly shows the resources of his imagination, than the great painting entitled "Bulls and Bears

in Wall Street." "The Travelled Fox" takes off a well-known species of traveller, and "The Flaw in the Title" represents a number of apes gravely engaged in endeavouring to break a contract, unfortunately not a rare proceeding in the present age. "The New Tenant" is a capital bit from every-day life. An old woman returns to her house, and is astonished to find that an owl has taken possession, and proposes to frighten her out of her rights. "The Fallen Land-



MAKING GAME OF THE HUNTER.

mark," "The Fox-Hunter's Dream," "The End of Time," "Worn Out"—an old master, an old horse, an old everything, replete with a quaint pathos and humour—"The Cattle upon a Thousand Hills," and "Oh, my!" suggest by their titles the scope of this artist's genius and observation.

In all these works the *motif* or ruling thought of the picture is so intensely vivid that one is liable to overlook the subtle analysis of character they display, and the likeness which Mr. Beard has discovered between certain animals and their corresponding human types. We have all fancied now and then that we traced a resemblance to the dog, the horse, the sheep, or the bird, in the features of some acquaintance. Sometimes this likeness is seen in the profile, sometimes in the general expression, or in the movements of the individual. At other

times it defies analysis, while we are provokingly conscious of an undoubted likeness. Now Mr. Beard has carried the matter still further, and discovered that just as there is this physical resemblance, so the types of human character have corresponding types in specific races of animals. Thus the ape suggests one class of men, the bear another, the rabbit yet another, while the owl or the cat resembles in turn certain distinct phases of humanity. When we regard his paintings, therefore, we are at once struck with the propriety of the selection he has made from the animal kingdom to convey the moral he had in view.

Mr. Beard's position in the ranks of art is of so varied a character that it is somewhat difficult to class him. His prevailing trait, as we have seen, is imagination. It controls his being; even when he is brought into contact with active life he conveys the impression that his fancy is busily at work. Without saying, perhaps, that he is a dreamer, we are conscious that his thoughts are ready at any moment to wander off into dreamland. It is thus that he assimilates what he observes, and through the imaginative faculty also inclines so often to a poetic view of life. It is through the vividness of his imagination also that he is able to trace such nice distinctions in character. His prominence as a satirist and teacher of morals does not lead him to transgress the great law which so many painters of our time, as well as such critics as Taine, insist upon as fundamental—the principle that the artist as such has no business to be a teacher, that is, to paint a moral lesson, as it were. Mr. Beard has never made it his aim to be either a moralist or a guide. Whatever he has painted has come spontaneously, being simply the expression of feelings naturally suggested to him by his environment and the dramatic turn of his mind. Thus he fulfils the highest art-canon, that an artist should first of all be true to himself. It is no disparagement to his art, but rather an evidence of the extent of his powers, that in so doing he has by his pictorial apologues allied himself to the great school of teachers and observers of which *Æsop*, *Lafontaine*, and *Gay* are illustrious examples.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.





*Love
Yours sincerely
John Pettie.*

(From a Photograph by the Imperial Photographic Company.)

JOHN PETTIE, R.A.



JOHN PETTIE was born in Edinburgh in 1839, and began his course of regular art-studies at the age of sixteen, in the schools of the Trustees' Academy, under Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and John Ballantyne, R.S.A. Among his fellow-students were William Quiller Orchardson, Peter Graham, and John McWhirter. Varied and large was the capacity possessed by this little knot of learners, and it is pleasant to know that the ambition which must have inspired them has in the case of each one of the four been crowned with the honours of the English Academy. Such recognition is as good for ourselves as for our northern compatriots, for the large contingent of Scottish pictures in our annual

exhibition contributes a force and vigour that can hardly fail to brace our own artistic temper. The first public appearances of Mr. Pettie were made early in the seven years of his studentship, but were confined to Edinburgh until 1861, when he exhibited his first Royal Academy work, "The Armourers." In the succeeding year he closed his Edinburgh noviciate and followed his picture to London; and not a season has since passed without one or more of his canvases contributing to the principal show of the English art-world.

The *genre* of history occupied him for a time; it comprises a rather fascinating family of subjects, in which all the wealth of texture, colour, and picturesque effect of the "costume picture" is united with familiarity of incident, dramatic personality of character, and the quaintness of antiquarian humour. Like many young artists, he began by succumbing to the facile attractions of Cavaliers and Roundheads, but soon passed from the *banalités* of those hackneyed personages to something fresher and more individual. "What d'ye Lack, Madam? What d'ye Lack?" exhibited at Trafalgar Square in 1862, was an amusing piece of historical *genre* of the fifteenth century, and represents a gay apprentice of a time when London apprentices of spirit were a power in the city, pressing his wares upon the ladies after the manner so vividly described in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." "The Trio," a group of mediæval itinerant musicians, and "The Tonsure," were also humorous.



TROUT-FISHING AT ARRAN.



SCENE IN HAL O THE WYND'S SMITHY.

In 1864 Mr. Pettie produced his first work at once serious in subject and important in size and manner—"George Fox Refusing to Take the Oath at Holker Hall, A.D. 1663." This was followed in 1865 by "A Drumhead Court Martial," which gained him a considerable increase of reputation.

In 1866 his "Arrested for Witchcraft" decided the Academy to elect the young painter to the Associateship. Among his pictures of the following year may be mentioned "Treason," an admirable bit of rich low-toned colour and dramatic intensity, in which the conspirators lean plotting across a table. In a few of the artist's later works there is at times no slight touch of melodrama; a little too much emphasis either in the subject or in the execution, with a little defect of sincere impulse, making the subtle difference between the dramatic and the melodramatic. It is this slight though real danger, or rather liability, which has inclined us to consider that Mr. Pettie might do his worthiest work in portraiture. His understanding and realisation seem to be somewhat stronger and more important than his invention; the art, therefore, that gives the former faculties the amplest employment might be considered more appropriately his own. This was somewhat strikingly exhibited in 1877, when his two principal works were "The Threat" and the noble portrait of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham. There was a certain triviality in the figure of the mediæval fillibuster, but the portrait was full of the greatest and most sustained and solid power. In equal contrast stand the hardly interesting "State Secret" and the magnificent portrait of Mr. Taylor Whitehead, exhibited at Burlington House in 1878. The latter is one of those rare and essentially immortal works in which the achievement is decisively and definitively unquestionable; it has a comprehensive completeness of easy execution and a flower-like beauty of colour which are hardly to be surpassed in Rubens's greatest portraits.

To resume our chronological review of Mr. Pettie's works: in 1867 was also painted "The Doctor;" in 1868 came "Pax Vobiscum," "Tussle with a Highland Smuggler," "Weary with Present Cares and Memory Sad," and "The Rehearsal;" 1869 saw another grave and deliberate historical picture, "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey," and "The Gambler's Victim;" 1870 produced "A Sally," "'Tis Blythe May-Day," and "Touchstone and Audrey"—the quaint and ungainly lovers of "As You Like It" being especially adapted to Mr. Pettie's love of the drolly-picturesque or sympathetic-grotesque. The other pastoral couple in the same play—Sylvius and Phœbe, who contrast so prettily with the far more realistic rustic pair—made the subject of a picture two years later. In 1871 "The Pedlar," "The Love-Song," and "Scene in the Temple Gardens" appeared, the latter attracting much interest. "The Gipsy's Oak" and "Terms to the Besieged" were the work of 1872. At once painful and grotesque was the motive of the last-named striking composition, which our readers may remember as an advancing group of half-

starved men issuing from their dearly-defended walls to offer capitulation and conclude such terms as they shall be able to obtain. If this is comedy, it is comedy of the grimmest kind. "The Flag of Truce," "Sanctuary," and "Midnight Watch" were the pictures of 1873; "Juliet and Friar Lawrence," "A State Secret," and "Ho! ho! ho!" of 1874.

The following year Mr. Pettie's election to the full membership of the Royal



THE JACOBITES.

Academy took place; in this, as in the Associateship, he distanced by two years the one of his contemporaries and fellow-students—Mr. Orchardson—whose aims and characteristics accorded most nearly with his own. "Jacobites, 1745," was his diploma picture (now in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House), and in the same year was painted "Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy." The artist's paintings of 1877 were brilliant. "Hunted Down" was the single figure—slightly melodramatic, perhaps—of a spent fugitive in a wild mountain glen; the colour, though a little too broken in the carnations, was strong and harmonious. "A Knight of the Seventeenth Century" was a portrait of the artist's



THE GENERAL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

friend, Mr. William Black, author of "The Princess of Thule" and all the other pleasant novels which have followed it. Mr. Pettie was, we believe, the originator of the fancy for modern portraits in mediæval costume which spread so quickly in London a short time ago. "A Lady of the Seventeenth Century" was perhaps more successful as a picture, and may be taken as one of the first examples of the artist's brilliant manner adopted of late years; if the "Knight" was almost obtrusively clever in execution, the "Lady" was wonderfully "taking" in its breadth, refinement, brightness, and massiveness, and its indefinable delightfulness of colour and touch. "A Sword and Dagger Fight" was an admirably painted bit of wickedness in costume; the two enemies are fighting to the death, and there is a *business*, a weariness, and thoroughness in their attitudes most excellently rendered.

In 1878 were exhibited "Rob Roy" and "The Laird," among others; and in 1879 the artist achieved perhaps the most notable of all his successes. "The Death-Warrant" was one of those dignified groups which have all the repose and deliberate individuality, without the uneasiness or ill-disguised artificiality, of portrait groups; the heads were simply splendid in painting, but almost too reserved in expression for a dramatic picture; and this reticence was also remarkable in the face of the boy-king (Edward VI.), who looks away, hesitating in his mournful work. It must, however, be remembered that most of the expressions in these heads are negative expressions, and that to paint a negative is as difficult as to prove one. The statesmen who are seated at the king's council have no emotions stirred by the matter in hand, which is merely a rather graver kind of business to them, and too much interest or vivacity of look would have spoilt the delicacy of the painter's meaning; the young king's eyes wear a look so mixed and reserved that to some persons it seemed to be full of the meaning of the moment, while others did not succeed in finding more in it than a certain rather vacant hesitancy. Mr. Pettie is a master of accessories and texture-painting, a fact on which we have not insisted in view of his higher attainments and of the self-denial and mastery with which he can, when he will, make his wonderful manipulative work efface itself from the spectator's attention.

Less important works are "Trout-Fishing" and "The General's Head-Quarters;" but even when Mr. Pettie is not at his brilliant best, he is strongly and strikingly attractive; no cruder colour and no more ignorant touch can stand near his work; his pictures have the peculiar quality of being most killing neighbours in an exhibition. But such killing is of good service; it must inevitably have the effect of modifying and at last of banishing the cold, raw, grating tones which have so long prevailed on the walls of London galleries.

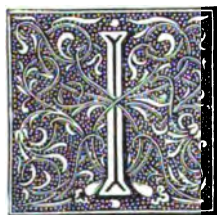
WILFRID MEYNELL.



*Yours faithfully
Louise Jopling*

(From a Photograph by Mons. A. Boucher, Brighton.)

LOUISE JOPLING.



IF we may suppose that the artistic faculty is divided with fair equality between men and women, experience certainly forbids us to believe that success in any of the arts lies as readily within the reach of the weaker as of the stronger sex. Potential artists may, and in fact do, abound among women, but a thousand causes are at work to prevent the executive fulfilment of their promises. A poet has ventured to question, or at least to wonder at, the Providence which creates "a vain capacity;" and in truth, when we consider that unemployed power is not merely a waste but a source of pain to its possessor, we



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

should find it hard to understand the rich, significant, and yet abortive gifts which are given to women, if we did not remember the all-important female vocation of transmission, which may solve the riddle. That remarkable men have had remarkable mothers is a truism, and those who repeat it do so without much commiseration for the women of genius who have, in all time of the world's history, bequeathed their latent art, their science, their philosophy—that is to say, their large capacity for these things—to after-times and to the emancipated executive faculties of their sons. In those rare cases, however, in which a woman succeeds in her own person, she proves herself to be mistress of a higher success than would be a man's in the achievement of like results; and if she actually reaches an eminence at which the indulgence granted to her weakness and her obstacles ceases among critics, and when she can permit herself to re-echo what Mrs. Browning says in one of her letters to Mr. Horne—"You will please to recollect that when I talk of women I do not speak of them (as many men do) according to a separate, peculiar, and womanly standard, but according to the common standard of human nature"—then, indeed, a rare and particular homage Justice itself may pay to her.

And the lady whose name stands at the head of this article has been exceptionally weighted, even among a sex so heavily handicapped. Rosa Bonheur had an artist-father; Elizabeth Butler and Clara Montalba had their artistic faculty fostered by the best masters here and abroad, and by the sympathetic taste of their parents, from their childhood upwards. But Louise Jopling did not learn to draw until she was twenty-three. During those pliant years which are so precious for training, her art-talent had been hidden, and was brought to surface only by one of those apparent accidents to which we owe so many great painters, from the days of Giotto until now. Mrs. Jopling's Cimabue—encountered, not on Florentine hills, but in a Paris *salon*—was the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, herself an artist, some of whose water-colour work our readers will remember at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions. Mrs. Jopling was wont to make little sketches of her friends, and the Baroness having seen these, and perceived the power that lay behind them only waiting to be trained, urged her forthwith to begin artistic work in good earnest; which she did.

Hitherto the embryo artist's life had been uneventful enough as regards the outer world. But the personal history of nearly all conspicuous persons is so closely interwoven with their public careers that its apparently trivial details are often significant; and Mrs. Jopling's, when it comes to be written, will probably be found to have exercised an even more than ordinary influence on her artistic labours and aims. Born in November, 1843, Louise Goode was one of a family of nine. Early left an orphan, she became Mrs. Romer before she was out of her teens, her husband holding the post of secretary to Baron



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Nathaniel de Rothschild in Paris when the incidents already related, to which she owes her professional career, so happily occurred. Taking to heart the hints of her friend, she betook herself to the studio of M. Chaplin (the master, by the way, of another distinguished lady artist, Henriette Browne) in the January of 1867. Under his tutelage Mrs. Romer continued for sixteen months, for the first twelve confining herself to drawings, two of which—heads in chalk—were exhibited in the Salon of 1868. After only the final four months' handling of the brush she returned to England, and there painted her maiden work, entitled "Consolation," showing two girls, one with her head resting on the shoulder of the other. This was sent to the Academy, was there marked "doubtful" by the Selecting Committee, and finally was not hung. Nothing daunted, the rejected of 1870 tried to be, and was, the accepted of 1871, with her "Bud and Bloom," a maiden in her early teens carrying a pot of azaleas, full blown. In the same year, acting on the advice of Mr. Frith, who held it to be excellent practice to portray one's own self, Mrs. Romer painted her own likeness (life-size), which was exhibited in Bond Street, not far from the spot where, less than ten years later, her masterly portrait by Mr. Millais attracted its crowd.

Mrs. Romer had risen with almost unexampled rapidity from the rank of the amateur and the student to that of the proficient and the professional; and henceforth she progressed at the same rate. Beginning her course with a run, she has never slackened her speed. Each year in succession has its own achievement. In 1871 (being three years of age, artistically speaking, at the time) she had three pictures in the Academy. One of these, "In Memoriam," showing some flowers scattered on a pall, bore tender reference to the death of one of the artist's children in that year; while a second was a charming head, which was painted from her sister, and of which Mr. Tom Taylor became the possessor—a purchase from so eminent an art-critic fairly taking rank among the successes of Mrs. Romer's early career. In 1872 she had again three pictures at Burlington House, where also she had two—both portraits—in the following year.

At this date occurred an event—the death of her first husband—which, while it belongs to Mrs. Romer's history as a woman, intimately affects her history as an artist, throwing her, as it did, more entirely on her own exertion, and augmenting her professional zeal. Not less important to her art was another domestic event—her second marriage, in 1874, to Mr. Joseph Middleton Jopling, who, though then holding a post at the Horse Guards, and albeit a crack shot, having won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, the St. George's, and many other prizes, is known also to the world as a painter; and if he calls himself an amateur in his wife's profession, his brother artists and the public have long ceased to consider him as such. As a water-colour painter he holds a prominent position, having

been for some years a member of the Water-Colour Institute, at one of whose exhibitions his well-known "Fluffy"—representing a girl, life-size, holding up a dog—was *par excellence* among the drawings of its year.

The question, "Should artists marry?" has often been asked, especially



COLONEL THE HONOURABLE CHARLES HUGH LINDSAY.

in the case of lady artists, without, however, eliciting any uniform or definite answer. Three Presidents of the Royal Academy have set an example of celibacy—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Frederick Leighton. The first of these, as we all know, not only practised but somewhat roughly preached bachelorhood, telling Flaxman, on his marriage with Anne Dolman, that he would be ruined as an artist. Whether the ill-natured prediction came

from Reynolds as a rejected suitor, who would have married Angelica Kauffmann if he could, we need not stop to inquire—at any rate it turned out, in the case of the great sculptor, to be incorrect. Raphael, it is true, died unmarried at the age of thirty-seven, but he was an affianced lover at the time. To those who are still in doubt about the right reply to the vital query we would recommend the perusal of the elder Leslie's autobiography and letters, perhaps the happiest record of a married life yet written; nor do we think it would be difficult to trace an increase of power, as well as an added industry, in works of almost all of our living artists who have followed the old poet's prescription for doubling life's joys and halving its troubles. This prepares us for the fact that from the time of her marriage with one who shared her own artistic taste, Mrs. Jopling can date an increase in her reputation.

In the Academy of this year of 1874 appeared her first important subject-picture, the "Five o'Clock Tea," which we engrave. The artist seized the prevailing fancy for Japanese life, Japanese dress, and Japanese *bric-à-brac*, and turned it to good account on this canvas, every detail of which (except, perhaps, the character of one or two of the fairer faces) is faithful to the quaint reality; and as full of local colour as an Oriental scene painted in England can be. The group is well composed, and the costume—so graceful, yet so foreign and fresh to European ideas of grace—is cleverly treated, with well-drawn, broad, and simple forms of drapery. A smaller work, "La Japonaise," was exhibited at the same time; and in the following year appeared "Elaine" and "A Modern Cinderella"—a girl who may be supposed to be a painter's model, and who turns her back to hang up the gorgeous salmon-coloured robe (matched by a little shoe of the same tint) in which she has been posing. She wears the petticoat and chemise of every-day life, and her equally commonplace gown lies beside her on a chair. This picture we remember to have seen catalogued in a comic paper as "A Lady Artist R.A.-ing Herself." The same year saw the completion of a large canvas, "The Five Sisters of York," which has since been to the Philadelphia Exhibition, has received a bronze medal at the Crystal Palace, and was afterwards sent to Sydney. Two fancy heads and a portrait of Miss de Rothschild, now Mrs. Cyril Flower, represented Mrs. Jopling at Burlington House in 1876; and in 1877 a composition called "Weary Waiting"—the mother and child of an Arctic explorer—and four portraits, one of which, "Colonel the Honourable Charles Lindsay," wearing armour and a black velvet Henry VIII. cap, is the subject of our smaller illustration; while another, "Gertrude, Daughter of George Lewis, Esq.," was a child-delineation of singular charm, which was subsequently shown at the Salon.

The year 1877 will long be memorable as that in which the dream of an artist and patron of the arts—or, rather, we should say *two* artists and patrons,

for Lady Lindsay's name will be linked with that of her husband in this splendid enterprise—found a fulfilment in the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery. Mrs. Jopling's "It Might Have Been" was one of the attractions of its first exhibition. Also to the Grosvenor, in 1878, she sent her beautiful "Pity is akin to Love," as well as a portrait of "Miss Evelina de Rothschild" feeding pigeons. At the Academy Mrs. Jopling was represented in the same year; and she also painted for Lord Beaconsfield's gallery a portrait of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, which, in deference to the sitter's wishes, was not publicly exhibited. Such is in part the record of a busy life—a record, which, even when we have included frequent contributions to the Dudley Gallery Exhibitions, both in oil and in water-colour, and to the Ladies' Society, is still incomplete. Nor should we omit to mention here that the pages of various periodicals have been graced by papers from Mrs. Jopling's pen, her talent being by no means confined to art, but extending to literature and to music as well.

In face of the life of a wife and mother so devoted to serious and sincere professional labour, we are confronted by the often-repeated problem, "What is to become of the baby of the future?" if the example of work set by Mrs. Jopling and her sisters of the brush be largely followed. Happily the reply is altogether favourable to his prospects. The baby of the future will be cared for none the less effectually and tenderly than is the baby of the present, if women learn to allot to healthy and refining employment at home some of the hours which are now in so many cases devoted to society. The fashionable woman is unblamed for giving to the world far more of her time and energy than the happier artist or authoress gives to her profession; and the domestic future of the race will assuredly be improved rather than damaged by the multiplication of women who are not only accomplished painters, but also exemplary in all the tenderer relations of life.

WILFRID MEYNELL.





*Very truly yours
Marcus Stone*

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.



THAT a distinguished artist son should follow a distinguished artist father is rare enough to call for special remark, even when father and son are as unlike in the quality of their attainments as in the manner of their successes. The name of Frank Stone is familiar as that of a member of a society which comprised the chief literary and artistic talent of the time. And the father's friends were the son's. Young, full of promise and precocious talent, with a brilliant career assured by the quality of his earliest work, the lad of some sixteen years became the familiar acquaintance of men whose names belong to a waning generation. Mr. Marcus Stone is still a young man, but if he should live to eighty years, he will be a link between two

worlds of thought and art. He has seen Turner; he was the intimate young companion of Charles Dickens's later years; he knew the father of Edwin Landseer, whose birth dates back to the middle of the last century; he knew Mulready, Lytton, Maclise, Albert Smith, Stanfield, Douglas Jerrold, Augustus Egg, Thackeray. These men did not live so long ago that it is extraordinary to have known them, but it is extraordinary now to find one of their



SACRIFICE.

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friends in the flower of his age. There is always, and there will always be, an artistic and literary society in London, but to the little knot of writers and painters of that time belongs a character of its own. Manners were simpler; club-life, as we now know it, was not yet instituted. The old style is all described in Thackeray's works; and the change of manners has been very rapid since he wrote. To belong, in his freshness, to both periods—the past and the present—has been the good fortune of Mr. Marcus Stone.

Born in 1840, the child was an artist by intuition before he was four years old. One of his first feats was the decoration in pencil of a chimney-piece—an attempt which was volunteered, and was not received with much favour. His father, however, in ordering the child's handiwork to be effaced, directed that

one figure should be left, because it showed precocious talent. This precocity marked all the juvenile efforts of Marcus Stone, and must doubtless be taken as an element in estimating the success which attended the exhibition of his early works. The boy never at any time contemplated the possibility of any other career for his future life than that of art; but, in spite of this invariable resolution, he received no actual training in his first years. That he passed through no regular studentship is, however, more than compensated by the fact that he has *always* been a student; and if at the date of his boyhood a thorough artistic training was not considered to be of very insistent necessity, he lived to work in a time which rates science and discipline at a truer value. At the age of thirteen the young aspirant had made so good an attempt at illustration as to call forth the following note from Charles Dickens, dated from Tavistock House on the 19th of December, 1853:—"My dear Marcus,—You made an excellent sketch for a book of mine, which I received (and have preserved) with great pleasure. Will you accept from me, in remembrance of it, this little book? I believe it to be true, but it may be sometimes not as genteel as history has sometimes a habit of being. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS." The book so gracefully offered to a child was the "Child's History of England," which the novelist found time to write for his own children about this time.

Mr. Marcus Stone was only seventeen when he exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy. The second, entitled "Silent Pleading," created a small sensation in the following year. It represented a tramp, with a child wrapped up in his cloak, asleep in a shed on a snowy night; while the squire and the police, who have tracked the man for some small depredation to his resting-place, stand irresolutely, doubtful whether to put on the handcuffs or let the poor outcast sleep in peace. The subject was somewhat after the style of Dickens, who himself refers to the work in terms which we shall presently quote.

A crisis had now arrived in the life of the young artist. He was only nineteen, when, owing to his father's sudden death from heart-disease, on him devolved the duty of turning his talents to the best and most profitable account. Under these circumstances, he found it desirable to increase his field of labour by the addition of book-illustration to oil-painting. Charles Dickens gave him warm sympathy in his courageous efforts, and helped him by a number of characteristic letters to such publishers as could give the young artist employment. "My dear Longman," wrote the novelist from Tavistock House, on the 28th of November, 1859, "I am very anxious to present to you, with the earnest hope that you will hold him in your remembrance, young Mr. Marcus Stone, son of poor Frank Stone, who died suddenly but a little week ago. You know, I dare say, what a start this young man made in the last exhibition, and what favourable notice his picture attracted. He wishes to make an additional opening for himself in the illustration of books.

He is an admirable draughtsman—has a most dexterous hand, a charming sense of grace and beauty, and a capital power of observation. These qualities in him I know well of my own knowledge. He is in all things modest, punctual, and right; and I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head. If you will put anything in his way, you will do it a second time I am certain. Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENS."

That nothing came, at the time, of this impulsive appeal was not certainly due to any lack of affectionate urgency in the request. The fact was rather that the artist, generally so brilliantly successful, was immature at the work of drawing on wood; for even a year or two later, when Dickens himself entrusted him with the illustrations to the monthly parts of "Our Mutual Friend," to a new edition of the "Child's History of England," and to the completed reprint of "Great Expectations," Marcus Stone's efforts showed the timidity of an unaccustomed hand. What he did was always intelligent, and the drawings for "Our Mutual Friend" especially show no lack of capacity and promise, but it was not until 1869, when he illustrated Anthony Trollope's "He Knew he was Right," that he began to do himself better justice as a designer on wood. Some years later still a story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Young Brown," was accompanied by drawings from Mr. Marcus Stone's pencil which are of rare excellence.

But his career is essentially the career of an oil-painter; and in his own art he has never relaxed his efforts after progress, all his studies being slow and laborious experiences and experiments, in which he has gradually mastered the lessons of his art; but every step has been cheered by unfailing public favour. Two years after "Silent Pleading" he painted "The Fainting of Hero," which won, among other praises, the precious good-opinion of Frederick Leighton, who went up to the young artist at the Academy on varnishing-day, and claimed acquaintance with him on the ground of the promise of his picture. Again two years later, in 1863, a more marked sensation was made by a serious work of historical interest, "From Waterloo to Paris," a picture suggested by Béranger's "Souvenir du Peuple." It was in 1872 that Mr. Stone painted his admirable "Edward II. and Piers Gaveston." The confidential impertinence of the light-minded young king and his favourite, and the indignant disgust of the old courtiers whom they are quizzing, are rendered with spirit and *entrain*. His more recent works, especially the "Letter-Bag," happy in idea and complete in execution, are too fresh in our readers' memory to need commemoration.

But all this invariable, legitimate, and now and then brilliant success has never made Mr. Marcus Stone forget his duties of self-improvement, has never made him repose in self-confidence, has never induced him to facilitate his labour and cheapen his effectiveness by mannerism. Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere that only a fool is consistent, and Mr. Marcus Stone has proved his possession



"LE ROI EST MORT VIVE LE ROI!"

(In the Possession of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

of such wisdom as consists in a frank change of method. As he grew to riper years he began to believe that his first "manner" had been little more than the precocious following of those among whom he lived. Travel opened his eyes to



FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(By Permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic.")

other methods, other theories, to whole schools of modern painting from which England has generally held aloof. French contemporary work, and indeed all the best continental work, greatly impressed him—so greatly, indeed, that his own art was visibly influenced. He fell under the powerful charm of the *savoir-faire* of French painters, and emulated the workmanlike daring quality and the masterly felicities of their school. From his delight in style he then went farther and penetrated into the science of his art. He gave himself to a thorough study of perspective, of composition, of relations, and of all learned excellences.

From this very careful self-discipline Mr. Marcus Stone's work has shown of late years a *completeness* not common in this country. He compasses what he intends with a thoroughness

of fulfilment which is the result of no small science. As a colourist he is tasteful rather than great. Lately he has also preferred extreme grace and prettiness of subject, with figures in repose and garden accessories, to any form of action or emotion. That he is able to give dramatic expression to the passions with no little living energy was proved by a picture exhibited by him at the Royal Academy

several years ago, which gave a vivid scene of French peasant life, full of movement and of pathos. It is the moment of a soldier's return, after the woes of a conscription and the perils of a campaign, to his little rustic home. He runs in a delirium of joy to the bed and the arms of the pale young mother, at whose side rests the newly-filled cradle. The execution of this picture is even more unlike Mr. Marcus Stone's present manner than is the subject different from his present choice. As he now eschews emotion, so does he also those types of character which are not compatible with youth and beauty. In one important matter his respect for the legitimate in art calls for special notice; the subjects of his pictures are always within the right pictorial scope, within the province of a painted scene. Even when they aim at telling a story, or only at illustrating an historical incident, they contain their own explanation, and complete themselves. Marcus Stone does not disdain all help from a catalogue title, but he expresses himself in his pictures in such a manner as to render title unessential. They can all be read, in themselves, without outside aid—more or less of intelligence being supposed in the spectator. His meaning is not allowed to overflow the canvas, as it were, in a manner very commonly practised by painters of pictures with a story to tell. In the work already alluded to, "Edward II. and Piers Gaveston," for instance, the situation is so expressively rendered, and the accessories are so accurate, that a person of very great intelligence and familiarity with history might probably name the characters of the composition; at any rate, nobody could fail to see that a young king and a young favourite were amusing themselves at the expense of a highly disgusted group of court grandees; this is the scope and intention of the picture. The painter helps us to the exact incident by means of his title, but does not allow the interest of his scene to depend upon it.

Precisely the same may be said for another incident-picture of his, in which he shows us King Henry VIII. rejoicing over his first son, the infant Edward, while the little Princess Elizabeth, neglected and disregarded as being "only a girl," stands wistfully by. The situation is as old as human nature and the laws of inheritance; and, as a fact, in this case the artist had intended at first to paint the group as an illustration to "Dombey and Son," but afterwards changed his mind and gave it the historical interest.

In 1877 the Royal Academy, to which he had contributed unbrokenly for twenty-two years, elected him Associate, an honour which has been followed, as it was preceded, by sound and successful work. From the "Sacrifice," "Le Roi est Mort; Vive le Roi!" and the engraving from the *Graphic*, the reader has evidence of this fact before him.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



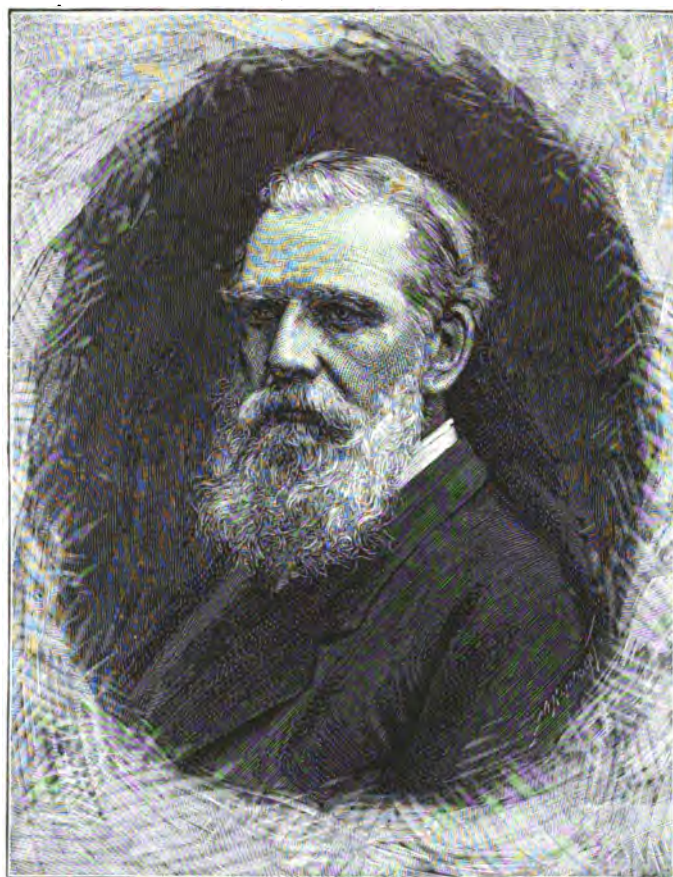
THE INTERRUPTED MEAL.

RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A.

BORN in a very hotbed of commerce, and educated at a time when art obtained no place in the curriculum of any school, Richard Ansdell from his earliest days followed his inborn craving after art with such unfaltering determination that he seems to have cared nothing for the struggles and privations in which it involved him.

The painter of "Treading Out the Corn" first saw the light at Liverpool in 1815. His father was a freeman of the port, and at the Blue Coat School there (founded for the benefit of sons of freemen, and conducted much upon the principle of Christ's Hospital in London) young Ansdell was educated, probably with a view to following his father's business. But as this did not come to pass, for reasons upon which I need not enter, and as about the period he was leaving school the whole country was in a state of agitation concerning the Reform Bill, he never took up his own freedom, as we are told he was privileged to do. Abandoning all thoughts of commerce, he seems, at a very early age, to have half apprenticed himself to a kind of picture-dealer, who employed his talent in making copies of so-called Old Masters, with a stock of which this enterprising gentleman travelled about the country. In those days there were but few collectors or patrons of art, as we now understand them;

and beyond a small demand for doubtful antique originals or more or less able copies, and for portraits—either of animals or their owners—there was little or no encouragement for rising and unknown artists. The love for dumb creatures, however, so inherent in the Englishman, keeps awake a wide interest for pictures of animals; and young Ansdell's natural skill in delineating horses, dogs,



Rich^d C Ansdell

&c., by degrees secured him a living when he had cut himself adrift from the aforesaid dealer, who had treated him with harshness and illiberality. His aptitude for catching likenesses also brought him much employment, and various and curious were the mediums which he adopted for portraying his sitters. Nevertheless, it was a hard struggle for the Academician that was to be to keep his head above water, particularly as many heavy family responsibilities devolved upon him very early in life. Beyond drawing occasionally in his own room from a few casts, he had no other education in art than was derived

from his practice of portraiture. He never studied at any art-school; and if in his work, as the public now know it, there is a certain amount of hardness and insistence on outline, those who are acquainted with the means by which for some years he used to earn his bread with portraiture of a special type can readily understand how it is that the influence of the old outline work is still apparent.

He did not take up his residence in London till 1847, although he had exhibited at the Royal Academy as far back as 1840. The record of these early works includes such titles as "Grouse Shooting," "A Galloway Farm," and "The Death of Sir W. Lambton at the Battle of Marston Moor." This last attracted considerable attention from its size and spirit; but it may be classed amongst those pictures which are more painful than pleasant to consider. The suffering of dumb animals has been too much emphasised by their painters. Ansdell's wounded rearing horse in this picture, though it displayed his talent to great advantage, was a pitiful object at best. Equally open to objection on the same score was "The Death," exhibited in 1843, only in this case it was a deer overtaken and attacked by fierce hounds as the poor beast "that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt" was seeking a watery refuge. Besides several other examples of his unquestionable power in this direction, such as "The Stag at Bay" and "The Combat," young Ansdell frequently took his themes from history, and, among other pictures of the sort, exhibited in 1844 "Mary Queen of Scots Returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle."

He was always productive, more productive perhaps than any other living painter; and to attempt a record of the work of such a lengthened career as his would be impossible. Long, indeed, would be the story of his life, as represented by his labours, were I to give it *in extenso*. I shall content myself with reverting to such of his efforts as have more than usual attraction in them for the general public, and confine my references to those which mark his advance in popularity. Halting-places there are none; for he has maintained a steady, dogged, unvarying, persistent march, taking no rest and desiring none, for labour to him has been as the very breath in his nostrils. Nor has this indefatigable industry been unnecessary, seeing that in some shape or other the family responsibilities which were so early thrust upon him have continued late into life, and rarely, perhaps, has talent such as his been applied to more full, practical, and beneficent uses. Without lingering in detail on the labours of five-and-thirty and forty years ago, I must, however, not forget the picture exhibited in 1848. This was "The Fight for the Standard," known by innumerable engravings. It is of very large dimensions, animals and men being rather over than under the size of life. It depicts the celebrated contest for the colours which took place between the valiant Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, and some Polish lancers.

At the then existing British Institution in Pall Mall the merit of the young

painter's work received much of its earliest recognition; but it was to the Academy that he looked for the full endorsement of the verdict the public was beginning to pass upon his powers. Up to the time (1861) of his admission as an Associate, he steadily progressed in public favour, much of his success being due to a couple of visits to Spain, the first of which he made in 1856 with his friend John Phillip, and the second, alone, the following year. Catching with avidity at the features of Andalusian life, he brought home an almost inexhaustible stock of material. Such works as "Mules Drinking, Seville;" "The Water-Carrier;" "Ploughing, Seville" (1857); "Passing the Ford, Seville;" and "The Spanish Shepherd" (1858), mingled agreeably with those Scotch



TREADING OUT THE CORN.

and home subjects by which he had hitherto built up his reputation. Among these last "The Highland Tod-Hunter;" "Sheep-Washing in Glen Lyon" (1859); "The Lost Shepherd;" and "Buy a Dog, Ma'am" (1860), were conspicuous, and immediately preceded the first Academic honours.

The Lancashire Relief Fund, in 1861-2, was fortunate enough to receive from Mr. Ansdell, as a free gift, "The Hunted Slave," one of the very best of his more imaginative pictures. It formed the most valuable contribution to an exhibition got up by the artists in aid of the Fund for whose benefit all the pictures were sold. A decade then passed ere the general excellence of the painter's labours brought him into the ranks of the full Academicians. A glance through the pages of the Academy catalogues from 1861 to 1871 revives some pleasant memories of his work. The walls in Trafalgar Square and Burlington House would have seemed scarce themselves without the bright, clear, rigidly accurate, if not always very poetic, canvases of Richard Ansdell. They were often conspicuous from their immense size, and in those days they gave a striking character to the rooms. Chief among them were, in 1862, "Tired Sheep, Glen Spean;" in 1863, "Going to the Festa, Granada: the Alhambra in the Distance;" in 1864, "The Highland Spate: Sheep being Rescued from the Rocks;" in 1865, "The Poacher at Bay," "A Visit to the Shrine in the Alhambra," and "Treading out the Corn, as Seen within the Walls of the Alhambra: the Sierra Nevada in the Distance"—this last the original of our larger illustration. The "Interrupted Meal" is of far later date. It is an excellent example of Ansdell's romance, and withal a good and striking picture.

Thus pleasantly alternating between the dazzling sunshine, the picturesqueness, the brilliant colour of the Spanish peninsula, and the grey atmosphere, the homely costume, and the grimmer attributes of the Scottish and English countryside, the artist has advanced even up to the present day with a succession of pictures all bearing the stamp of his unabated mastery over the delineation of animal life. He has given us dogs, horses, deer, goats, sheep, oxen; sportsmen returning from or going to the chase; shepherds tending their flocks; gamekeepers, poachers, milkmaids, cowherds, goatherds, peasants, country-folk of all sorts—Spanish and British. These, one and all, form, with their appropriate adjuncts and details and landscape or architectural backgrounds, his *dramatis personæ* and his stock-in-trade; and looking at the years which have elapsed since he first began to deal in them, the wonder is, not that there is some monotony in his work, but that there is so little. Who could paint a succession of stags at bay, highland sports, deer-stalkers returning, Alhambra fountains, huntsmen, horses, dogs, wounded rams, stray lambs, and the like, without falling into a certain degree of mannerism? It has been truly said that had we had no Landseer, our best animal-painter would have been Ansdell. Without pursuing odious comparisons, it may

be added that in the mere representation of animals as they appear to man, Ansdell is not to be excelled. He may not put into his pictures the pathetic sentiment which marks the work of his rival. He nevertheless contrives to invest his dumb creatures with that look of reality and mobility which appeals to all, whilst in expressing the more savage and fiercer attributes of their nature he is unsurpassed. His productions do not lend themselves to any elaborate disquisition on their stories, nor demand any particular description of their composition and arrangement. They have been familiar to us for the last forty years, and they leave on the mind a general impression, though you retain no vivid recollection of their individual features. And so long as Englishmen love and regard, as they do, the wearers of fur and feather, the work of Richard Ansdell will rivet interest and claim admiration.

W. W. FENN.





THE MID-DAY REST.



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THE MID-DAY REST.



*From any time
G.F. Watts*

(From the Portrait by Himself.)

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.



R. WATTS is one of the few modern artists who from the beginning of their career to the present time have been consistent in their aims. The wave of Pre-Raphaelitism, and the succeeding waves of neo-mediaevalism, æstheticism, and realism, have passed over his head and left him unchanged and unmoved. He started with a distinct inner impulse—an artistic conscience of his own; and though no one has shown himself more widely sensitive to the spirit of the noblest schools of all time, he has permitted nothing to impair his individuality. In allegory or portrait, tiny sketch or colossal fresco, the expression of essential truth has been his one purpose. Idealism based upon thorough knowledge of material facts is the characteristic of all his work. The time that he spent in

studying sculpture under Mr. Behnes has borne fruit not only in some fine plastic works, but in all his pictures: very notably indeed in the fine structural quality and accurate modelling of his portraits. He has always been devoted to the loftiest art. His earliest successes were achieved with vast historical cartoons which won prizes in the competitions (1843 and 1847) for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Evidence of his zeal in the cause of great art and his sense of its value in national education is found in his noble offer to cover the Great Hall of Euston Station with mural paintings without remuneration. His large fresco of the History of Justice in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn was the result of a similar proposal to the Honourable Society, who not only accepted it in the spirit in which it was made, but proved their admiration of the work by a present of £500 and a cup.

Mr. Watts has been the leader of the reformation of portrait-art in England; he gave it a fresh inspiration and a new point of departure. No one could have done this effectually without distinct and original aims pursued with persistence through many years. It was more difficult perhaps to be original in this, the oldest branch of art, than in any other. A man of ordinary ability can be little but a distant follower of the great artists of the English school, to say nothing of the old masters—Raphael and Titian, Holbein and Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Hals. But Mr. Watts is not a man of ordinary ability, and he struck out a path for himself which, though not perhaps new, had been little trodden, and which soon led him far beyond the bounds of conventional art. I say it was not quite new, because all artists of all times have endeavoured to express the minds of their sitters. Few, however, if any, have pursued it so singly, so persistently, and so successfully as Watts. The special aim of his art has been to make the face the window of the mind. Other artists have drawn men and women more bravely in society, but none has painted them more completely as at home: at home, not physically, but mentally; and not only at home, but alone.

It cannot be doubted that this strict adherence to his high intention has been attended by no small sacrifice of his natural pride in technical skill—perhaps the greatest sacrifice that a painter can make. He seldom paints more than a half-length; he frequently conceals the hands, and this, not from any want of power, but the desire to concentrate attention on the face, while the face itself is painted so as not to call attention to the skill of the execution, and, when freshly done, his surfaces have a somewhat rough and crude appearance, as of fresco. Like the author of a play, he is not on the stage; he is only called for when the play has been enjoyed. How great and consistent a sacrifice his practice must involve is shown best by almost the only example amongst his portraits in which he has put forth all his painter's power to charm



BRITOMART AND HER NURSE.

the eye with glory of colour and rhythmic stateliness of line. In his portraiture of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham he has employed every resource of his art to express, not only character, but physical charm. The scale of colour is not brilliant, but it is rich exceedingly; the dead red of the vase, and the



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

brown and green and cream of its magnolias, are not in more perfect harmony with the rich dress and clear pale complexion than their grand rounded forms with the noble graces of the beautiful figure. Of itself this superb achievement is enough to show that it is not because the painter could not have rivalled other masters on their peculiar ground that he has chosen to keep to his own. His portrait of Mrs. Frederick Myers, which we have engraved, is more in his

wonted manner. It is a characteristic specimen of his capacity to render not only outward visible form, but the inward beauty of the spirit also.

It is, however, in his presentments of public character that he has attained his greatest distinction both as a man and an artist. It is in these that his



DIANA AND ENDYMION.

special faculty has found its fullest scope. There is not one that does not testify to his unrivalled power of mental diagnosis, not one that does not stamp him as a leader amidst the intellectual forces as well as amidst the painters of his generation. His collective achievement is a most vivid and enduring record of the number and variety of noble minds which have been at work in England during the last quarter of a century. It is not only wonderful in itself; it is

not only rarely and loftily beautiful. It is in the truest sense national; it demands not only the admiration of the critic, but the gratitude of the citizen. I doubt if public money could be more properly or patriotically spent than in securing replicas of every item in the sum for the National Portrait Gallery.

It is evident that a man who can paint such portraits is not only an artist but a poet. It is probably not entirely from inclination that Mr. Watts has de-



MRS. FREDERICK MYERS.

voted comparatively little time to purely poetic art, of which he has given us specimens of noble originality and of so rare a quality that there are few great artists of any time to whom he has not been compared by writers in England and on the Continent. For all that, in his creative, as in his portrait art, he remains himself; he is as individual as he is versatile, and brings the same serious and imaginative intelligence to bear upon his work, whether it be the presentiment of a poet's face or the embodiment of some one of his dreams. That his genius as an artist in imagination is not duly recognised is sufficiently proved by the fact that one of the noblest imaginings ever painted—his "Paolo and Francesca"—still remains in his own possession. This is no doubt

partly from the insensibility of the British public to any but the most commonplace sentiment in art, partly because of a reluctance to believe that one man can excel in more than one thing. At the same time it must be confessed that of epic work he has finished but little, and that he has too frequently exhibited designs which, however suggestive of power and loftiness of purpose, were likely to be neglected in the presence of his fully-wrought portraits.

A student of the dead rather than a rival of the living, above all is he indebted to the Greeks. Classic legend it is that has supplied him with the subjects of perhaps his most perfect pictures. In his "Daphne" he has not chosen to



TIME AND DEATH.

give us any incident of the beautiful old myth—not the flight from the god-like lover, not the supplication nor the blossoming. The figure of the hapless nymph—naked and chaste and pale, against an exquisitely drawn and composed back-

ground of laurel—is an allegory; of sylvan purity, it may be; in any case, of beauty. His splendid “Wife of Pygmalion,” a veritable “translation from the Greek,” and his most excellent design of the “Three Goddesses,” naked and unashamed, wearing that air of divine dignity which was not reborn at the Renaissance, might almost be described as art before the Fall. There is more of modern sentiment in his sweet, shrinking figure of “Psyche;” and it is the art of Venice rather than of Athens, of which we are reminded in his lovely vision of “Endymion,” which we have engraved.



TO ALL CHURCHES: A SYMBOLICAL DESIGN.

The painter's tendency to express his ideas of the mysteries of life in allegorical design—though seldom shown till recent years—must have commenced early, if I may rightly presume that his notable composition of “Life's Illusions” (exhibited in 1849) was not its first result. Considered either as a piece of flesh-painting or an achievement in design, this glorious vision of illusive beauty, rising and curling

and vanishing like vapour, has not many rivals in modern art. The rest of the allegory is a little obvious—as young men's allegories are wont to be. Mr. Watts's next ambitious work of the kind is the grandly decorative “Allegory of Time and Oblivion.” It would seem to be the artist's earliest presentment of his original and lofty idea of Time—not as our withered white-

haired enemy with the forelock, but, in his own words, "as the type of stalwart manhood and imperishable youth." The idea is repeated in his "Time and Death." For Death, too, he has invented a new image: as of a great Woman, white-robed and of ghastly complexion, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. In the far finer design of "Death and Love," he has apparently expressed the same idea; but the figure is draped from head to foot, and has a wonderful suggestion of a mysterious irresistible force, all the more awful because impalpable. Yet another aspect of his female Death has Mr. Watts portrayed for us in his elaborate composition called "The Angel of Death," where she is painted sovereign and enthroned. The work is grand, monumental, and full of poetic intentions. I doubt, however, if a picture which needs so much of verbal assistance for its interpretation is ever worth painting. Much the same objection attaches to the "To All Churches: a Symbolical Design" (1875), of which we give an illustration.

Of Mr. Watts's future work it is hard to prophesy. Of dreams and designs already sketched out there are enough to employ him for many years. It is earnestly to be hoped that some, especially the "Three Goddesses," will receive more perfect realisation. Among them are many inspired by Scripture: as, for instance, the grand and gloomy Esau, and that most tremendous vision of the wrath of heaven descending upon Cain. The two projected series of the "Fall of Man" and the "Life of Eve" are full of fine promise, and the scenes from Revelation are quick with germs of greatness. Meanwhile, to whatever work Mr. Watts may turn his hand, we may be sure that nothing small or ignoble will ever come from under it.

Certainly neither of these epithets can be applied to the "Britomart," the subject of our full-page engraving. "The Mid-day Rest," again, is not of a kind that one would have expected from Mr. Watts. But, with its frank and semi-heroic realism, it expresses an intention quite characteristic and quite worthy of the artist—that of the preservation of faithful images of grand and unique types both of man and horse, which he thinks may ere long be refined away. To this end has he painted to the life his brawny, herculean drayman, leaning against his shafts and sleepily casting grain to the pigeons, while his grand docile brutes stand patient and still. The painter, as may be seen in many of his pictures, has studied animals with great care and to admirable purpose; but there is still reason for surprise at the splendid modelling and grand drawing of these magnificent horses. The same sense of fitness which characterises all his work is evident in the background of broad horse-chestnut leaves and red-brick wall, in harmony with the grandiose simplicity of the whole design.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



"SIGHING HIS SOUL INTO HIS LADY'S FACE."

(In the Possession of G. C. Schrade, Esq.)



*Juan Francisco
Philip H. Calderon*

(From a Photograph by A. E. Fradelle, Regent Street.)

PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON, R.A.



WRITTEN sketch of an eminent man must, like all sketches, be made up chiefly of leading and salient features. We do not, however, come upon many of these in following the life of Philip Hermogenes Calderon, R.A., only son of the Rev. Juan Calderon, from his birth at Poitiers, in May, 1833, up to the spring of 1852, when his name first appears in our Royal Academy catalogue. His career so far was not very different from that of many another young aspirant to the noble art of painting. Writing to me of himself, he says:—"I was very fond of drawing from my earliest years, but did not begin studying art till

1850, when I was sent to Mr. Leigh's, in Newman Street. After painting from the life for some time there, I went to Paris, and was admitted to the *atelier* of Monsieur Picot, where I studied for a year. Before that time I had scarcely ever *drawn* from the life, but always *painted* (often by gaslight); but at Picot's I was not allowed to use my brush at all, and was rigidly kept to drawing carefully from the model, Picot insisting upon the drawing being an exact portrait of



SPRING PELTING AWAY WINTER.

the model, from the head down to the toes. On my return to London I painted my first picture, 'By the Waters of Babylon we Sat Down and Wept,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852; after which I painted chiefly portraits for some time, and only began exhibiting regularly in 1857."

After exhibiting successively in 1858, 1859, and 1860, "The Gaoler's Daughter," "Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward," "Man Goeth Forth to his Work and to his Labour until the Evening," "French Peasants Finding their Stolen Child," and "Nevermore," the painter scored another very palpable hit of a most telling and enduring sort. In 1861 he produced the "Demande en Mariage" and "Releasing Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday;" this



"AND A LITTLE FACE AT THE WINDOW
PEERS OUT INTO THE NIGHT."

Longfellow's, "Twilight."

latter work manifesting to the full his exquisite fashion of dealing with womanhood and juvenile humanity. It was, however, in the following year (1862), when "After the Battle" was exhibited, that Mr. Calderon earned, and received, his full meed of praise. It is doubtful, however, whether he has ever exceeded the dramatic strength which, in 1863, he put forth in "The British Embassy in Paris on the Night of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew." His election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, the following season, was mainly due to this picture, which, in conjunction with a very charming canvas, in a totally different key, called "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," exhibited at the French Gallery, proved that the artist's range was wide and versatile. In 1866 he once more came out with his full strength in those qualities by which he had first made his mark. "Her most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace"—the picture of the stately little lady marching proudly onwards, preceded by her trumpeters and heralds, and followed by a bevy of fair dames and gallant courtiers in fifteenth-century costume—must still be fresh in the memory of all who care to remember excellent work, and won for our artist, at the International Exhibition at Paris in 1867, the only gold medal granted to an English painter. Two other pictures, "On the Banks of the Clain, near Poitiers," and "Pyrenean Women Spinning, and Driving Turkeys," completed that year's contributions, leading, in conjunction with a very noble work, entitled "Home after Victory," in the spring of 1867, to his election, at that date, as a full member of the Royal Academy. The choice of the Academicians was fully justified, in 1868, by a charming picture, entitled "The Young Lord Hamlet Riding on Yorick's Back," an illustration of what may be called one of the byways of Shakespeare. Very touching and beautiful was this illustration of a hitherto untrodden region of the drama; and it is to be regretted that the success then obtained by the artist did not lead him to follow it up by more labour in the same field. Of a modern American poet we have an illustration equally skilful—the "Little Face at the Window," which catches the departing glory of the light.

Mr. Calderon was represented, in 1869, by "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face"—an admirable example of the manly, chivalrous spirit which he infuses into so many of his conceptions, and which distinguishes him *par excellence* as a painter of true knighthood no less than of true womanhood and childhood. This picture, together with the head called "Constance," and five others, were exhibited in the year 1878 at the Paris International Exhibition, Mr. Calderon having been one of the artists selected to send an extra number of works; and it will be well to name them here, since they won for him for the second time the honour of the gold medal (*rappel de première médaille*). They were, "Home they Brought her Warrior Dead," "On her Way to the Throne," "Victory," "Margaret" (a head), and "Catherine de Lorraine Urging Jacques

Clement to Assassinate Henri III." This last-named picture was also exhibited in London in 1869.

Following in their chronological order the painter's works is, after all, following the painter's life, for his work is his life: his brush tells his story. Hence, we see in Mr. Calderon's contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870, that with "Spring Pelting away Winter with Flowers," he is striking into an allegorical vein, which, let it be said in passing, he does not appear to be quite so happy in as in others. Again, though we have seen, by his own account, that for some years in his early career he devoted himself to portraiture, we have not until this period found him exhibiting a portrait. But having broken ground in this direction with a head of Mrs. Bland, he henceforth scarcely ever quits it. In 1871, under the title of "The New Picture," he showed in a very original fashion the counterfeit presentment of a well-known picture-collector and his wife examining a newly-purchased work of art as it stands on a chair. Again, in 1872, he has "Mrs. Cazalet" (portrait), and a very striking and vigorous head of his friend and brother-artist, H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A. In 1873, in addition to a "Portrait of Mr. W. R. Elwyn," there is another very recognisable one in the picture entitled "Good-night," of a young mother, ready dressed for a ball, giving a farewell kiss to her little one.

Of Mr. Calderon's technique one may say that, in addition to admirable colour, it displays the best traditions of the French school, grafted on to the originality of the English manner: that originality which comes, as it were, from the absence of any school at all. He paints like a Frenchman and thinks like an Englishman. Were there an adage to the effect that "Those who paint the spirit of chivalry should themselves be chivalrous," one glance at Mr. Calderon himself would be enough to show that in him the adage was borne out. We are struck, as it were, by his likeness to somebody we have seen before, and thinking for a moment, we say to ourselves, "To be sure, Velasquez!" We can recall half a dozen knightly figures from the great Spaniard's brush, for any one of which Mr. Calderon might have sat. As an example, in the picture of the "Lances," or "Spears" (as the "Surrender of Breda" is sometimes called), in the Museo at Madrid, his prototype is very conspicuous. Nor is it to be supposed that his personality in any way belies or overpaints the character of the man.

W. W. FENN.





Jos Flüggen

JOSEPH FLÜGGEN.



JOSEPH FLÜGGEN received his first lessons in art in his father's studio. Gisbert Flüggen, a native of Cologne, following the irresistible attraction toward the German art-metropolis, took up his abode in Munich in 1836. He was, and is, esteemed as a *genre* painter, both at home and abroad, and some of his best work is to be found in private collections in England and Russia. On the 3rd of April, 1842, his son Joseph was born. A striking portraiture of the maid-servant, produced by Joseph at ten years old, induced Gisbert Flüggen to take

the boy in hand and make a painter of him. No sooner had he left school than he became a student in his father's *atelier*. There his chief work was drawing *Studienköpfe*, or studies of heads, from which it would appear that Gisbert Flüggen preferred study from the life to drawing from the antique. The rapid progress which he made under his father's teaching, and his early development of independent tendencies in art, induced old Gisbert to place him in the



HIS FIRST FOX.

Academy in Munich, where he worked under the well-known artists Schlottauer and Auschütz, and, later on, under Piloty. Wilhelm von Kaulbach also encouraged him with sympathy and advice, and proved himself in after-years the most ready and helpful of counsellors.

Flüggen inherits from his father a taste for antiquarian objects, and has, by diligent study of the art-treasures which are contained in Munich, attained to eminent distinction for his knowledge and understanding of art-ornament and his skill in its application. Few, perhaps, are better versed than he in the architecture, ornament, and costume of the past, particularly in those of the

Middle Ages. Among those best qualified to judge—and especially among his fellow-artists—he enjoys great renown as an æsthetic archæologist. In the famous Munich *Künstlerfeste* he is one of the most earnest and energetic helpers. One of the triumphs of the *Hoftheatrefeste* of 1877 was a waggon of the time of Holbein, for the Weaver's Guild, designed and built by him. As with art-ornament, so with costume. He has a systematic knowledge of the various epochs of history; and, his artist's taste and enthusiasm aiding, he has got together a complete, appropriate, and characteristic collection of costumes, most of which he, with his own hand, has designed, cut out, and arranged from ancient pictures and drawings. His enthusiasm in this direction is really boundless. Upon the day of the *Künstlerfeste* he will be seen pale and broken and exhausted with long tailoring, and with the passionate vigils he has wasted on the composition and invention of costumes for the occasion—costumes whose picturesque quaintness and historical accuracy have enhanced not a little the beauty and the fame of these artistic gatherings.

Gisbert Flügger died when his son was but sixteen years old. But he was young, strong, self-confident, and not afraid of the future; he was poor, but he could earn a kind of living; he was at work under Piloty, and he had time and opportunity for study; so that he was luckier than many others have been, and had no reason to complain of his destiny. Munkacsy, for instance, was not nearly so fortunate. He asked help of Piloty, but Piloty would none of him, and he had to go and learn to be the famous craftsman he is elsewhere. It must be added that Flügger did his best to do honour to his chance, and took his place in the school beside Liezenmayer, Defregger, Max, and Makart taking precedence. With Makart's call to Vienna the fellowship became to some extent dissolved; but the example remained, and Munich remained an educational centre for many a long day yet.

Flügger is next found journeying in company of his friend, the artist Adolf Oppel, through France, England, Italy, and the Netherlands. The young men made excellent use of their time and its opportunities. Nothing that could contribute to their information and instruction, or further their acquaintance with the universal art-language, was left unvisited. England, in which the Past and the Present join hands in so striking a manner, was the country that pleased them best. They prefer London to Paris even now; it is not known if they go so far as to cherish Mulready and Maclise before Millet and Delacroix. Italy they saw as artists always see her. One of Flügger's impressions of her beauty survives in a charming picture of his, the "*Calma di Mare*," on the Gulf of Genoa. The tour completed, and all the treasure arranged and stored, Flügger settled down to work in his own studio in Munich. He left no variety of sentiment or subject untried. One of his earliest pictures, touched

with the influence of Piloty, but with individual promise in it too, is "The Widow;" it represents an episode in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. A "Milton Dictating to his Daughter" was bought, unfinished, off the easel. Almost contemporary with the "Milton" is a "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek," which takes one back to the Wartburg and St. Elizabeth.

A famous popular tradition was next laid hold of by Flüggen; and it was



THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

thus that Uhland's creation, "The Widow's Daughter," took on a visible form. The beautiful corpse, the broken-hearted mother, the sorrow of the youths, and the passionate anguish of the one who says, "Ich werde Dich lieben in Ewigkeit," are depicted with a great deal of feeling and a great deal of accomplishment. Equally lyrical in spirit are "Family Joys," "Happiness in the Palace," "Homewards," and the "Love Scene." They vary in costume and accessories, and in scene and time; but in sentiment and intention they are alike. The first was bought by Mr. Wallys, of London; "Happiness in the Palace" found its way into many a home through the medium of a steel engraving

by Jacoby, of Berlin; and the possessor of "The Widow's Daughter," Baron Leitenberger, added the two last to his collection. An historical picture, well grouped and arranged, brilliantly coloured, and genial in sentiment, is "Regina Imhof, Bride of George Fugger, Receiving the Wedding Presents." Flüggen, too, has dealt not a whit less ably with the themes he has selected from the works of a modern German writer, Scheffel; as witness the "Audifax and Hadamuth" and the "Frau Hadwig and the Friar." Mention may also be made of "The Goldsmith's Daughter," from another ballad of Uhland's, the Madonna-like "Mutterglück," a mother with her child, full of tender feeling and delicate drawing and colour. A picture which stands in the foremost rank among the historical work of the modern German school—for the simplicity of the conception, the severe correctness of the costumes and the architecture, and the happy combination of boldness with finish—is the "Baptism of the Emperor Charles I." Mediæval romance, which has found a most popular exponent in Richard Wagner, exercised, as we know, a charm on Flüggen from the first. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should have selected Wagner's work for illustration, and have done his best to co-operate with the ambitious and successful musician in the work of achieving an artistic expression—new, original, and very modern—of that legendary Teutonism which, at Munich and in æsthetic London, is so much the fashion. He has painted four scenes from the "Meistersinger," four from the "Tannhäuser," one from the "Fliegender Holländer," and one from the "Walküren." Quite in another direction is a fresh and spirited picture, the subject of our illustration—of a modern sportsman displaying to his admiring mother his first booty from the field. Flüggen, who is a passionate sportsman, probably painted this work as lovingly as he achieved the artistic arrangement of the procession of the national German *Bundeschiessen* in Munich, which resulted in effect worthy of Makart. It is pleasant to note that, notwithstanding all this hard and ambitious work, he has found time to win name and fame as a portrait-painter. Among his most successful presentments are those of Frau Wagnmüller and the Wirtemberg Minister Von Varmbüler, and the full-lengths of the reigning King of Bavaria and his mad grandsire, Ludwig I., equally renowned for general eccentricity and a peculiar interest in Loda Montes.

THE END.

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Some modern artists and
their work

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